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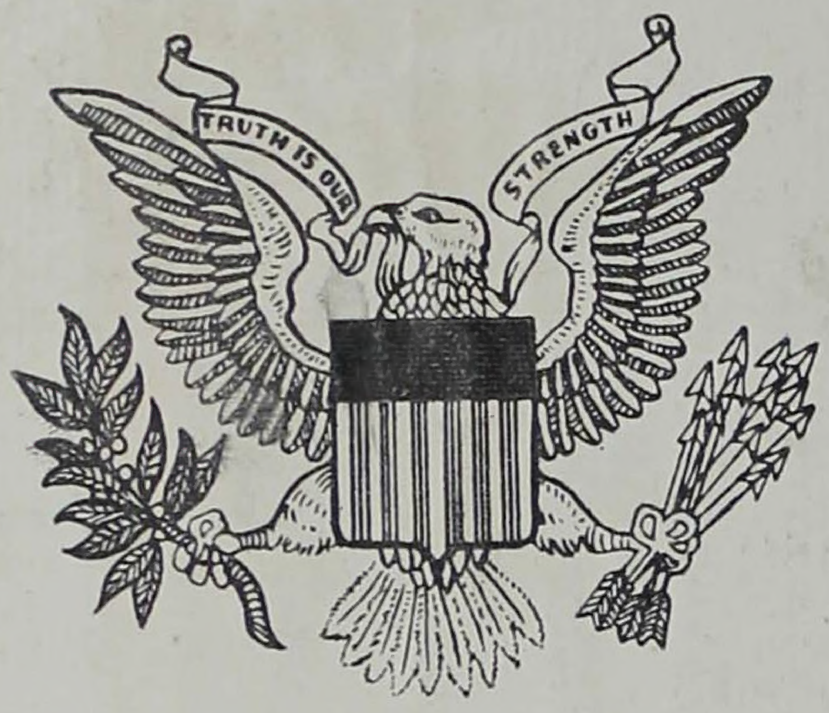

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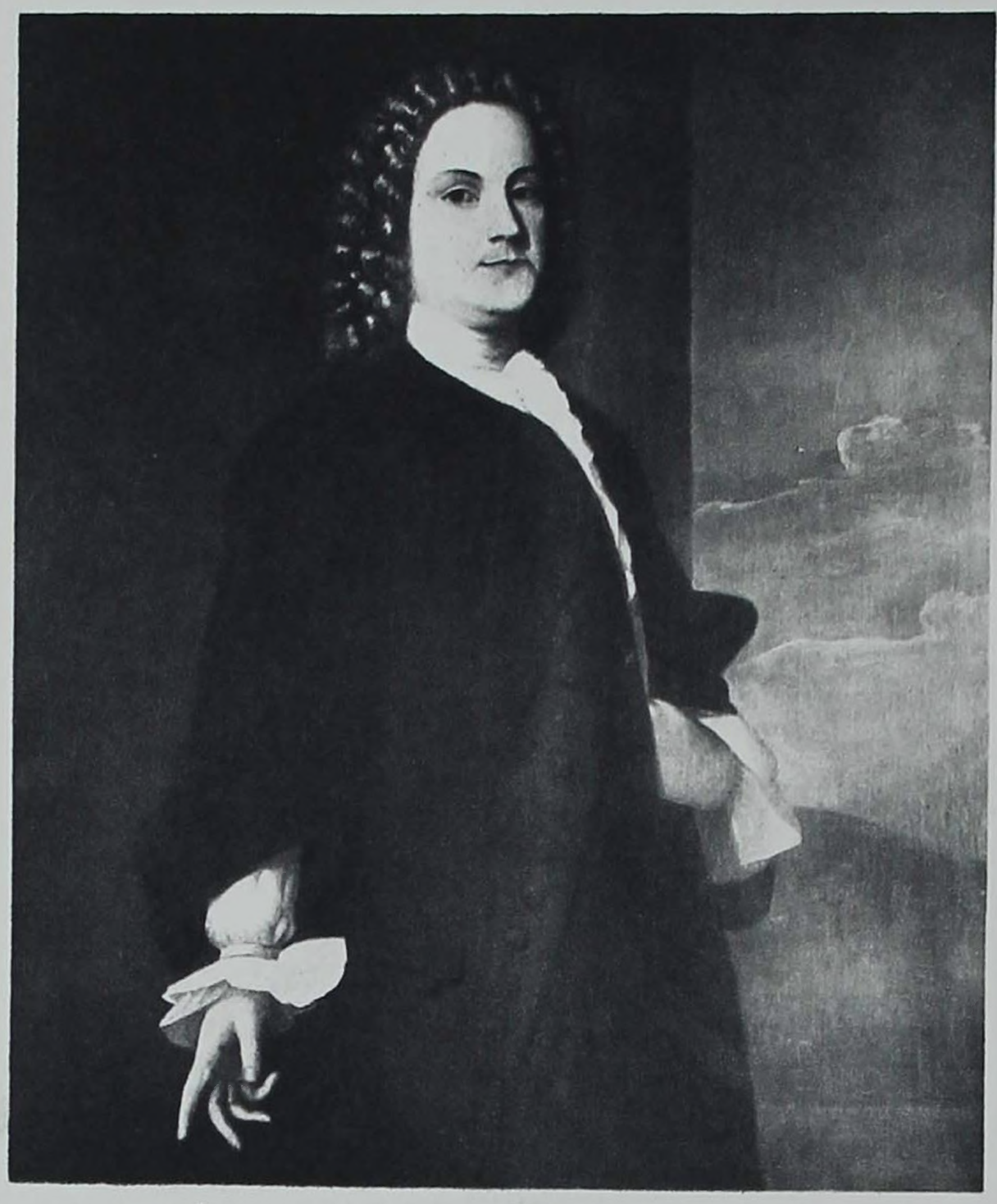

JOIN, or DIE.

The first American cartoon, at left, was published by Benjamin Franklin in his Pennsylvania Gazette *May 9, 1754. The broken parts of the snake are the divided American colonies. Above, a portrait of Franklin about 1748.*

AMERICAN PAST

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FROM CONCORD TO HIROSHIMA, 1775-1945, BY

Roger Butterfield

TOLD WITH THE AID OF A THOUSAND PICTURES, REPRODUCED FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS, PAINTINGS, CARTOONS, LITHOGRAPHS, ENGRAVINGS, AND DRAWINGS, ESPECIALLY SELECTED AND ARRANGED TO ILLUMINATE AND ILLUSTRATE THE POLITICS, PERSONALITIES, WARS, AND PEACEFUL PROGRESS OF AMERICA AND ITS PEOPLE

Simon and Schuster, New York

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Foreword

THE STORY behind this book is brief. A few years ago I set out to buy a book on America which made a comprehensive use of the pictorial material with which our history abounds. I did not find what I was looking for, and I undertook the idea myself. *The American Past,* I believe, contains more pictures from more different sources than any single volume of American history ever published.

Yet I do not like to think of it primarily as a "picture history." Pictures *can* lie, and often do; it might almost be argued that nothing can lie so effectively as a picture! A carefully chosen picture can distort almost any fact. By the same token, some pictures can tell the truth in a way that words are powerless to match. I have tried to include as many such pictures as I could find.

To my own surprise, the 125,000 words in this book took longer to assemble than the pictures. Perhaps that was because I tried to avoid, so far as possible, the task of "explaining" pictures which explained themselves, and have written mostly about things which the pictures do not explain. It was my intention to use words for the steady factual theme of the book, while the pictures supplied overtones in significance, drama, and humor.

The book was planned and written as a history of American politics—by which I mean considerably more than party conventions and ward heeling and Boss Tweed. Politics, as I understand it, is the proper word for history in action: it includes everything that importantly influences the fate or mood of the nation at any particular time. American politics began with the boundless idealism of the Declaration of Independence, and it has recently attained the seemingly boundless destructive power of the atom bomb. Two great impulses — the desire to see all men free and equal, and the desire to be richer and stronger than anyone else—have run through our politics for 170 years, and explain much that has happened in the American past.

R. B.

All the noisy tempestuous scenes of politics witnessed in this country—all the excitement and strife, even—are GOOD *to behold.* —WALT WHITMAN

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The Declaration of Independence on the opposite page has been reproduced from the official printed copy attached to the Journals of the Continental Congress for July 4, 1776. This basic American manifesto was conceived in anger but phrased with cold determination. It states that all men are created equal, that they have certain inalienable rights as human beings, that constitutions and governments exist to secure those rights, and that whenever they fail to do so, the people may rebel and set up new constitutions and governments.

1776 July 4

Thursday July 4. 1776

Resolved That an application be made to the committee of safety of Pensylvania for a supply of flints for the troops at New-york and that the colony of Maryland and Delaware be requested to embody their militia for the flying camp with all expedition and to march them without delay to the city of Philadelphia

Agreeable to the order of the day the house resolved itself into a committee of the whole to take into their further consideration the declaration

Mr president resumed the chair

Mr Harrison reported that the committee of the whole Congress have agreed to a declaration which he delivered in

The declaration being again read was agreed to as follows

1776 July 4

Ordered That the declaration be authenticated & printed

That the committee appointed to prepare the declaration superintend & correct the press.

That copies of the declaration be sent to the several assemblies conventions & committees or councils of safety and to the several commanding officers of the continental troops that it be proclaimed in each of the united states & at the head of the army.

Ordered That Mr Morris & Mr Wynne determine the hire of Mr Walker's vessel which was employed by commodore Hopkins in the service of the colonies

Letter from general Washington dated New-york July 3. was laid before Congress & read

Resolved That the delegates of New-york, New-Jersey and Pensylvania be a committee to confer with the assembly of Pensylvania & committee of [illegible]

IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.

A DECLARATION

BY THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

IN GENERAL CONGRESS ASSEMBLED.

WHEN in the Course of human Events, it becomes necessary for one People to dissolve the Political Bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the Earth, the separate and equal Station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent Respect to the Opinions of Mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the Separation.

WE hold these Truths to be self-evident, that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness—That to secure these Rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just Powers from the Consent of the Governed, that whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these Ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its Foundation on such Principles, and organizing its Powers in such Form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient Causes; and accordingly all Experience hath shewn, that Mankind are more disposed to suffer, while Evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the Forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long Train of Abuses and Usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object, evinces a Design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their Right, it is their Duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future Security. Such has been the patient Sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the Necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The History of the present King of Great-Britain is a History of repeated Injuries and Usurpations, all having in direct Object the Establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid World.

HE has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public Good.

HE has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing Importance, unless suspended in their Operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

HE has refused to pass other Laws for the Accommodation of large Districts of People, unless those People would relinquish the Right of Representation in the Legislature, a Right inestimable to them, and formidable to Tyrants only.

HE has called together Legislative Bodies at Places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the Depository of their public Records, for the sole Purpose of fatiguing them into Compliance with his Measures.

HE has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly Firmness his Invasions on the Rights of the People.

HE has refused for a long Time, after such Dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative Powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the Dangers of Invasion from without, and Convulsions within.

HE has endeavoured to prevent the Population of these States; for that Purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their Migrations hither, and raising the Conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

HE has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary Powers.

HE has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the Tenure of their Offices, and the Amount and Payment of their Salaries.

HE has erected a Multitude of new Offices, and sent hither Swarms of Officers to harrass our People, and eat out their Substance.

HE has kept among us, in Times of Peace, Standing Armies, without the consent of our Legislatures.

HE has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil Power.

HE has combined with others to subject us to a Jurisdiction foreign to our Constitution, and unacknowledged by our Laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation:

FOR quartering large Bodies of Armed Troops among us:

FOR protecting them, by a mock Trial, from Punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States:

FOR cutting off our Trade with all Parts of the World:

FOR imposing Taxes on us without our Consent:

FOR depriving us, in many Cases, of the Benefits of Trial by Jury:

FOR transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended Offences:

FOR abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an arbitrary Government, and enlarging its Boundaries, so as to render it at once an Example and fit Instrument for introducing the same absolute Rule into these Colonies:

FOR taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments:

FOR suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with Power to legislate for us in all Cases whatsoever.

HE has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us.

HE has plundered our Seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our Towns, and destroyed the Lives of our People.

HE is, at this Time, transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to compleat the Works of Death, Desolation, and Tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty and Perfidy, scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous Ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized Nation.

HE has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the Executioners of their Friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

HE has excited domestic Insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the Inhabitants of our Frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whose known Rule of Warfare, is an undistinguished Destruction, of all Ages, Sexes and Conditions.

IN every stage of these Oppressions we have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble Terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated Injury. A Prince, whose Character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the Ruler of a free People.

NOR have we been wanting in Attentions to our British Brethren. We have warned them from Time to Time of Attempts by their Legislature to extend an unwarrantable Jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the Circumstances of our Emigration and Settlement here. We have appealed to their native Justice and Magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the Ties of our common Kindred to disavow these Usurpations, which, would inevitably interrupt our Connections and Correspondence. They too have been deaf to the Voice of Justice and of Consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the Necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of Mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace, Friends.

WE, therefore, the Representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in GENERAL CONGRESS, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the Rectitude of our Intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly Publish and Declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be, FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES; that they are absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political Connection between them and the State of Great-Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which INDEPENDENT STATES may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm Reliance on the Protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.

Signed by ORDER *and in* BEHALF *of the* CONGRESS,

JOHN HANCOCK, PRESIDENT.

ATTEST.
CHARLES THOMSON, SECRETARY.

PHILADELPHIA: PRINTED BY JOHN DUNLAP.

"The Reconciliation Between Britania and Her Daughter America" was a British propaganda cartoon of 1782, intended to aid the peace talks which were then going on. Before Uncle Sam was invented, cartoonists pictured the United States as a wild red Indian, a rattlesnake, an eagle, or a bucking horse.

THE AGE OF THE FEDERALISTS

THE LUSTY IMPRESSION which young America made in the family of nations at the close of the Revolution is shown in the cartoon on the opposite page. The United States is the naked Indian girl with tobacco leaves around her hips and a liberty pole over her shoulder, leaping forward to buss her dear mama England. Some Americans may have felt this way about England in 1782—a great many more wanted no part of their erstwhile mother country. But they all shared the same aggressive desire to do what they wanted, when they wanted, without interference from friend or foe.

This fact is a good starting point for a book on the American past, in terms of people and politics. For politics is simply the means by which people try to get what they want, and Americans have always wanted liberty first of all. The songs and catchwords of the Revolution were all about liberty—liberty for the people, liberty for the thirteen "Free and Independent States"—liberty, in fact, for all mankind. In 1782, in a world which was still run largely by kings and other privileged persons, the Americans had more liberty than anyone else.

But liberty was about all they did have. They had no economic security, no system of defense, not even any government worthy of the name. The so-called "United States of America" was not a nation at all. It was a loose alliance of thirteen little nations which had managed to stick together long enough to fight off the British armies. Now that the big war was practically over, those thirteen nations were raising tariff walls, strengthening their military forces, and threatening little wars among themselves.

In this situation there appeared in several states a group of men who wanted to transform the United States into a single, strong, united nation. These men became known as Federalists, and they formed the first important American political party. The plans they put forward stirred fierce opposition, for they meant that each state and every individual American would have to give up a certain amount of liberty. They meant more tax collectors, more public officials and judges, and a national army and navy. Americans generally hated these things more than they hated the Indians or the British.

The Federalists won their early battles by sheer force of intellect and reason, and by playing clever, hardheaded politics. They captured many votes by wrapping their projects in the name of George Washington, who was one of them. They adopted as their political badge the black cockade which had been worn by the soldiers of the Revolution—a shrewd appeal to American patriotism. Most of the wealthy merchants, landowners, and lawyers were Federalists. They had plenty of money and almost complete control of the press.

The Federalists always pretended, however, that they were not politicians at all. They carried on their organization work and made their nominations in secret caucuses from which rank-and-file voters were excluded. The typical Federalist thought it was unseemly and even indecent to be caught playing politics: John Marshall, a leading Federalist, once declared that nothing "more debases or pollutes the human mind" than political parties. This hypocritical attitude had much to do with the eventual downfall of the Federalist party.

On the whole the Federalists were more interested in protecting their money and property than in giving their fellow Americans any more liberty. Their slogan, as expressed by John Jay, was: "Those who own the country ought to govern it." In their pictures they appear as stern, dignified men, obviously filled with a sense of their own virtue, and dressed to the hilt in silk stockings, silver-buckled shoes, and powdered wigs. But it would be wrong to think of them as mere political antiques. They wrote our Constitution, wangled its adoption in most of the states, organized the Federal Government, and ran it with much success during its first twelve precarious years. They built the platform on which American history has been enacted ever since.

THE FIRST INAUGURATION

THE PRECISE MOMENT of the Federalists' greatest triumph is pictured above. On a balcony of Federal Hall in Wall Street, New York City, General George Washington has just heard the President's Oath administered for the first time: "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the Office of the President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution

of the United States." With one hand on his heart and the other on an open Bible he is about to reply, "I swear—so help me God!"

To encourage the infant textile industry on this great occasion, the new President wore a dark brown suit which was 100 per cent made-in-America. His calm majesty was so impressive that people in the streets blinked away tears and shouted "Huzza!" in choked voices. Washington was the greatest symbol of patriotism and unity that the Americans had. But inwardly he was not at all calm. He had predicted for years that the thirteen states would fly apart in civil war and economic chaos. If the new Federal Government could be held together for just twenty years, he believed, the country would be safe. That was to be the underlying aim of his administration.

At 17 Washington *(standing)* was official surveyor for Culpeper County, Virginia.

"FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN"

WASHINGTON'S RISE to the position of No. 1 American was due in part to a political bargain. The Revolution had started in 1775 as a Massachusetts war, but the Massachusetts men in the Continental Congress knew they could never win unless the other states joined in. So they decided to throw their votes behind a Southerner for Commander in Chief. This made Washington a logical choice, for he was a Southerner from the largest American state—Virginia—and he already had a wide reputation as a military man. He was also a member of Congress, and American Congressmen have always preferred to give important jobs to one of their own, when they could.

Fortunately Washington was well equipped for the job. He had been a soldier since he was 20. At 22 he had led troops against the French in western Pennsylvania. At 23 he was commander of the whole Virginia army along the Indian frontier. He had traveled on horseback over thousands of miles of wilderness. He had a natural love of action, a handshake like hard steel, and had never known physical fear. The portrait on the opposite page by Charles Willson Peale shows him as the Army knew him: a superb six-foot two-inch specimen of vigorous and commanding manhood.

Washington was born February 22, 1732, on this site overlooking Pope's Creek, Westmoreland County, Virginia.

At 21 Washington *(right)* was sent west to interview the French. His raft almost capsized in the icy Allegheny.

At 23 he fought with Braddock's ill-fated army near Pittsburgh, and got four French bullets through his coat.

At 26 he married Martha Custis, a rich widow, and acquired two stepchildren. He never had children of his own.

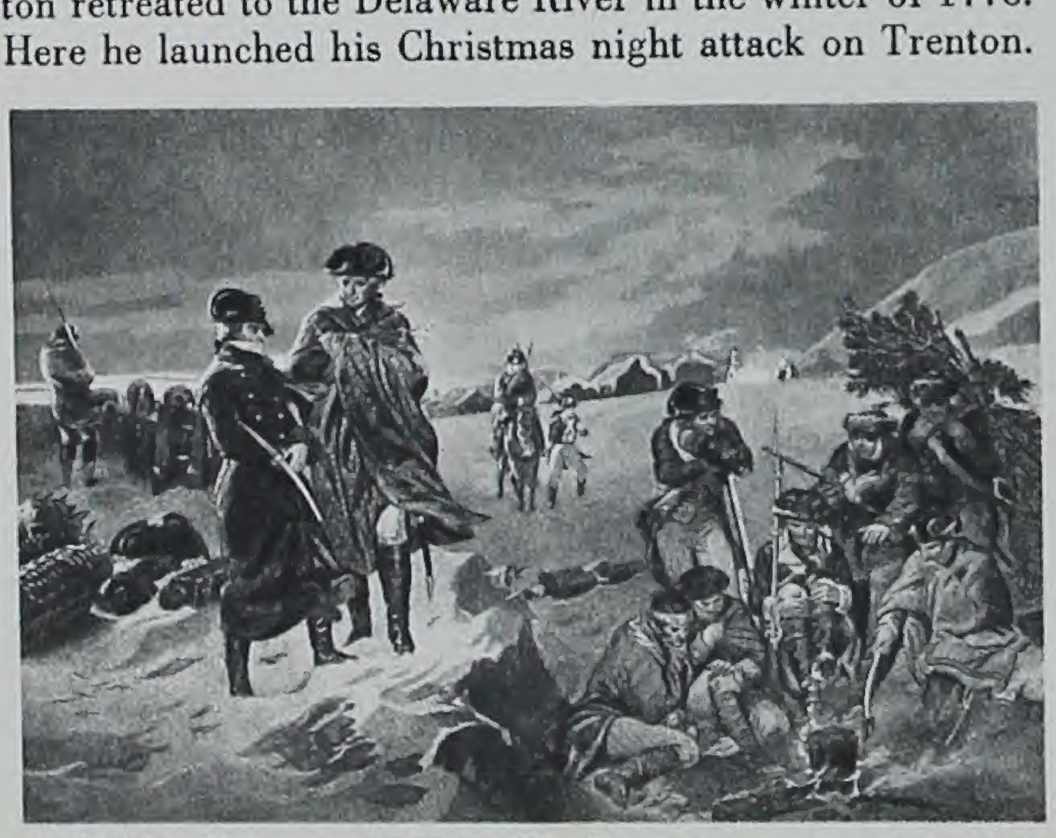
The British retreat from Concord, April 19, 1775, is pictured at the right. Minutemen are firing on the British rear. Some redcoats have jumped the fences to fire back.

WASHINGTON LEADS THE REVOLUTION

Washington took command at Cambridge, July 3, 1775, soon after Bunker Hill. Lacking powder for an attack, he besieged Boston until the British sailed away to New York.

Beaten at New York by superior enemy forces, Washington retreated to the Delaware River in the winter of 1776. Here he launched his Christmas night attack on Trenton.

WASHINGTON'S political opinions were largely formed by his experiences in the Revolution. As Commander in Chief he had to take orders from a government which had no power to enforce its decisions and often showed no inclination to help him or save itself. In a country of 2,200,000 people, with at least 250,000 able-bodied men, Washington never had more than 8,000 well-trained Continental troops to fight in a single battle. These were augmented by the state militia who came and went almost as they



At Valley Forge in 1777-78 Washington pondered the failures of Congress while his army froze and starved. A few months later he struck the foe a savage blow at Monmouth.

Canvas-topped supply wagons arrive at Washington's camp and are greeted with cheers. During most of the eight years' war his men got no uniforms, shoes, or steady pay.

pleased, but who never mustered more than about 20,000 under Washington's command. Such "Minutemen" fought bravely when their own villages were invaded *(above)*. But they were too fond of their personal liberty to submit to the whipping-post discipline of the Continental Army. It is no wonder that Washington decided, as he wrote to a Federalist friend, that men must sometimes be forced to do things for their own good.

Yet when some of his own officers came to him with plans to make him a dictator, Washington turned them back in disgust. "The mass of citizens in these United States *mean well,*" he wrote, "and I firmly believe they will always *act well* whenever they can obtain a right understanding of matters." In the end it required the aid of a large French army and naval squadron to win the Revolution. This humiliating fact gave Washington his basic political principle: that the United States must by all means be strong enough to stand on its own feet in the future.

At Yorktown in 1781 Washington received the surrender of a whole British army under Cornwallis, virtually ending the war. But Yorktown was largely a French victory.

Washington bade good-by to his officers December 4, 1783, after squelching an attempt to set up a military dictatorship. Then he returned to his farm at Mount Vernon.

The feud between American Tories and the Sons of Liberty was older than the Revolution. This cartoon shows what happened to John Malcomb, a Tory exciseman who collected the British tea tax in Boston in 1774. He was tarred and feathered and forced to drink the health of the royal family in scalding tea. ("Macarony" was a nickname for a feather-wearing dandy.)

TORIES AND MUTINEERS

THE REVOLUTION against Great Britain was not just a simple fight for liberty—it was also a complicated civil war among the Americans themselves. Tory American troops and traitors like Benedict Arnold burned cities in Connecticut and Virginia and massacred the frontier dwellers of New York and Pennsylvania. The patriots swung the Tories on liberty poles, smeared them with tar and feathers, and confiscated all their possessions. More than 70,000 Tories escaped from the country, but many more stayed right where they lived, and most of them became Federalists after the war.

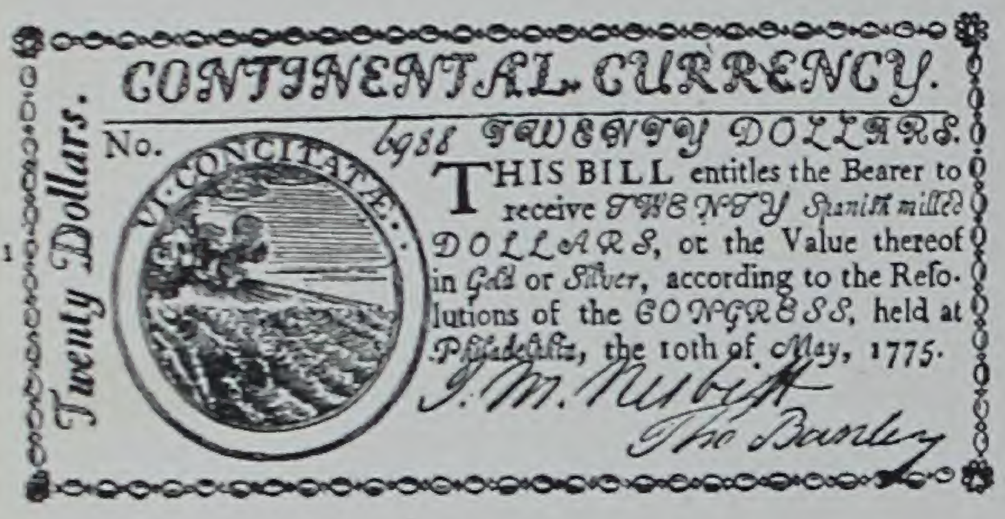
Toward the end of the Revolution another kind of civil strife broke out inside the Army. The mutiny of the Pennsylvania line *(below)* was led by former Philadelphia workingmen and might be called the first successful American strike. Later mutinies were put down with great severity. In May 1781 twelve soldiers who incited their fellows against accepting pay in worthless paper were led out on a parade ground and shot. When one of them failed to die quickly an officer ordered his comrade to run a bayonet through him. In 1783 another group of unpaid soldiers surrounded the government buildings in Philadelphia and drove Congress to seek refuge in Princeton. The grievances of these men were severe and their complaints not easy to suppress.

Outside a country alehouse, somewhere in Revolutionary America, a Tory is swung from a liberty pole while another defiantly waits his turn. Youngsters are busy stripping a goose for the tar-and-feathering to come.

On New Year's Day, 1781, 1,300 veteran Pennsylvania troops swarmed out of their barracks at Morristown and started a march on Congress to demand twelve months' overdue pay and their discharge. They killed one officer and roughly handled General Anthony Wayne *(above)*. A Congressional committee met the mutineers at Princeton and granted some of their demands.

SHAYS' REBELLION

A scene during Shays' Rebellion: a blacksmith in a Massachusetts town refuses to accept a writ of attachment for his debts.



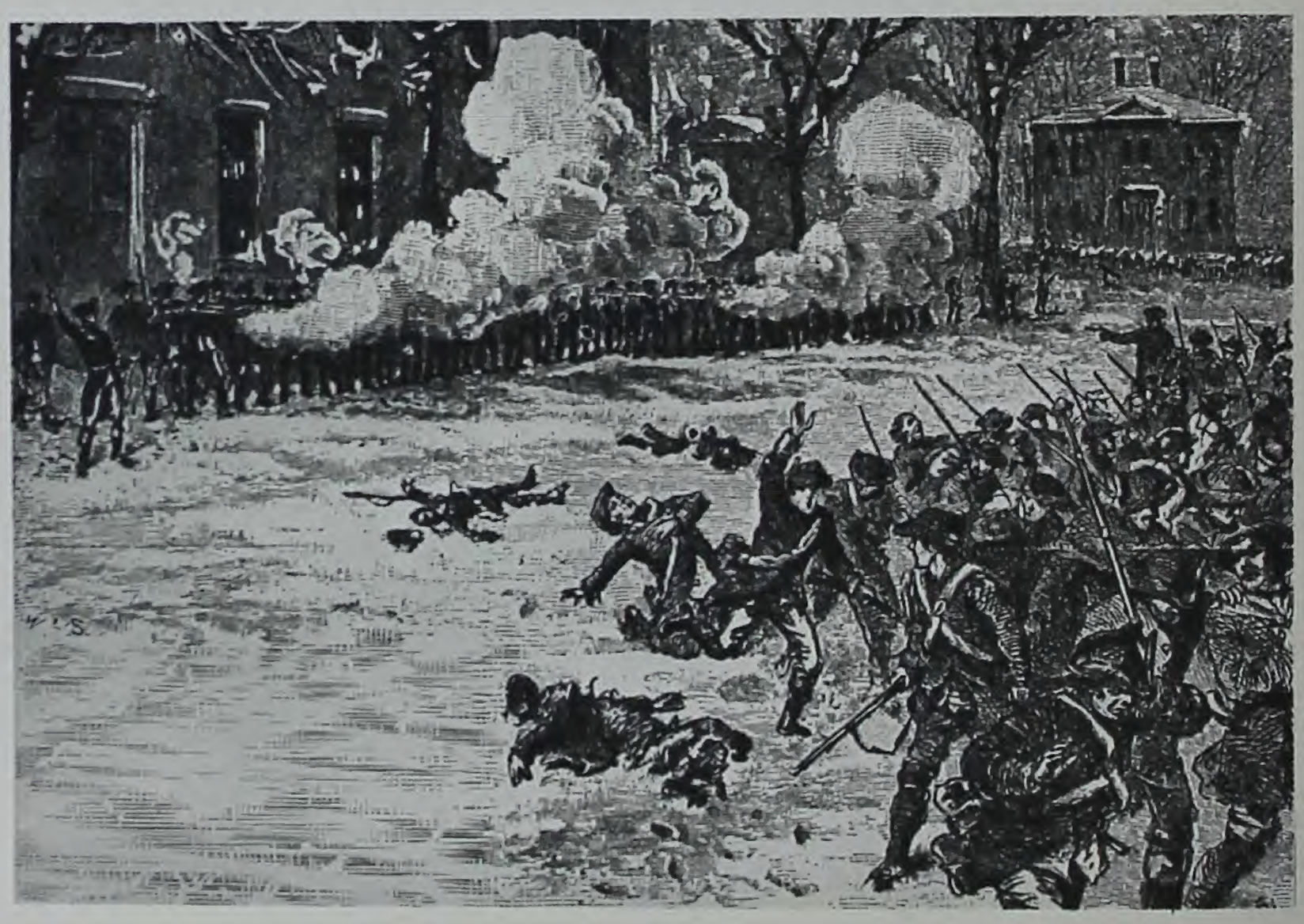
This $20 bill issued by the Continental Congress in 1775 was "not worth a continental" by the end of the Revolution.

BY THE END of the Revolution the paper money issued by the Continental Congress had depreciated to one-fortieth of its face value. But soldiers who had lived through Valley Forge could not collect even their pitiful army pay of 22 cents a day. Veterans returning home were thrown into prison for debt and lost their homes at public sales. On the other hand, many large creditors went into hiding to avoid being paid in worthless paper. These money troubles swept the whole country and caused one political crisis after another.

In the summer of 1786 organized groups of Massachusetts farmers and veterans invaded county courthouses and made the judges stop foreclosures for debt. They were led by a Revolutionary captain named Daniel Shays, and their announced program was to close the courts until the legislature granted them relief. The Massachusetts authorities treated them as armed rebels. When 2,000 ragged "Shaysites" marched on the Continental arsenal at Springfield in January 1787, a militia force killed three of them and dispersed the others *(below)*. Ten days later General Benjamin Lincoln, a friend of Washington's, smashed the movement by seizing the main Shays camp at Petersham.

The newspapers attacked the rebels as desperadoes and vagabonds, but most of them were decent American citizens who had been driven to desperation by want and injustice. Most of the relief they asked was granted by the Massachusetts legislature. Shays himself went to the frontier of western New York State and died a peaceable farmer.

Shays' Rebellion was all over in a few months, but its effects went deeper than any event since the Boston Tea Party. It sent a shiver down the spines of conservatives and Federalists. And it showed that the leaders of the first American Revolution would shoot down anybody who tried to start another.



Shays' attack on the Springfield arsenal *(right)* failed because his men were poorly armed and exhausted from marching through the deep snow. Even so they twice charged the well-armed militia.

THE FEDERAL CONVENTION

The troubles in Massachusetts threw a glaring light on the weakness of the Articles of Confederation which had been adopted by the thirteen states in 1781. Under the Articles the national Government consisted solely of a Continental Congress which had no power to enforce its "laws." The Congress was "abused, laughed at & cursed in every Company," according to Dr. Benjamin Rush, and some of the states did not even bother to send delegates to it. Of course it had been unable to check Shays' Rebellion. The situation made General Washington especially gloomy. "I feel," he wrote to General Knox, "infinitely more than I can express to you, for the disorders which have arisen. . . . Good God! who, besides a tory, could have foreseen, or a Briton predicted them?" And to his young friend, James Madison, he wrote: "What stronger evidence can be given of the want of energy in our government than these disorders? If there is not power in it to check them, what security has a man for life, liberty, or property?"

Others who felt the same way were already doing something about it. During Shays' Rebellion delegates from five states met at Annapolis to settle interstate squabbles over navigation and commerce. Madison, who was present for Virginia, and Alexander Hamilton, representing New York, persuaded the others that these problems could not be solved by a few states. They recommended that a convention of all the states be called "for the sole and express purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation."

The Federalists in Congress lost no time in putting this suggestion into effect. And so, on May 25, 1787, the Federal Convention went into session at the State House in Philadelphia. Only nine states were present to begin with. Three came late, and Rhode Island refused to come at all. Yet this was, without a doubt, the most important political meeting ever held in the United States. Its leading members, including Washington, were determined to go much further than mere revision. They had plans for an entirely new constitution: a sweeping agreement in black and white which would bind all Americans and their posterity into a single nation. They were well aware of the tremendous significance of their task, which was, as Madison said, "to decide forever the fate of republican government."

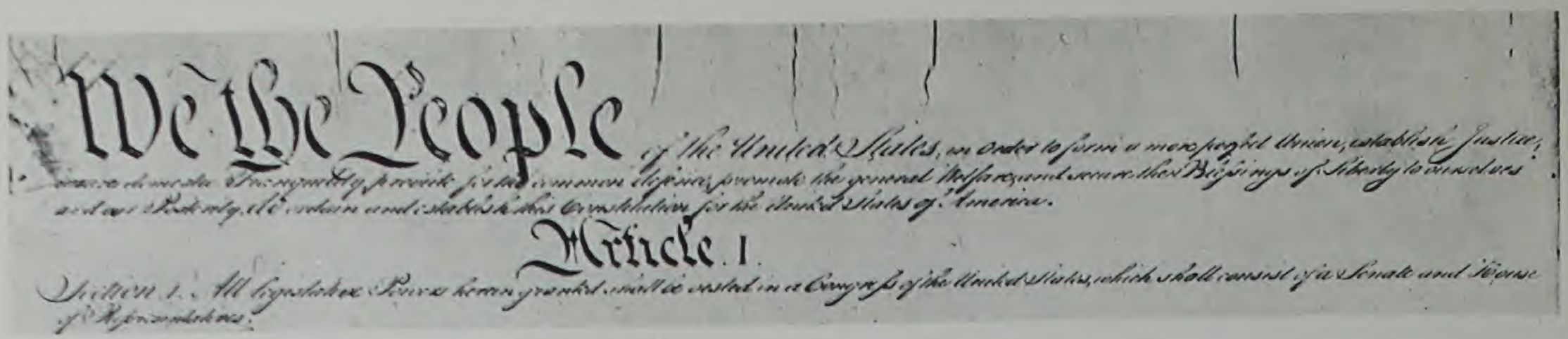
The Convention went to work first on the so-called Virginia Plan, drafted by Madison and others, which provided three equal branches in the new Government: an executive, a judiciary, and a legislature of two houses, both elected on the basis of population from the various states. This latter provision roused violent opposition from delegates of the smaller states, who rallied behind the New Jersey Plan for a single legislative body in which each state would cast an equal number of votes. After seven weeks of debate and deadlock, a special committee drew up what became known as the Connecticut Compromise. This provided a Senate elected solely on the basis of state equality, and a House of Representatives elected on the basis of population. (Negro slaves, who could not vote, were counted as three-fifths of a person each.)

Washington presides over the Federal Convention.

This first great political compromise was the basis of the Constitution as finally adopted, and as it is today. While distinctly favorable to the smaller states, it contained one provision that the large-state men and Federalists wanted desperately. This was the simple but profoundly important declaration that all laws and treaties of the national Government "shall become the supreme law of the respective States . . . anything in the respective laws of the individual States . . . notwithstanding." Once this was agreed to, all other problems became relatively minor.

Since the finished Constitution was a compromise, it did not fully satisfy anybody. Hamilton, one of the most aggressive Federalists, called it a "shilly-shally thing of milk and water which could not last." He proposed a plan which would practically wipe out state lines and establish a lifetime executive who would be about the same as a king. On the other hand, libertarians like Thomas Jefferson thought the Constitution paid too much attention to the rights of the moneyed and propertied men, and too little to the needs of ordinary Americans. It did nothing, for instance, to correct state election laws which allowed only men with considerable property to vote. And although it professed to be written by "We the People," it actually prevented the people from electing their own President and Senators, by setting up a complicated machinery of electors and balloting in state legislatures.

Another phase of the Convention's proceedings was as distasteful to Americans of the time as it would be today. Meeting in secret session, with sentries on guard, the 55 delegates gave "We the People" no information at all about their work until the Constitution was signed, sealed, and delivered to the various states for ratification. Even during the great political debate which followed, the records of the Convention were not made public. This undemocratic secrecy, and the take-it-or-leave-it manner in which the Constitution was presented for ratification, were vigorously attacked when it emerged into the open arena of American politics.


We the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice,
insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves
and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

Article. I.

Section 1. All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House
of Representatives.

James Madison

THE PREAMBLE to the Constitution *(above)* said that "We the People" were establishing the new Government. Yet the people generally knew nothing about it, and had to be sold on the whole idea. The best brains of the Federalist party were assigned to this task. Madison, Hamilton, and John Jay together wrote 85 propaganda articles under the title *The Federalist* for the New York newspapers. Their masterful editorials were aimed not at the average voter, but at the educated and propertied classes who controlled the country. Their language was somewhat stilted, but taken all together they made the most thorough and convincing political platform that has ever appeared in America. In the excerpt below James Madison, a great theorist, discusses the causes and control of political parties.

MADISON SAYS THE UNION WILL CURB POLITICAL STRIFE

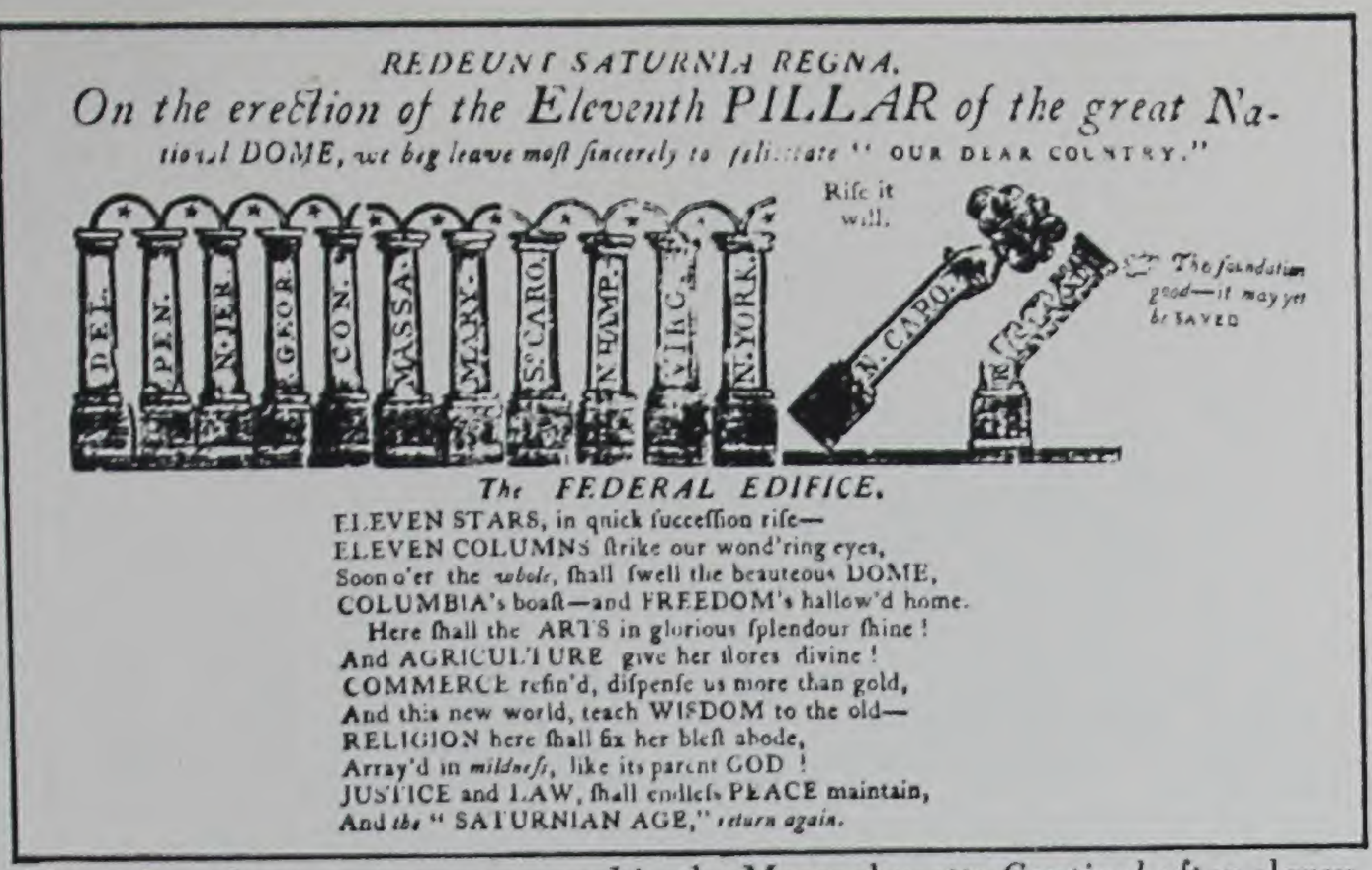
"Among the numerous advantages promised by a well-constructed Union, none deserves to be more accurately developed than its tendency to break and control the violence of faction. . . . The latent causes of faction are . . . sown in the nature of man. . . . A zeal for different opinions concerning religion, concerning government, and many other points . . . an attachment to different leaders ambitiously contending for pre-eminence and power . . . have, in turn, divided mankind into parties, inflamed them with mutual animosity, and rendered them much more disposed to vex and oppress each other than to co-operate for their common good. . . .

"But the most common and durable source of factions has been the various and unequal distribution of property. Those who hold and those who are without property have ever formed distinct interests in society. Those who are creditors, and those who are debtors, fall under a like discrimination. A landed interest, a manufacturing interest, a mercantile interest, a moneyed interest, with many lesser interests, grow up of necessity in civilized nations, and divide them into different classes, actuated by different sentiments and views. . . .

"A pure democracy, by which I mean a society consisting of a small number of citizens, who assemble and administer the government in person, can admit of no cure for the mischiefs of faction. A common passion or interest will, in almost every case, be felt by a majority . . . and there is nothing to check the inducements to sacrifice the weaker party or an obnoxious individual. Hence it is that such democracies have ever been spectacles of turbulence and contention; have ever been found incompatible with personal security or the rights of property; and have in general been as short in their lives as they have been violent in their deaths. . . .

"A republic, by which I mean a government in which the scheme of representation takes place, opens a different prospect, and promises the cure for which we are seeking. . . . The two great points of difference between a democracy and a republic are: first, the delegation of the government, in the latter, to a small number of citizens elected by the rest; secondly, the greater number of citizens, and greater sphere of country, over which the latter may be extended. . . . It is this circumstance, principally, which renders factious combinations less to be dreaded. . . . The influence of factious leaders may kindle a flame within their particular States, but will be unable to spread a general conflagration through the other States. A religious sect may degenerate into a political faction in a part of the Confederacy; but the variety of sects dispersed over the entire face of it must secure the national councils against any danger from that source. A rage for paper money, for an abolition of debts, for an equal division of property, or for any other improper or wicked project, will be less apt to pervade the whole body of the Union than a particular member of it; in the same proportion as such a malady is more likely to taint a particular county or district, than an entire State.

"In the extent and proper structure of the Union, therefore, we behold a republican remedy for the diseases most incident to republican government. And according to the degree of pleasure and pride we feel in being republicans, ought to be our zeal in cherishing the spirit and supporting the character of Federalists."



This triumphant cartoon appeared in the Massachusetts *Centinel* after eleven states had ratified. North Carolina waited until Washington had been President for seven months. Rhode Island was the last to sign, on May 29, 1790.

THE CONSTITUTION RATIFIED

When the Americans finally got a look at their new Constitution the immediate reaction of most of them was that they didn't like it. The new central Government looked just like the old British tyranny in an American disguise. It had the same power to organize standing armies and levy taxes from a distant capital which they had fought against in the Revolution. The opposition to the Constitution was especially strong in the rural districts, where most Americans lived. A backwoods preacher in North Carolina told his flock that the proposed federal capital city would undoubtedly become "a fortified fortress of despotism . . . [where] an army of 50,000 or perhaps 100,000 men will be finally embodied and will sally forth and enslave the people who will be disarmed!" In Massachusetts 18 old Shays rebels were elected to the state ratifying convention. One of them predicted that the new Congress would be as bad as the Spanish Inquisition. "Racks and gibbets," he shouted, "may be amongst the most mild instruments of their discipline!"

Against this kind of electioneering the wealthy Federalists staged giant rallies in the cities, with cheese and biscuits and drinks for everybody. In Philadelphia 17,000 persons assembled for a Federalist jamboree at which there was not a single drunken quarrel because, said a reporter, "They drank nothing but BEER and CYDER." The skilled city workmen, like the shipwrights of Boston and the pewtersmiths of New York, were Federalists because they believed the new Government would mean steadier work.

The Federalists had the best writers, the most money, and practically all the newspapers at their disposal. The Anti-Federalists made the most political noise, and if the matter had been put to a popular vote the Constitution probably would have been defeated. But "We the People" never did vote on it directly. Under the Federalist scheme special ratifying conventions were held in each state. When nine states ratified it, the Constitution went into effect. Less than a third of the eligible voters took part in electing the state conventions.

Delaware was the first state to ratify, followed by Pennsylvania, where an Anti-Federalist mob attacked James Wilson, one of the principal authors of the Constitution, and nearly killed him with barrel staves. New Hampshire was the decisive ninth, in June 1788. The most exciting fight was in New York, where Alexander Hamilton, by personal magnetism and smart political maneuvering, persuaded a hostile convention to ratify. Three of the ratifying states demanded immediate amendments to guarantee human as well as property rights.

The Federalists put the new machinery to work with great speed. George Washington was unanimously elected President, and within a year the first ten amendments (the "Bill of Rights") were passed.

Two of the busiest streets in the nation were Wall Street, New York, where the new Government had temporary headquarters in the remodeled City Hall *(above)*, and Second Street, Philadelphia, which was the shopping center of the largest city in America *(below)*.

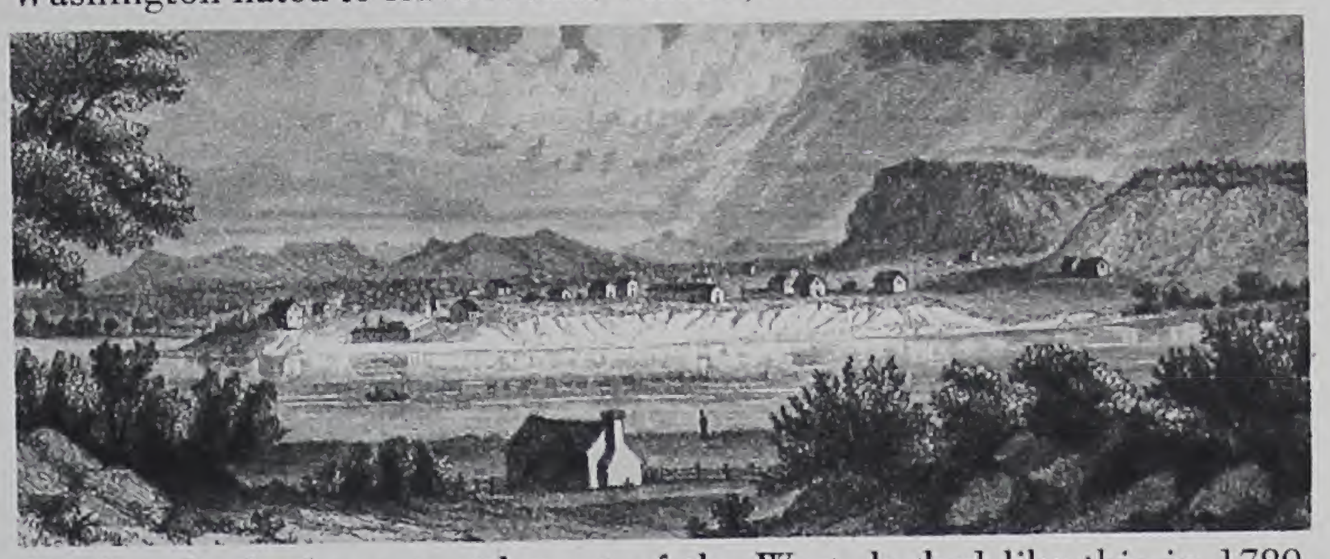
THE NEW NATION

On April 16, 1789, President-elect George Washington made the following entry in his diary: "About ten o'clock I bade farewell to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity; and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York. . . ." Washington had to borrow money for this trip to his first inauguration—like many prominent Americans he was land-poor, and his farm at Mount Vernon, which was worked by slaves, often failed to meet expenses.

It took him seven days to make the 235-mile journey to Federal Hall, New York City. The country he traveled through was still a land of farms and small villages, hemmed in by forests. The first census in 1790 gave the United States a population of four million, of whom only 3 per cent lived in the six largest cities: Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Charleston, Baltimore, and Salem. The national territory was 900,000 square miles, of which more than half was still occupied by the Indians. Nine out of ten Americans worked on farms, raising small crops which barely fed their own families. Practically all of them attended church on Sunday, and once or twice a year they gathered for elections or militia musters. They read a surprisingly large number of books, political pamphlets, and newspapers.

The inhabitants of America, wrote a European traveler, "pass their lives without any regard to the smiles or frowns of men in power." The Federal Union and all its concerns seemed very remote to most of them. Soon after his inauguration Washington began his grand tours of the country *(below)*, to convince the provincial Americans that they really had a national government, and that it was worth taking an interest in.

Washington hated to leave Mount Vernon, where he watched every chore.



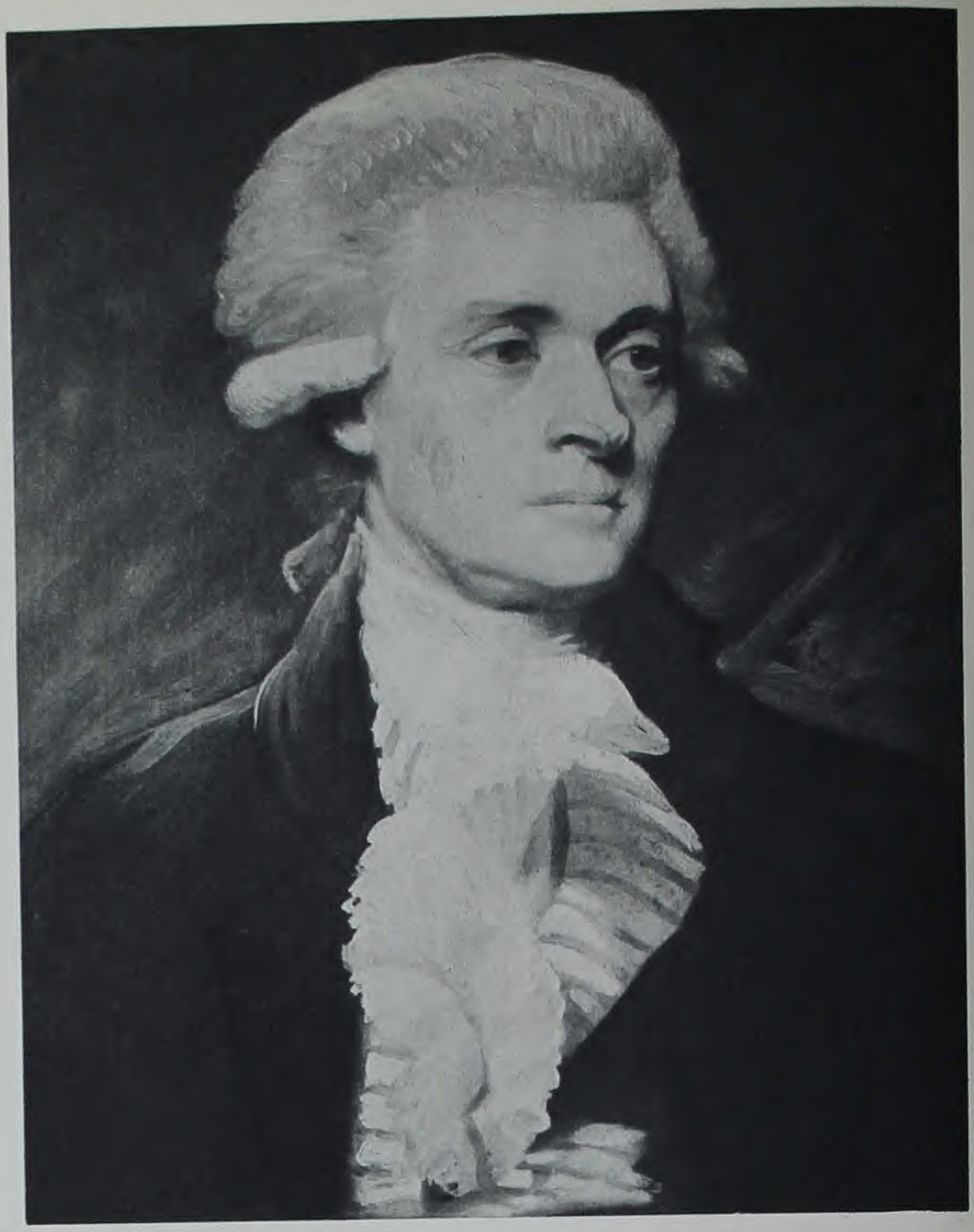
Pittsburgh, the largest settlement of the West, looked like this in 1789.

Soapmaking and laundering were typical barnyard tasks in New England.

Nassau Hall at Princeton *(left)* was the largest building in the nation.

President Washington inspects a New England cotton mill.

The last lap of Washington's trip was a triumphant ride across New York Bay in a satin-trimmed barge *(right)*.



Thomas Jefferson, the lone idealist in Washington's Cabinet, was 47 when he became Secretary of State. In the portrait at the right his red hair is hidden by the formal powdered wig which he wore as American envoy to France in the 1780's.

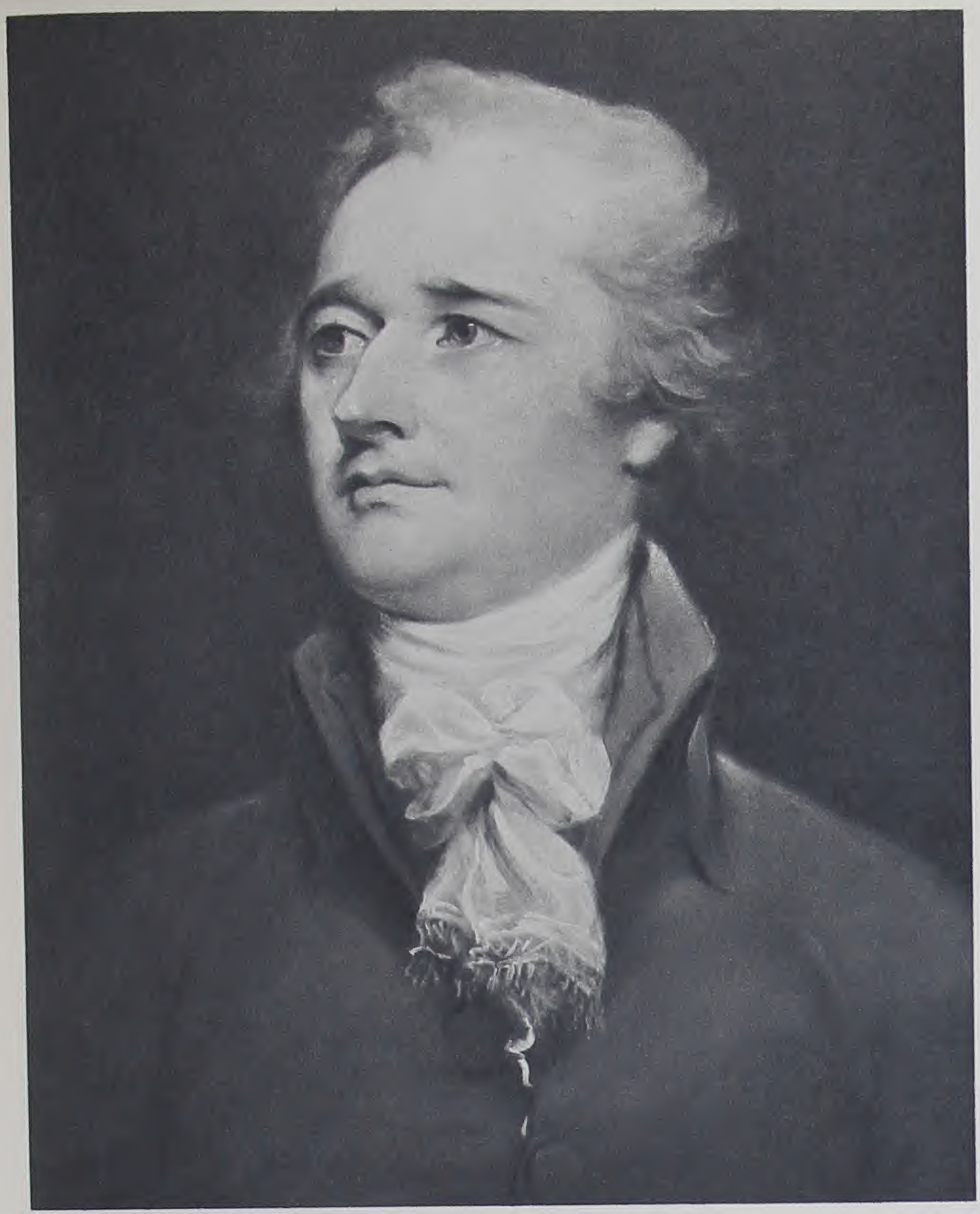
JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON

As Secretary of State in the new Government President Washington appointed Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, the principal author of the Declaration of Independence. For Secretary of the Treasury he chose Alexander Hamilton of New York, the spark plug of the Federalists. Hamilton was a tireless, brilliant, hard-boiled realist in politics. He believed that money made the wheels go round—or, as he put it in more elegant language, "Money is, with propriety, considered as the vital principle of the body politic."

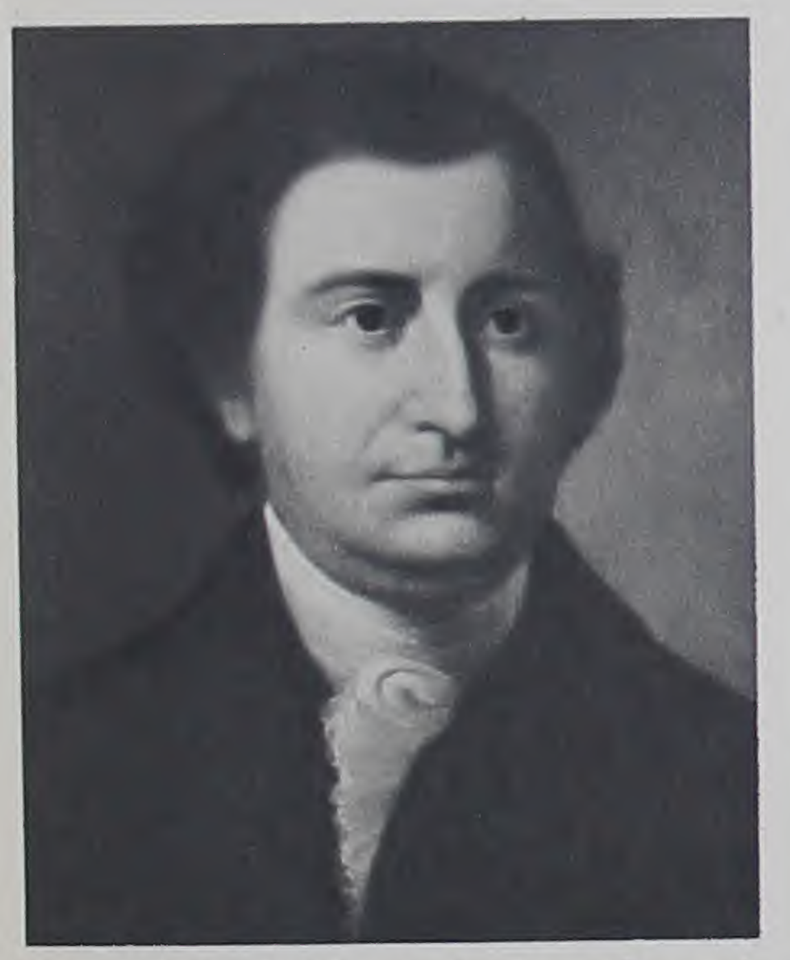
Hamilton was convinced the Government would not last unless the wealthy people of the country could make money by it. His reasoning went like this, and these are his words: "All communities divide themselves into the few and the many. The first are the rich and well born, the other the mass of the people. The voice of the people has been said to be the voice of God; and however generally this maxim has been quoted and believed, it is not true in fact. The people are turbulent and changing; they seldom judge or determine right. Give therefore to the first class a distinct, permanent share in the government. They will check the unsteadiness of the second, and as they cannot receive any advantage by a change, they therefore will ever maintain good government."

The permanent share which Hamilton proposed to give his privileged group was the opportunity to profit by speculations in government-improved lands, government-guaranteed securities, and government-protected industries. He foresaw a country of big cities and banks, with factory jobs for everybody, including wives and young children. This idea was horrifying to Jefferson, who wanted the United States to remain a land of small farmers and craftsmen.

The debates between these two strong men raged hotly at Cabinet meetings, but Hamilton usually had his way with the President. He always had a specific plan for getting things done, which was a valuable thing in a new government. But Jefferson understood the American people better than Hamilton did, and he soon developed his own plan of action through political organization and pressure.



Alexander Hamilton, Washington's favorite, was 32 when he entered the Cabinet. He was short, dapper, and efficient, with ruddy cheeks and bright blue eyes. He dominated the Government so completely that he was called "the Prime Minister."



Edmund Randolph, the Attorney General, was a born fence-sitter who tried to stay neutral in the Cabinet fight, but often sided with his fellow Virginian, Jefferson. Randolph helped to write the Constitution and then refused to sign it.

General Henry Knox, the 300-pound Secretary of War, had been Washington's artillery expert during the Revolution. Knox was all for Hamilton and the Federalists. He speculated in Western lands and profited directly from Hamilton's program.

John Adams, the Vice President, was a staunch Federalist who liked to wear silk stockings and velvet pants. As presiding officer of the Senate he often decided tie votes in favor of Hamilton's projects, though he hated Hamilton personally.

HAMILTON WINS THE FIRST ROUND

THE FIRST important bill passed by the First Congress was a tariff law which gave financial help to American shipowners, iron, glass, and rum manufacturers. Next came the vital issue of the public debt, which consisted of $52 million in bonds and warrants issued by the Continental Congress, and $18 million more issued by the states to help pay for the Revolution. Most of it was in default.

Secretary of the Treasury Hamilton told Congress that the entire debt should be funded at full face value by the Government. It was, he said, a matter of national faith and credit—the United States must start its career with an A-1 financial standing. He did not deny the fact that most of the original security holders and old soldiers had long since sold their certificates at depression prices, and that speculators would reap an enormous profit from his policy. Even before his recommendation was made public New York capitalists heard about it and sent agents scurrying through the country to buy depreciated certificates. A number of Congressmen did the same thing.

Congress quickly agreed to pay the national part of the debt. But the assumption bill, which provided for payment of $18 million in state debts, met fierce opposition and was defeated in the House. Some states had already paid their own debts and saw no reason to help pay the others'.

At this point Hamilton conceived and carried through a famous political bargain with his Cabinet foe, Thomas Jefferson. One afternoon the two leaders met at dinner and talked about the assumption bill. They also talked about the future location of the national capital, which was then a red-hot issue between several states. They reached the following agreement: Jefferson and his friend Madison would persuade some of the Virginia Congressmen to change their votes and pass the assumption bill. Hamilton, in turn, would see that the New York members supported a site on the Potomac River for the new "Federal City." And to get the necessary vote in the Senate, where the rich Philadelphia merchant, Robert Morris, pulled the strings, both sides agreed to make Philadelphia the temporary capital until 1800.

This masterly piece of logrolling was a great victory for Hamilton. It secured his whole program, and gave the big-money men and speculators behind him $40 million clear profit. Jefferson realized this later and angrily claimed he had been hoodwinked.

Robert Morris, the rich Pennsylvania Senator, clutching a moneybag, drags Congress to its new Philadelphia home.

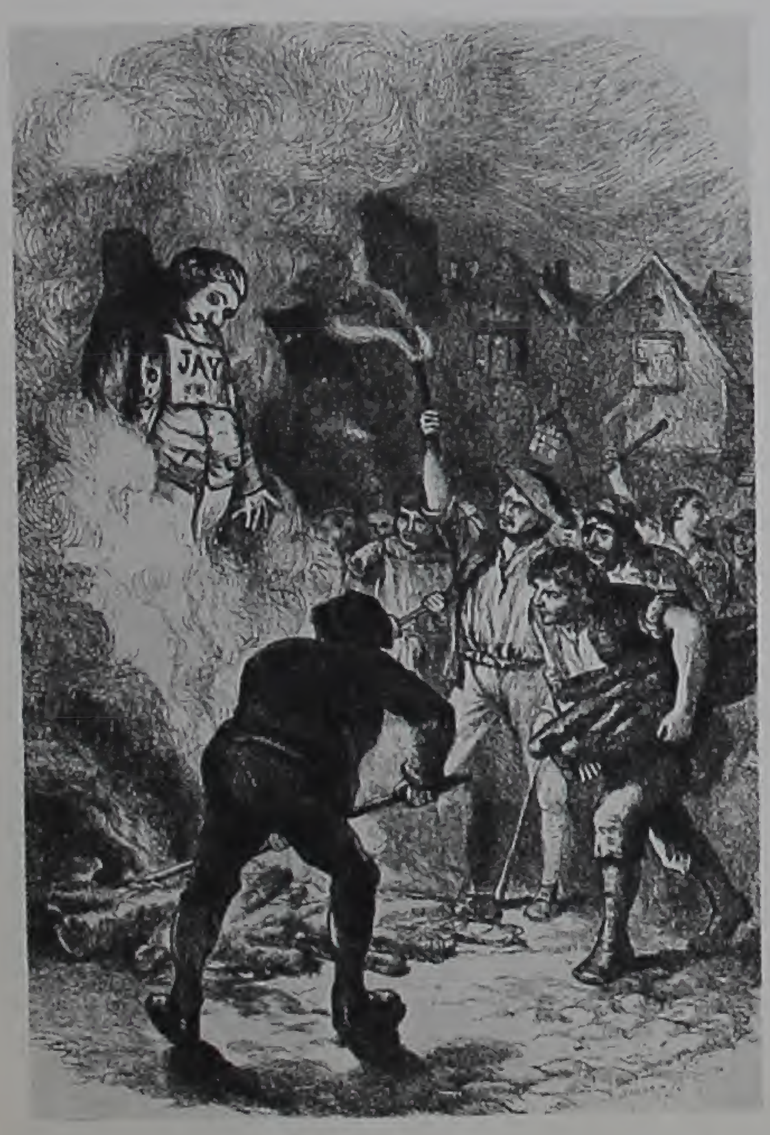
HAMILTON'S BANK

The rest of Hamilton's program slipped through Congress easily. A tax was levied on whisky, and a national mint was established to coin American money. The first Bank of the United States was organized, to issue paper money and control the nation's credit. The Bank bill started the first great debate over "constitutionality." Jefferson argued that the Bank was illegal because the Constitution did not specifically authorize it. Hamilton rested his case on the famous Section Eight, which gives Congress power to provide for "the general Welfare." President Washington agreed with Hamilton and soon the Bank began to do business in a handsome building in Philadelphia *(left)*. A boom in Bank stocks followed, and many friends of Hamilton's got rich. This convinced Jefferson and his followers that "stock-jobbers" and profit-hungry "parasites" were having their way with the Government.

FRENCH FIASCO

At the start of Washington's second term the French revolutionists guillotined their king and proclaimed a world-wide war against the British empire. Washington promptly proclaimed American neutrality, although we still had a military alliance with France, and most Americans were for the revolution. In April 1793 Citizen Edmond Charles Genêt *(left)* arrived as the first minister from the French Republic. Genêt decided to go around "old man Washington," as he called him, and appeal directly to American voters. He hired soldiers, outfitted French fighting ships, set up French courts on American soil, and helped organize political clubs to fight "pride of wealth and arrogance of power" in the United States itself. These insolent tactics swung American opinion away from France, and Genêt was fired by his Government. His fiasco was a big help to the Federalists, who were anti-French and pro-British.

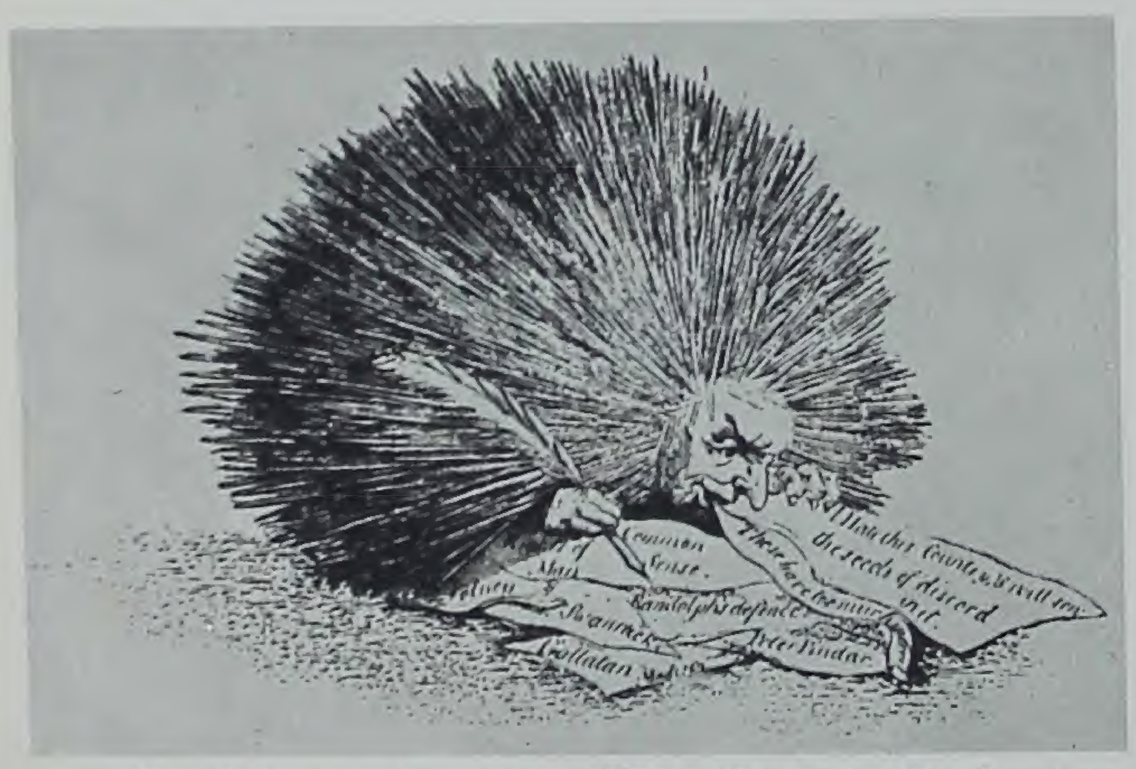
BRITISH LUCK



In 1794 President Washington's special envoy, John Jay, made an unfortunate treaty with England. Jay was a narrow-minded Federalist who was easily blinded by British glitter. He agreed not to export cotton in American ships, since he did not even know cotton was an American product. In return for a long list of such concessions which he gave, the British promised only to evacuate their Northwest forts on American territory—which they had already promised to do in 1783. Jefferson's followers attacked the treaty as "the death warrant of American liberty" and burned Jay in effigy *(left)*. The Treaty was saved in Congress by Fisher Ames, a Federalist orator from Massachusetts. Ames shed great crocodile tears for the "widows and orphans" who would be created if the British and their Indian allies were not given this opportunity to quit the Northwest forts. "I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance, and the shrieks of torture," he cried. "Already they seem to sigh in the west wind—already they mingle with every echo from the mountains." His Federalist colleagues from the East wept openly during Ames' speech, but Westerners were not impressed. Andrew Jackson of Tennessee said President Washington should be impeached for signing such a cowardly treaty.

This Federalist cartoon shows Washington and his federal chariot heading off an invasion by French Republican "cannibals." At right Jefferson and friends try to block the wheels and a dog lifts his leg on a Republican newspaper.

THE RISING OPPOSITION



Republican cartoon shows "Peter Porcupine," a ferocious Federalist editor, spewing out hatred of America. "Porcupine" was an ex-British soldier named William Cobbett.

IN THE FINE spring weather of 1791 Thomas Jefferson and James Madison rode northward from Philadelphia on what they called a "botanizing excursion." They wrote letters home about strawberries in blossom, the speckled trout they caught, and the blue laws of Vermont, where they were arrested for riding in a carriage on Sunday. But not a word did they say about politics. Actually their journey was the beginning of a well-organized political opposition to Hamilton and all his Federalist works.

At Albany the distinguished travelers called on Governor George Clinton, an old-time and embittered Anti-Federalist. In New York City they paid their respects to Aaron Burr, the ambitious young lawyer who was closely linked with the Sons of Saint Tammany. This quaint society with its Indian rigmarole had been started before the Revolution, as an antidote to the British Sons of Saint George. Its members were city workmen and small merchants who despised the Federalist "nabobs."

The results of the Jefferson-Madison expedition showed up in the election of 1792. Washington was re-elected unanimously. But John Adams, running again for Vice President, was beaten by Governor

Another Federalist cartoon of 1793 shows the Republicans as a mob of cutthroat anarchists consorting with the devil.

Jefferson stands on a bench and declaims wildly while Republican astronomer David Rittenhouse stargazes at left.

Clinton in New York, Virginia, and North Carolina. The alliance between Jefferson's Southern planters and Tammany soon burgeoned into a full-fledged political party, taking in Genêt's radical Democratic Societies, the discontented farmers and Western frontiersmen, and old opponents of the Constitution. Jefferson's followers thought Hamilton and other leading Federalists were working toward a monarchy and an hereditary privileged class in the United States. So they took the name "Republicans," to show they were for pure republican government.

The Federalists seemed to think there was something monstrously immoral and illegal about this rising opposition. Their cartoons pictured the Republicans as cannibals, drunkards, and pirates. President Washington suggested that "self-created" political societies were a menace which the Government should annihilate by force, if necessary.

The Republicans replied with a cartoon showing David Humphreys, the President's close friend, leading an animal on which Washington was seated. The caption read, "The glorious time has come to pass, When David shall conduct an ass." Another Republican cartoon showed Washington being placed on a guillotine. This was shown to the President at a Cabinet meeting one day, and he flew into a violent passion, according to Jefferson. He swore that "by God he had rather be in his grave than in his present situation; that he had rather be on his farm than to be made emperor of the world." No copies of these Republican cartoons are known to exist today; perhaps they were all destroyed by outraged Federalists.

Jefferson's alliance with Tammany put practical politics into the Republican party at an early date. This contemporary engraving shows a Tammany brave of 1800 being fondled by admirers on a Broadway corner.

In the East, Lady Washington's Friday night parties were top social events. They were always over by 9 o'clock, which was bedtime for the President.

In the West, tar and feathers entered politics again in 1794. Here a group of Whisky Rebels escorts a federal tax collector from his burning home.

WASHINGTON UNDER ATTACK

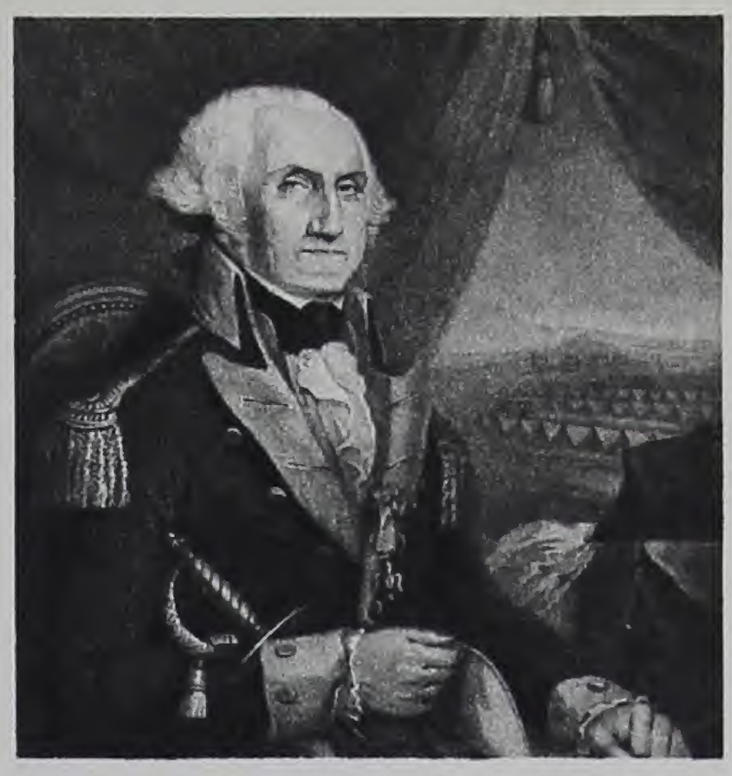
DURING WASHINGTON'S second term the Republican newspapers plagued him continually about his kingly habits. The President, said one editor, prefers levees, drawing rooms, stately nods instead of shaking hands, and seclusion from the people. Washington had no desire to be a king, but he often acted like one. When his close friend, Gouverneur Morris, walked up to him one day and slapped him on the back, Washington froze him with an angry glare. He did not think that a President of the United States should be subject to such familiarities. The portrait at the right shows him in a kingly mood, wearing on his coat lapel the jeweled insignia of the Society of the Cincinnati.

Washington believed, with good reason, that prestige was important in world affairs. The United States was a very shaky young nation and Washington wanted to give it dignity. His Presidential coach was as splendid as an emperor's—a gorgeous canary-colored affair decorated with gilt cupids and nymphs, and drawn by six perfectly matched white horses. His grooms rubbed white marble paste on the horses at night and let it dry to a shiny gloss. Then the horses' hoofs were painted black and their teeth scoured before they went out to haul the President.

On Tuesdays when Congress was in session Washington received visitors at formal levees. On these occasions he wore black velvet knee breeches and yellow gloves, and held a cocked hat ornamented with the Federalists' black cockade. To each guest he gave a stiff bow and a few words. On Friday evenings Mrs. Washington held her "drawing-rooms," which were cozier affairs, where the President was often surrounded by pretty girls.

All this Presidential pomp was far removed from the hills of western Pennsylvania, where an armed revolt against Washington's administration broke out in the summer of 1794. The cause was the tax which Hamilton had put on whisky. The Western farmers all made whisky to sell in the East: it was the best way they had to transport their grain, for there were no roads and the Mississippi River was kept closed by its Spanish rulers. The whisky tax worked to the advantage of the New England rum industry, which was largely owned by Hamilton's Federalist friends. So the "Whisky Rebels" refused to pay the tax, and tarred and feathered the tax collectors.

Washington was convinced the Republican politicians were backing the Whisky Rebellion, and he was not far wrong. Making the first test of his constitutional power to mobilize state troops under federal command, he assembled an overwhelming force of 15,000 men and assigned Hamilton to supervise them. By November the government forces were in control around Pittsburgh, and the whisky tax was being collected once more. A few bedraggled "Whisky Boys" were captured and paraded in triumph through the streets of Federalist Philadelphia. But the victory was an expensive one politically, for practically all the West went over to Jefferson and his Republicans.



THE FAREWELL ADDRESS

of President Washington was partly written by Hamilton, and was published in a Philadelphia newspaper September 19, 1796. It offered some stately Federalist advice to Americans:

"Indignantly [frown] upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts. . . . Let me now . . . warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally. . . . It serves always to distract the public councils and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another; foments occasionally riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passion. . . .

"There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This within certain limits is probably true; and in governments of a monarchical cast patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. . . .

"As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is to use it as sparingly as possible. . . .

"Observe good faith and justice toward all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. . . . Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. . . .

"It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world. . . . Taking care always to keep ourselves by suitable establishments on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies."

STOUT JOHN ADAMS

Adams was born in a salt-box house *(left)* in Braintree, Massachusetts. The house at right was his later residence.

Abigail Adams gave her husband much political advice.

Their son John Quincy was Minister to Holland at 26.

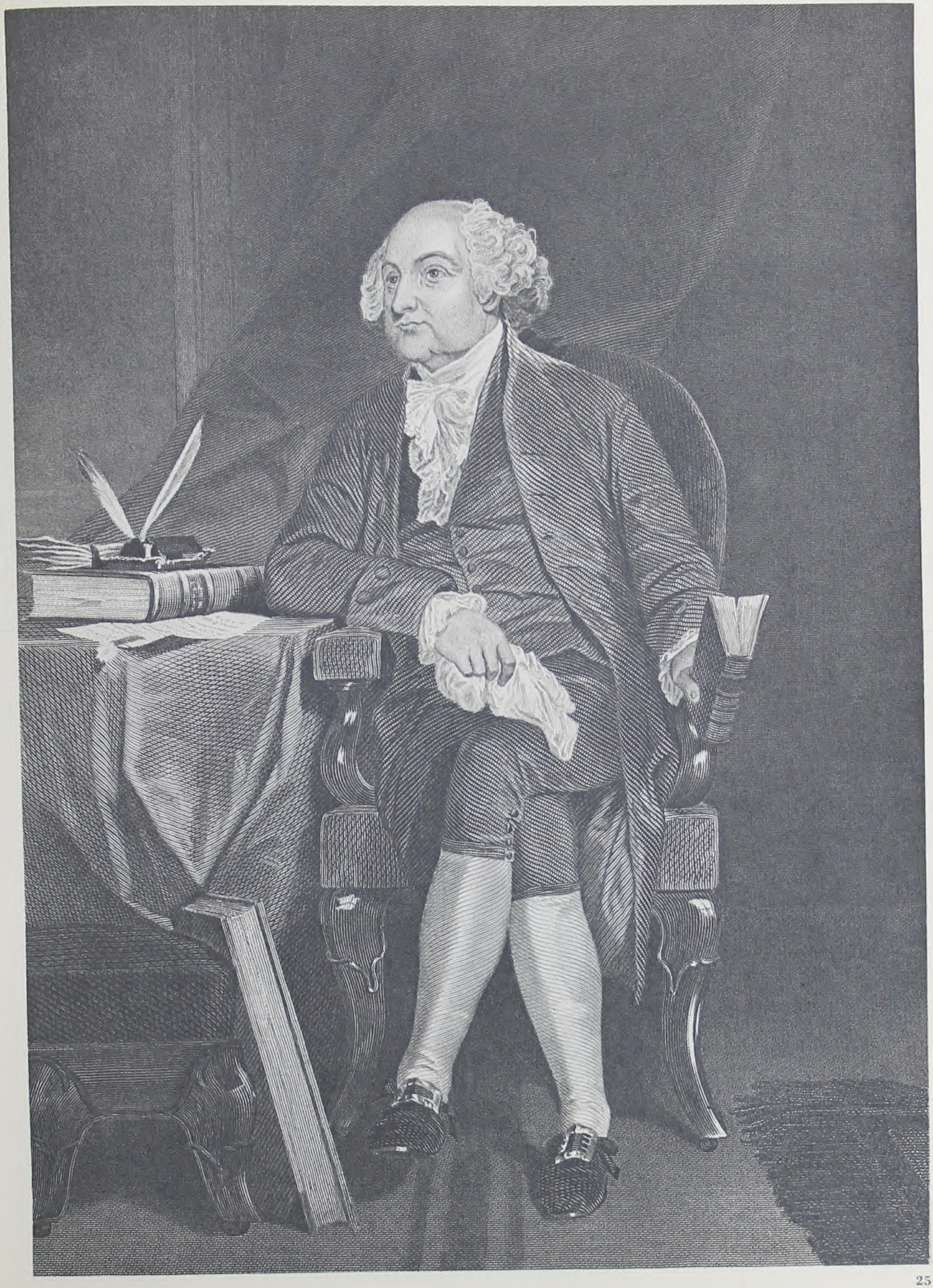
Washington, D.C. *(above)*, became the capital in 1800, and Abigail hung her laundry in the White House East Room.

JOHN ADAMS, the second President of the United States, was fat, fussy, hot-tempered, warm-hearted, and got into fights with almost every prominent American of his time. He hated Hamilton, the leader of his party, so viciously that he once called him "the bastard brat of a Scotch pedlar." He was openly jealous of Washington. He had been a friend of Jefferson's but now despised his "democratical" thinking. "There never was a democracy that did not commit suicide," he snorted.

Twenty years before he came to the Presidency Adams was the political wheel horse of American independence. He got Washington elected Commander-in-Chief, helped draft the Declaration of Independence, and lobbied it through Congress. During the peace negotiations he went to Holland and obtained loans which saved the Government. He was the first American Minister to be received by King George III after the Revolution was won. But he looked upon his eight years as Vice President as a great humiliation. "My country," he wrote to his wife, "has in its wisdom contrived for me the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived."

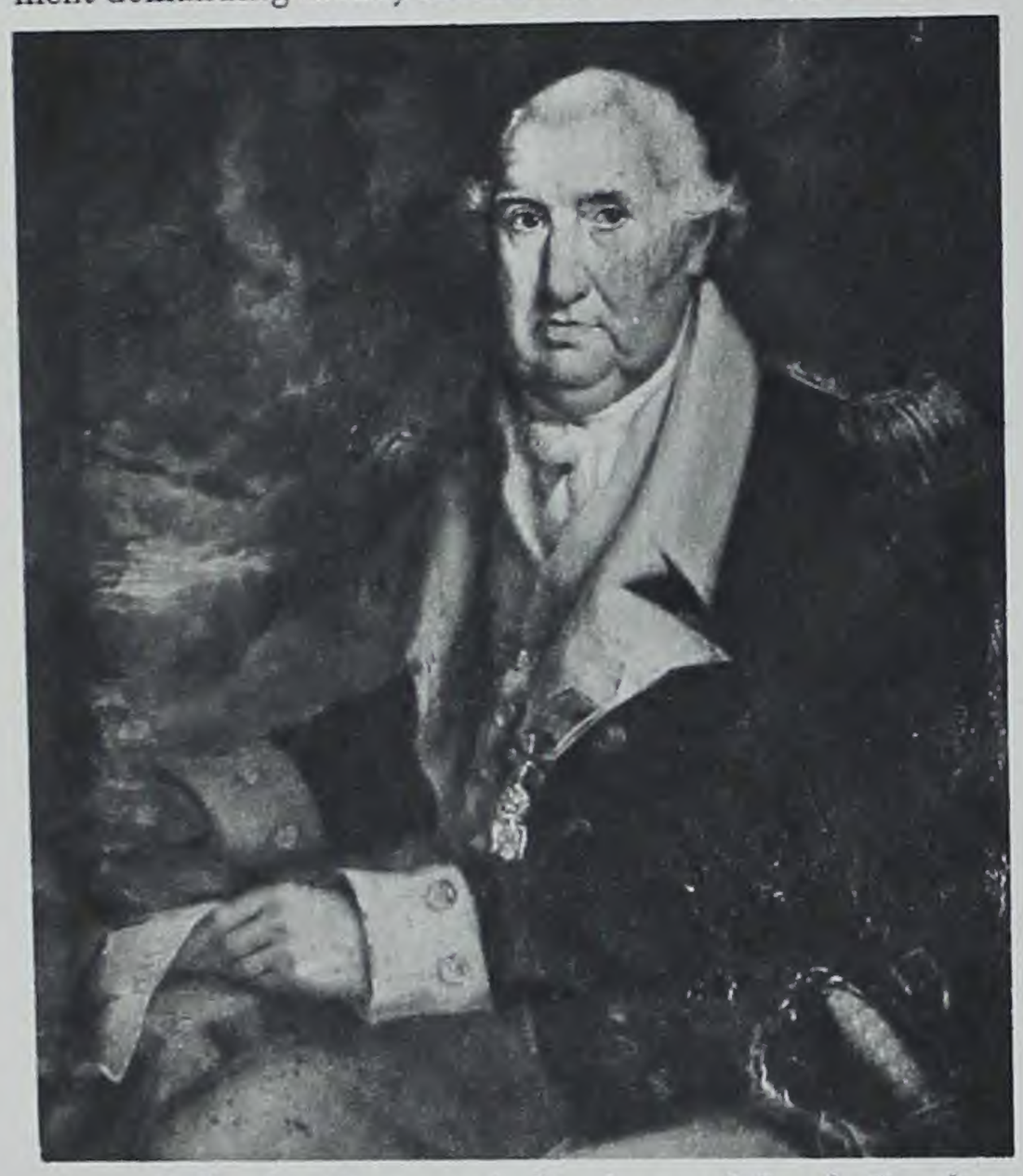
When Washington declined to seek a third term in 1796, Adams was the logical Federalist candidate. But Hamilton secretly tried to knife him in the election by backing Thomas Pinckney of South Carolina. This scheme diverted enough Federalist votes to give the Vice Presidency to Jefferson, the leader of the opposition. Hamilton continued to interfere by advising the members of Adams' Cabinet and even wrote reports which they gave to the President. When Adams discovered this he fired two Cabinet members and started a feud which wrecked the Federalist party. Personal vanity was his weakest point; personal courage and integrity were among his strongest.

As a young Boston lawyer in the 1760's John Adams was a staunch American patriot. But when the British Captain Preston was unjustly charged with murder after the Boston Massacre *(right)*, Adams defended him and won his acquittal.



"NO; NO; NOT A SIXPENCE!"

Cartoon of 1799 shows the Hydra-headed French Government demanding money from Americans at dagger's point.

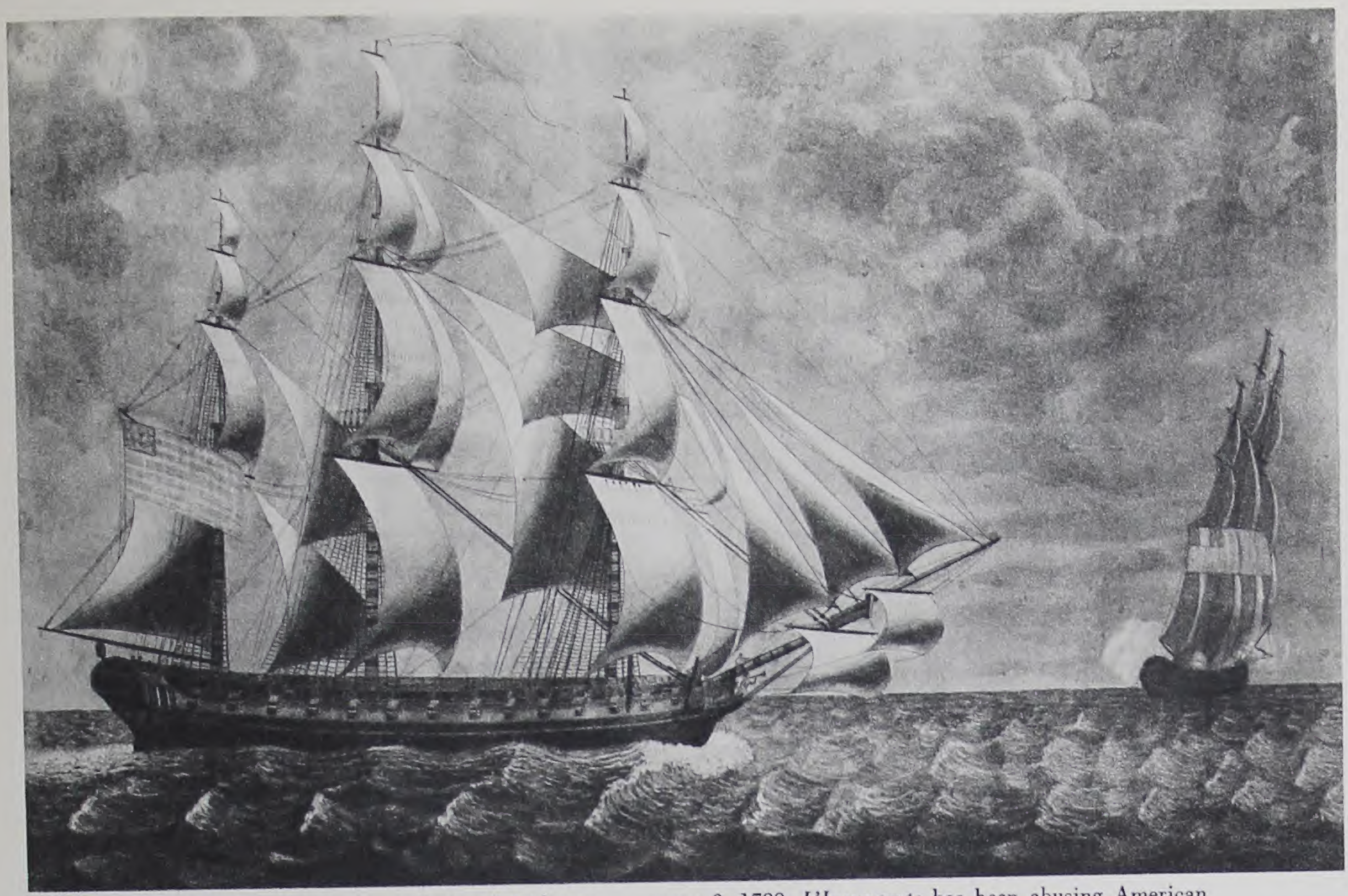


General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney of South Carolina was the man who refused to give the French a sixpence.

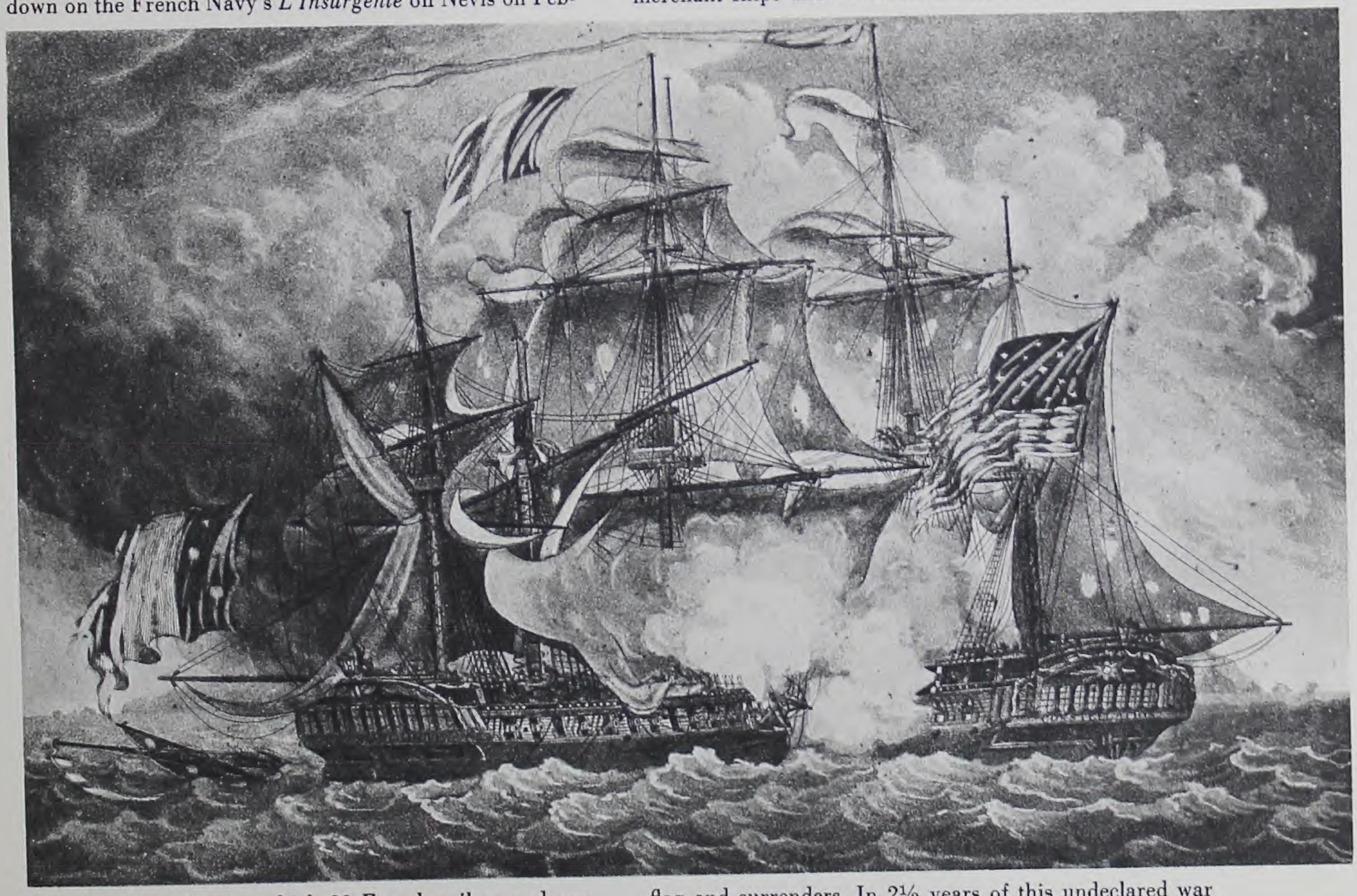
THE CARTOON ABOVE provides a complete documentation, from the Federalist point of view, of Washington's farewell warning against European intrigues. The three honest-looking men in broad-brimmed hats are United States commissioners who were sent to France in 1797 to reach an agreement about American shipping. (France and England were at war and both countries were seizing American ships when they felt like it, but France was causing the most trouble at the moment.) The five-headed monster with the dagger is the five-man Directory which was then ruling revolutionary France. While he demands "Money, Money, Money!!" from the Americans various Frenchmen in the background are robbing each other and chopping off heads.

All of this relates to the fact that when the American commissioners arrived at Paris they were confronted by three French officials who demanded a $250,000 bribe, a $10 million loan from the United States to France, and threatened to declare war if both were not forthcoming. The Americans were prepared to pay a little bribe money but they would not submit to wholesale blackmail. "No; no; not a sixpence!" they finally told the Frenchmen, and broke off the negotiations.

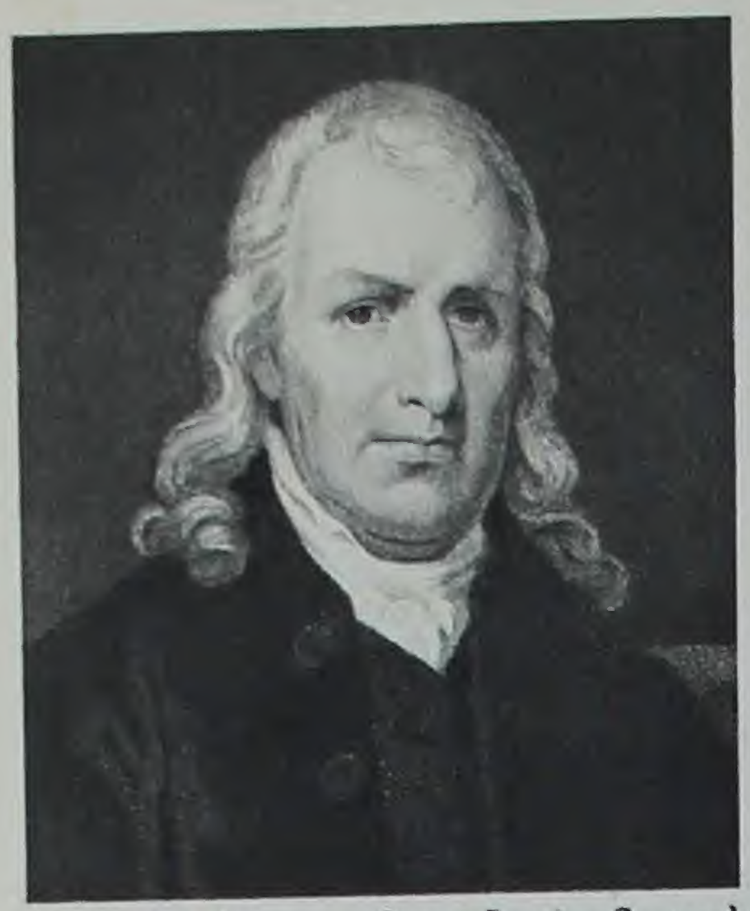
When President Adams made this story public the newspapers changed the American reply to "Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute!" and a real shooting war broke out between French and American warships in the West Indies.



The brand-new American frigate *Constellation (left)* bears down on the French Navy's *L'Insurgente* off Nevis on February 9, 1799. *L'Insurgente* has been abusing American merchant ships and *Constellation* intends to chastise her.



After a raking fight in which 29 French sailors and one American were killed *L'Insurgente* hauls down her tricolor flag and surrenders. In 2½ years of this undeclared war the American Navy took 85 French ships and lost one.



Federalist Supreme Court Justice Samuel Chase was a notorious courtroom bully.

THE FEDERALIST

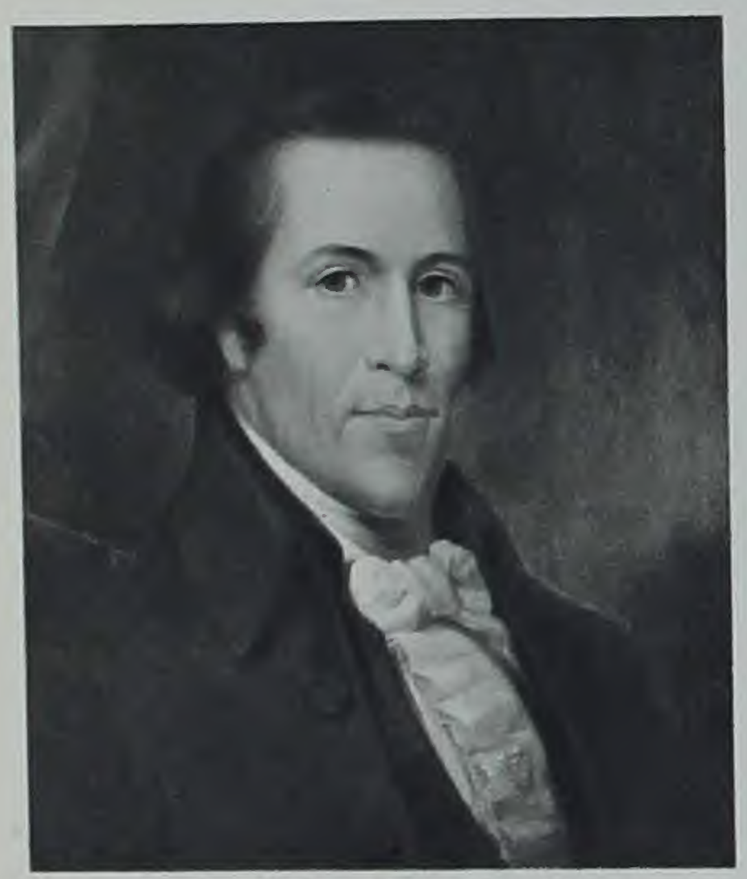
AT THE HEIGHT of the French war fever the Federalists in Congress passed the Alien and Sedition Acts, which were intended to silence their Republican opponents forever. The Alien Acts gave President Adams the power to deport "dangerous" aliens, and made it more difficult for new arrivals to become voters. They were aimed especially at a sizable group of liberal-minded refugees from England and Ireland who had become ardent Jeffersonians. The Sedition Act practically made it a crime for anybody to be a Republican. It provided jail sentences up to five years and fines up to $5,000 for any person who spoke or wrote about the President, the Congress, or the Federal Government "with intent to defame [them] or to bring them . . . into contempt or disrepute."

Leading Republicans all over the country were promptly arrested on the basis of what they had said in newspaper articles or personal letters, and railroaded through the courts by Federalist judges like the coarse and vindictive Samuel Chase. One ailing Republican editor died from the mistreatment he received in the Boston jail. A Republican official of Otsego County, New York, was forced to travel 200 miles in manacles to the prison in New York City. In Newark, New Jersey, when a salute was fired in honor of President Adams, a man standing near by remarked that he wished the cannon wadding "had been lodged in the President's backsides." For this seditious statement he was fined $100.

The most notable victim was Congressman Matthew Lyon of Vermont, who was both a Republican and an Irishman. The Federalists hated Lyon for his aggressive disposition—one of their rhymesters once called him

> a strange, offensive brute
> Too wild to tame, too base to shoot.

One day in Congress a Connecticut Federalist named Roger Griswold made an



Republican John Breckinridge sponsored Jefferson's resolves in Kentucky.

THE KENTUCKY RESOLVES

Vice President Thomas Jefferson was shocked to the depths of his philosophical being by the Alien and Sedition Acts. But he saw at once that they constituted a grievous political mistake which could seriously damage the Federalist party. He quietly spread rumors through friends that the next items on the Federalist program were to make President Adams a king, establish a royal succession for his family, and install the Senators for life. Jefferson was exaggerating, but his predictions were widely circulated and made splendid campaign material. While the Federalists went merrily on tying more rope around their necks, Jefferson got ready to jerk the country out from under their feet.

Working in complete secrecy, he drew up nine resolutions which his followers put through the legislature of Kentucky. The Kentucky Resolves declared that the Alien and Sedition Acts were contrary to the letter and spirit of the Constitution, and were therefore null and void so far as Kentucky was concerned. Other states were invited to take similar action, but all declined except Jefferson's own Virginia.

The Kentucky Resolves were passed in a good cause, but they contained enough political dynamite to blow up the Union. Resolve No. 1 said that "the several States composing the United States of America, are not united on the principle of unlimited submission to their general government; but that by compact under the style and title of a Constitution for the United States and of amendments thereto, they constituted a general government for special purposes . . . and that whensoever the general government assumes undelegated powers, its acts are unauthoritative, void, and of no force." Resolves Nos. 3 and 4 declared that the Alien and Sedition Acts interfered with the powers of the states, and were "altogether void" within the boundaries of Kentucky. Out of these statements grew the gigantic doctrines of states' rights, nullification, and secession.

REIGN OF TERROR

insulting remark about Lyon's Revolutionary record, and Lyon bristled up to him and spat in his face. Two weeks later Griswold worked up enough courage to attack Lyon with his cane, and Lyon hit back with a pair of tongs from one of the Congressional fireplaces. This was the first good fight that ever occurred on the floor of Congress.

Soon afterward Lyon was arrested for writing in a letter that President Adams had an "unbounded thirst for ridiculous pomp, foolish adulation, and selfish avarice." He was convicted of sedition and sentenced to four months in a dirty little jail at Vergennes, Vermont. But the Green Mountain Republicans held political rallies outside the jail and re-elected him to Congress by a majority of two to one. Jefferson helped to pay his $1,000 fine. Lyon was one of those indestructible Americans who loved rough-and-tumble politics and outdoor adventure equally well. From Vermont he moved to Kentucky, and then to the wilderness territory of Arkansas, and was elected to Congress from both those places.

The popular uproar against the Alien and Sedition Acts became so great that the naval war with France was almost forgotten. In March 1799 President Adams offered to begin peace talks. Napoleon, who had ousted the corrupt Directory, promptly agreed, and the shooting in the Caribbean soon came to an end. The extreme Federalists were wild with rage against the President for this "betrayal." They had organized a big army under Washington and "General" Hamilton, and were ready to invade Louisiana and Florida, and perhaps even liberate South America. When Adams left Washington later that year to spend some time at his home in Massachusetts, the Federalist Congressman Robert G. Harper said he hoped the horses would run away and break the President's neck. Nobody charged him with sedition for that remark.

Republican Matthew Lyon of Vermont was re-elected to Congress from jail.

Cartoon of 1798 *(below)* shows Lyon and Griswold slugging each other on the floor of Congress. Speaker Dayton *(in chair)* seems to be enjoying the fracas. This crude but spirited drawing indicates that Americans already regarded their Congressmen as semicomic characters.

On December 12, 1799, a day of rain and snow, General Washington caught cold while riding around his farm. Much bleeding, and a remedy of molasses, butter, and vinegar, failed to relieve him. On December 14 he died of a throat infection. The Federalists felt especially bereft, for he was their greatest man.

THE JEFFERSON REPUBLICANS

WASHINGTON'S DEATH in 1799 probably saved him from the supreme humiliation of losing a political fight. He had planned to take part in the 1800 campaign to re-elect John Adams and a Federalist administration, but by then nothing could stop the triumphant surge of Jefferson's Republicans. The new party swept into power in 1800, captured the Presidency and control of Congress, and entrenched itself so strongly that it continued to run the Government for forty years.

The Republican party was born to answer the basic question which had divided the first Cabinet: Can the average run of mankind govern themselves by their votes, as Jefferson thought they could? Or must they *be* governed by a privileged class of "the rich, the well-born, and the good," as Hamilton and the Federalists sincerely believed? The Federalist viewpoint dominated the Constitution, which stressed the rights of government and the duties of its citizens. But the Republicans drew their inspiration direct from the Declaration of Independence, with its ringing emphasis on the right of men to revolt, if necessary, against an unjust government. They put the people first and the government second.

This contrast provided the philosophical background, but the 1800 election was not fought on any such lofty level. The Republicans broke the Sedition Law right and left, and called John Adams everything from the Duke of Braintree to a madman. They assailed the Federalists as monarchists, England-lovers, warmongers, and spendthrifts, and accused them of selling out the country to the moneylenders.

The Federalists replied that the Republicans were low radical scum and carriers of bloody class-war schemes from Europe—especially from Red France—and that their real aim was to set up an American military dictator like Napoleon. In New England the Federalist clergy spread word that Jefferson planned to confiscate all the Bibles in the country and substitute one he had written himself. From their pulpits they echoed President Timothy Dwight of Yale, who had said that Republicanism meant a nation-wide orgy: "our wives and daughters the victims of legal prostitution; soberly dishonored; speciously polluted. . . ."

The big campaign sensation was a pamphlet written by Alexander Hamilton in which he attacked Adams as a liar, an ingrate, and "unfit" for the office of President. This piece of intraparty treachery came on top of another indiscreet pamphlet which Hamilton had published, admitting that while he was Secretary of the Treasury he had paid blackmail to hush up "an amorous connection" with a Mrs. Reynolds of Philadelphia. These two publications destroyed Hamilton as a political figure and cost the Federalists many votes in 1800.

The election was won by a formidable political combination which Jefferson and his followers had been patiently putting together for years. Its strongest element was the mass of small farmers in all the states, for Jefferson believed that farmers were the perfect American citizens, and his program was aimed to make them especially happy. Also in the Republican phalanx were the frontier dwellers of the West; the rich planters of the South; the so-called "foreign vote," especially the Irish and rural Pennsylvania Germans; a growing number of city workmen who were attracted by Jefferson's attacks on "the aristocracy of wealth"; and the Tammany bosses of New York and Philadelphia, who were in politics strictly for profit.

These Jefferson Republicans comprised the first genuinely American political party, the first to adopt the revolutionary and humanitarian ideas of the Declaration of Independence, and the first to use machine methods. Their Federalist foes tried to smear them by calling them "democrats," which was a horrid word to most Americans in 1800. But the left-wing Republicans accepted and used this label, so that as time went on their party was called Republican-Democratic, and eventually just Democratic, which is its name today.

"Mad Tom in a Rage" was the title of this Federalist cartoon attacking Jefferson and his administration. The Federalists liked to picture Jefferson as a brandy-soaked anarchist tearing down the pillars of government.

BEWARE OF AARON BURR!

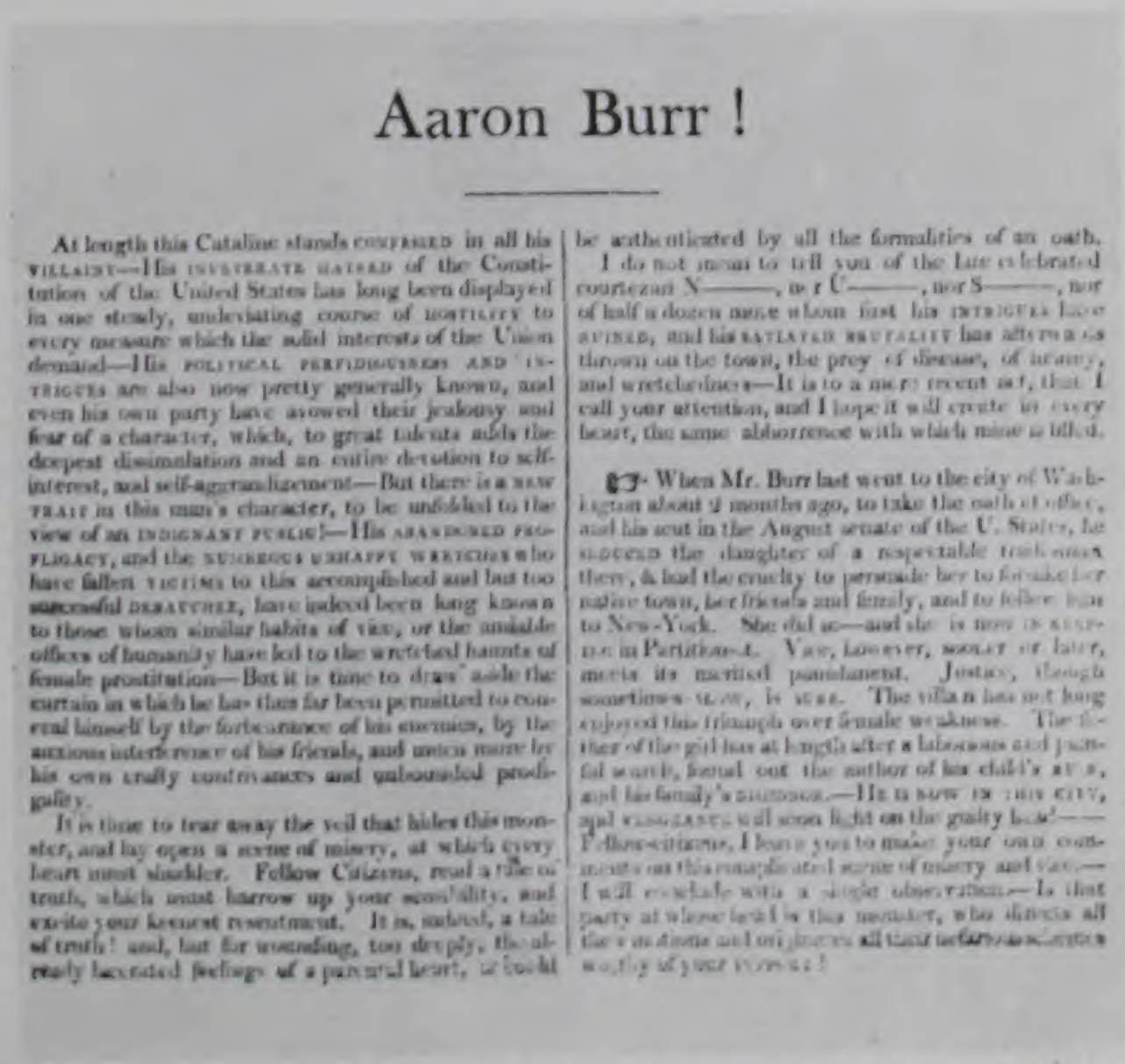
Black-eyed, hatchet-faced, unscrupulous Aaron Burr was the son of a president of Princeton University. Burr never became a member of Tammany Hall himself, but ran the Tammany machine through underlings.

AT THE very moment of victory, the Republicans almost lost everything by an amazing blunder. Everyone knew that their candidate for President was Jefferson, and that their choice for Vice President was Aaron Burr, the suave political boss of New York City. But when the electoral votes were counted they showed the first and only tie for President in American history: Jefferson, 73; Burr, 73; Adams, 65; C. C. Pinckney, 64; and Jay, 1.

This result was possible because of the peculiar voting system in the Electoral College. (The system was changed in 1802 by a constitutional amendment.) Each elector voted for two men, and the man who got the most votes became President, while the second highest became Vice President. The Republicans planned to have a few electors split their ticket, so that Burr would come just behind Jefferson. But the Virginia electors thought the New York delegation would attend to this, and the New Yorkers left it up to Virginia, and so nobody did it.

The tie vote threw the election into the House of Representatives, where a group of lame-duck Federalists decided to elect Burr President. But Alexander Hamilton protested loudly and effectively. "If there be a man in this world I ought to hate, it is Jefferson," he wrote to his friends in Congress. "But the public good must be paramount to every private consideration." He still thought Jefferson a hypocrite and a political fanatic, but Burr was worse —"a cold-blooded Catiline"—"a profligate; a voluptuary . . . without doubt insolvent." Burr was capable of selling out the country to a foreign power, or of starting a war for personal profit. "For heaven's sake," wrote Hamilton, "let not the federal party be responsible for the elevation of this man!"

The balloting started in the House on February 11, 1801. One critically ill Republican member was carried through a snowstorm, on his bed, to vote for Jefferson. The capital teemed with threats and rumors: that the Pennsylvania militia was on its way to force Jefferson's inauguration, that Chief Justice John Marshall might appoint a Federalist President, who would be assassinated if he tried to take office. Balloting was by single states. For six days and 35 ballots there was no majority. Jefferson had eight states; Burr, six; and two were divided. On the seventh day Federalist James Bayard of Delaware withheld his vote, which took one state away from Burr and made Jefferson President. Aaron Burr moved into second place as Vice President, hiding his disappointment behind a polite smile.



Aaron Burr !

At length this Cataline stands CONFESSED in all his VILLAINY—His INVETERATE HATRED of the Constitution of the United States has long been displayed in one steady, undeviating course of HOSTILITY to every measure which the solid interests of the Union demand—His POLITICAL PERFIDIOUSNESS AND INTRIGUES are also now pretty generally known, and even his own party have avowed their jealousy and fear of a character, which, to great talents adds the deepest dissimulation and an entire devotion to self-interest, and self-aggrandizement—But there is a NEW TRAIT in this man's character, to be unfolded to the view of an INDIGNANT PUBLIC!—His ABANDONED PROFLIGACY, and the SEDUCED UNHAPPY WRETCHES who have fallen VICTIMS to this accomplished and but too successful DEBAUCHEE, have indeed been long known to those whom similar habits of VICE, or the amiable offices of humanity have led to the wretched haunts of female prostitution—But it is time to draw aside the curtain in which he has thus far been permitted to conceal himself by the forbearance of his enemies, by the anxious interference of his friends, and more than by his own crafty contrivances and unbounded prodigality.

It is time to tear away the veil that hides this monster, and lay open a scene of misery, at which every heart must shudder. Fellow Citizens, read a tale of truth, which must harrow up your sensibility, and excite your keenest resentment. It is, indeed, a tale of truth! and, but for wounding, too deeply, the already lacerated feelings of a parental heart, it could be authenticated by all the formalities of an oath.

I do not mean to tell you of the late celebrated courtezan N———, nor C———, nor S———, nor of half a dozen more whom first his INTRIGUES have RUINED, and his SATIATED BRUTALITY has afterwards thrown on the town, the prey of disease, of infamy, and wretchedness—It is to a more recent act, that I call your attention, and I hope it will create in every heart, the same abhorrence with which mine is filled.

☞ When Mr. Burr last went to the city of Washington about 9 months ago, to take the oath of office, and his seat in the August senate of the U. States, he SEDUCED the daughter of a respectable tradesman there, & had the cruelty to persuade her to forsake her native town, her friends and family, and to follow him to New-York. She did so—and she is now IN KEEPING in Partition-st. Vice, however, sooner or later, meets its merited punishment. Justice, though sometimes slow, is sure. The villain has not long enjoyed this triumph over female weakness. The father of the girl has at length after a laborious and painful search, found out the author of his child's ruin, and his family's misfortune.—He is now in this city, and vengeance will soon light on the guilty head!—Fellow-citizens, I leave you to make your own comments on this complicated scene of misery and vice.—I will conclude with a single observation.—Is that party at whose head is this monster, who directs all the motions and oil jointed all their inferior associates worthy of your support?

After Burr became Vice President the New York Federalists published this handbill accusing him of a series of seductions. Burr's love affairs were numerous enough, but these statements were political fabrications.

"FOR JEFFERSON AND LIBERTY"

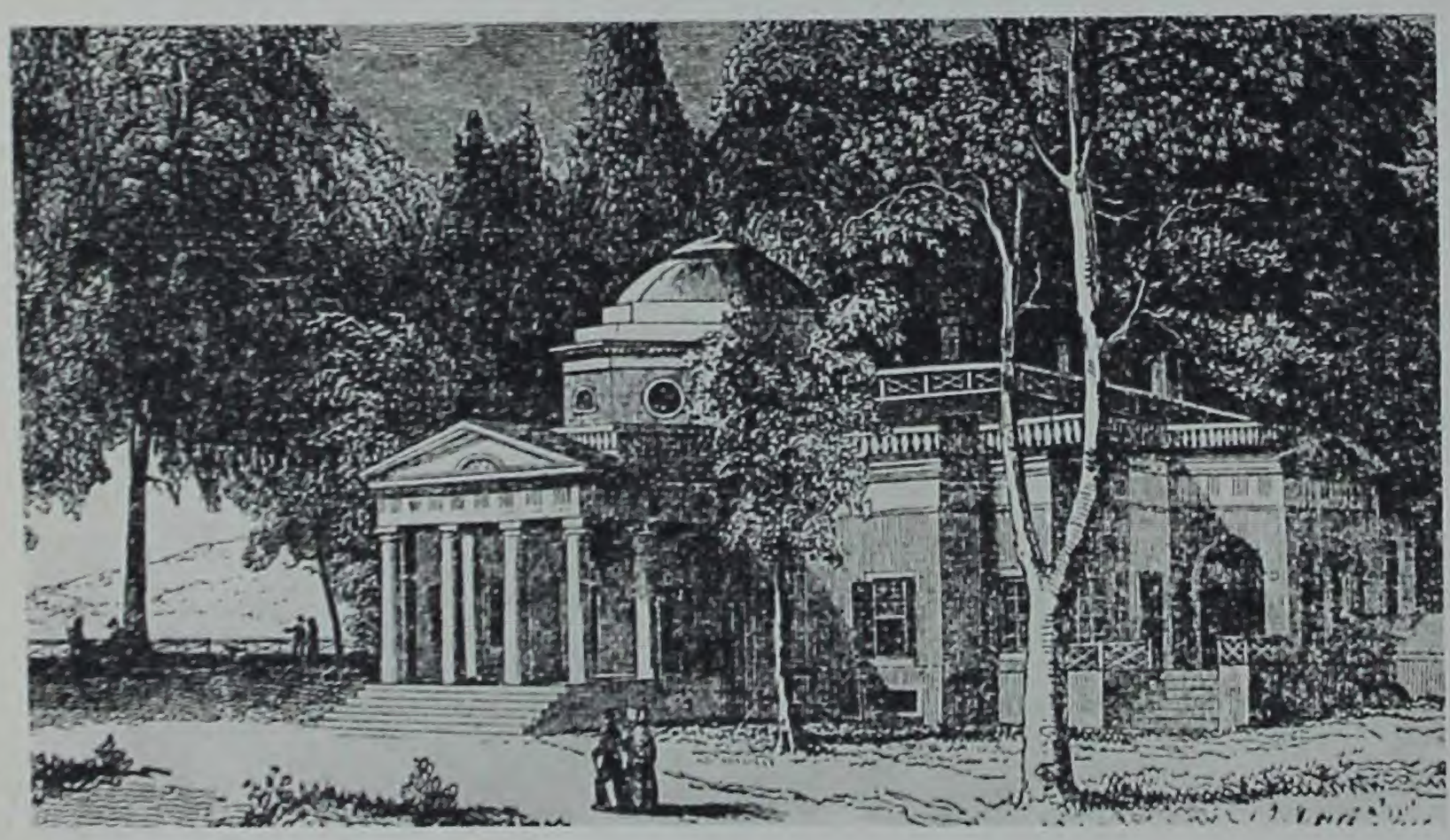
ON THE MORNING of March 4, 1801, President-elect Thomas Jefferson walked into the dining room of his Washington boardinghouse and took his usual place at the foot of the long table. His chair was the farthest from the fire and the room was chilly, but he smilingly refused a better seat. After working in his study for a few hours, he walked up the hill to the unfinished Capitol and read his Inaugural Address in a low, monotonous voice. It was not a call to arms, as many had expected, but a lofty appeal for national unity. "Every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle," said Jefferson. "We are all Republicans, we are all Federalists."

This sounded strangely mild from the leader who had once exclaimed, "God forbid that we should ever be twenty years without . . . a rebellion!" It caused the radical Republicans to grumble about a surrender, and the Federalists to sniff "Hypocrite." In truth Jefferson was a philosopher-politician who believed there was good in all men, except perhaps the most bullheaded Federalists. Now that Republican principles had triumphed, he said, only one thing remained to make Americans a happy and prosperous people: that was "a wise and frugal Government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned."

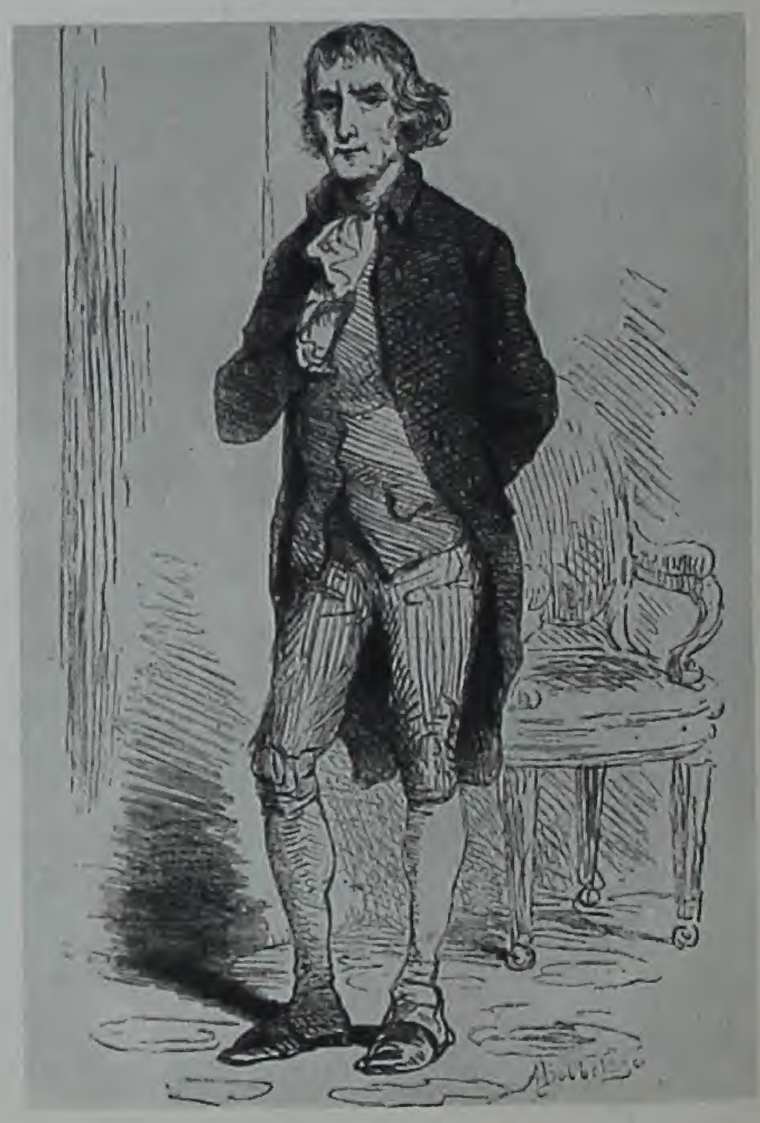
His program called for less government spending, fewer taxes, less army and navy, fewer judges, factories, and banks (no banks at all if possible), less social snobbery, and no "entangling alliances" with other countries. But he wanted more schools, libraries, and newspapers, more American land, and especially more farmers. In theory he would have changed the Government into something resembling a national grange.

In practice he did not do this, for there were too many immediate problems which he had to meet with definite action. And Jefferson was a President of determined—even stubborn—action. Some indication of this may be seen in his picture on the opposite page—in the big, powerful, folded hands and the calm, weathered, strongly set features.

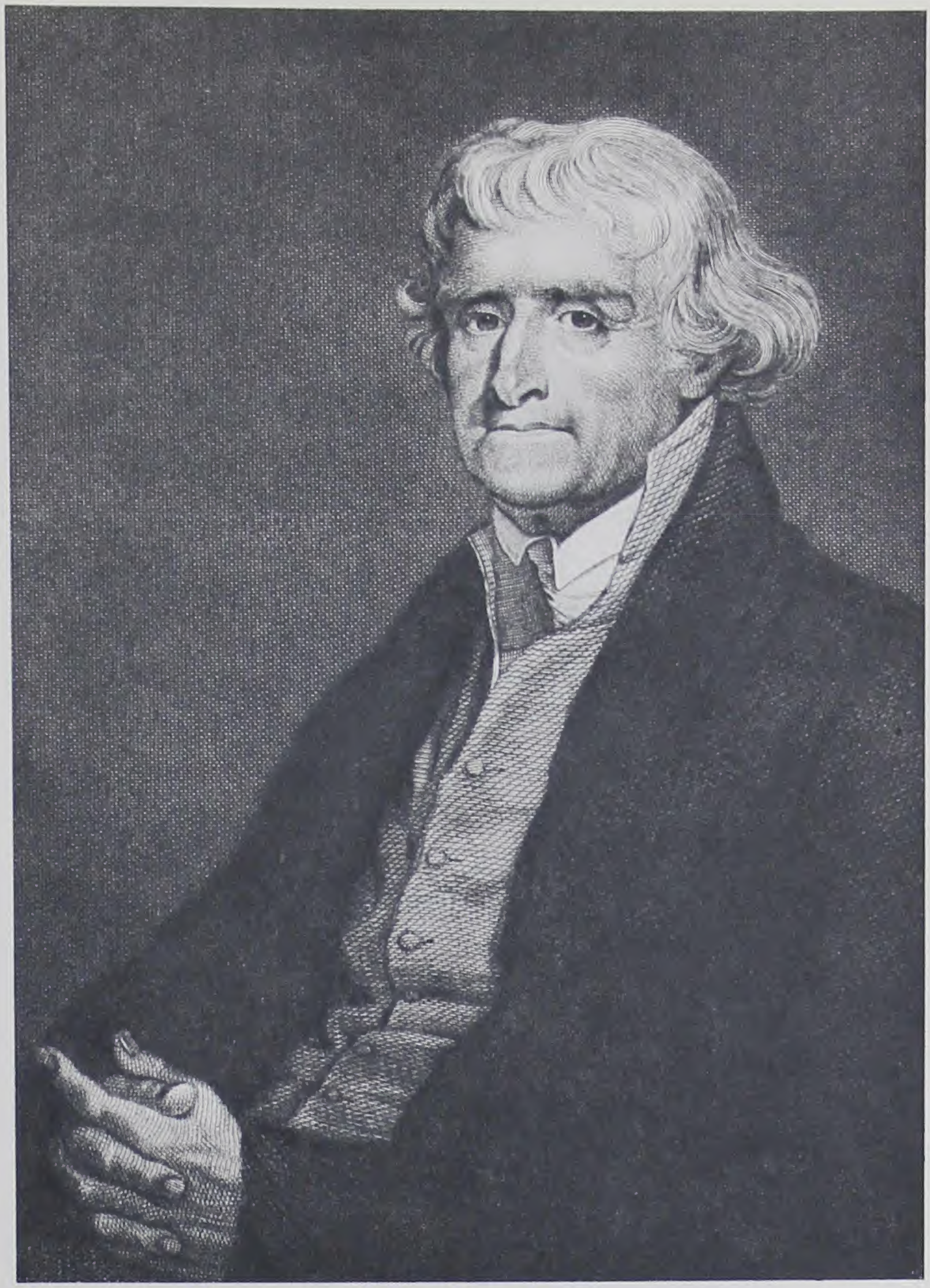
Jefferson abolished formal social affairs at the White House and received callers in his working clothes: an old brown coat, red waistcoat, corduroy breeches, wool hose, and heelless carpet slippers. Yet in spite of his occasionally sloppy appearance, he was the most sophisticated and versatile of our Presidents. He invented a plow and a swivel chair, sorted mammoth bones on the White House floor, imported seeds and books from Europe, edited his own version of the New Testament, played the violin, and was a gifted architect. He was as keenly aware of the weaknesses of human beings as any of the "practical" men who constantly denounced him. But he clung to the belief that the world could, and would, become better. "Cherish the spirit of our people," he once wrote to a fellow Republican, "and keep alive their attention. Do not be too severe upon their errors, but reclaim them by enlightening them. If once they become inattentive to public affairs, you and I, and Congress and Assemblies, Judges and Governors, shall all become wolves. . . . Experience declares that man is the only animal which devours his own kind; for I can apply no milder term to the governments of Europe, and to the general prey of the rich on the poor."



Jefferson designed Monticello with a billiard room in the dome. But before it was completed, Virginia outlawed billiards.



Jefferson lounged around the White House in his old clothes *(right)* to set an example of Republican simplicity.



"A LITTLE REBELLION NOW AND THEN

is a good thing, and as necessary in the political world as storms in the physical," was a well-known saying of President Thomas Jefferson's. And he had also said: "The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants." But the revolution which Jefferson led in 1801 was fatal to no one, and his Republican followers confined their bloodletting to their song:

The gloomy night before us flies,
The reign of terror now is o'er;
Its gags, inquisitors, and spies,
Its herds of harpies are no more!
Rejoice! Columbia's sons, rejoice!
To tyrants never bend the knee,
But join with heart, and soul, and voice,
For Jefferson and Liberty.

No lordling here, with gorging jaws,
Shall wring from industry the food;
Nor fiery bigot's holy laws
Lay waste our fields and streets in blood!
Rejoice! Columbia's sons, rejoice!
To tyrants never bend the knee,
But join with heart, and soul, and voice,
For Jefferson and Liberty.

WRITER SNEERS AT REPUBLICAN AMERICA

During Jefferson's Presidency many foreign visitors traveled about the United States, seeing what had been accomplished by the American Revolution and the twenty-odd years that followed. Among them was the Irish poet and song writer, Tom Moore (*left*), who thought almost everything he saw was disgusting. One day in 1804 Moore called at the White House all dressed up in the latest London fashion, and sprinkled generously with perfume. Jefferson gave him a curious stare and a handshake, and turned quickly to someone else. Moore took revenge by writing a sneering poem about Washington, D. C., where

. . . nought but woods, and Jefferson they see,
Where streets should run, and sages ought to be.

Moore continued his travels around the country, and decided it might be all right for savages and Republicans to live in, but would never be fit for gentlemen. His letters constituted a "Report on the Americans" which was classic in its snobbery. "Such a road as I have come!" he wrote one day, "and in such a conveyance! The mail takes twelve passengers, which consists of squalling children, stinking negroes, and republicans smoking cigars. . . . Nothing could be more emblematic of the *government* of this country than its *stages*, filled with a motley mixture, all 'hail fellow well met,' driving through mud and filth, which *bespatters* them as they *raise* it, and risking an *upset* at every step. . . . As soon as I am away from them, both the stages and the government may have the same fate for what *I* care. . . ."

THE MILITANT REPUBLICANS

John Randolph of Roanoke was a unique figure in American politics. A mysterious disease had attacked him when he was about 19, leaving him with the beardless face and soprano voice of a choirboy. Yet no one could question his personal bravery or indomitable spirit. He fought in several duels and performed prodigious feats of horsemanship, such as riding 1,800 miles to Charleston and Savannah, killing one horse on the way. He was easily the most forceful member of Congress. When an opponent taunted him on his lack of virility, Randolph replied with withering scorn: "You pride yourself upon an animal faculty, in respect to which the negro is your equal and the jackass infinitely your superior!"

JEFFERSON's leader in the House of Representatives was John Randolph of Roanoke, the childish-looking creature whose picture appears on the opposite page. Randolph was a pure Republican, but he had no use for democracy. "I am an aristocrat," he once snapped; "I love liberty, I hate equality." He strode through the halls of Congress as though he owned them, booted and spurred, with a riding whip in his hand and a favorite hound at his heels.

A rich Virginia landowner and descendant of Pocahontas, Randolph was only 26 when he was first elected to Congress in 1799. He became notorious at once by attacking the American Army as a pack of "ragamuffins" and "mercenaries" who were trying to drag the country into war with France. Two Marine Corps officers followed him into a theater one night, climbed into his box, plucked at his cape, and did their best to jostle him into a fight. But Randolph haughtily faced them down and called them "puppies." Then he demanded a personal apology from President Adams for this affront to the dignity of Congress. No one in America could equal his gift for stinging invective in debate. It was he who said of Edward Livingston, a political antagonist: "He shines and stinks like rotten mackerel by moonlight!" He boasted that he would never vote to admit a new state to the Union, because that would impair the sovereignty of the thirteen original states. "Asking one of the States to surrender part of her sovereignty is like asking a lady to surrender part of her chastity!" he cried, in his shrill, flutelike voice.

Another key Republican in Congress was William B. Giles of Virginia, who was the special foe of Federalist judges. Giles thought that any judge who had the impudence to declare an Act of Congress unconstitutional should be immediately impeached and removed from office. This opinion was shared by other leading Republicans and, to some extent, by Jefferson himself. But the Republicans found it difficult to loosen the Federalist grip on the courts. The best they could do was to impeach a few judges like the drunkard Pickering, of New Hampshire, and the bully Chase, of Maryland. And even Chase was acquitted.

Jefferson's closest Cabinet advisers were Madison, his Secretary of State, and Albert Gallatin, the brilliant Swiss-born Secretary of the Treasury. Gallatin was the first naturalized American to become prominent in politics, and the Federalists groaned that the Government was being run by "foreigners." But no Republican was so viciously abused as old Tom Paine, who spent two weeks in the White House in 1803. When this became known, the shrieks of the Federalists filled the skies. Tom Paine—that sot, that "old battered bellwether of Jacobinism and infidelity"—setting foot in the house of the President! The Federalists tried to make everyone forget that Paine was the author of *Common Sense* and *The Crisis*—the greatest propagandist of the American Revolution. They smeared him as a brandy-fuddled atheist, hoping that some of their tar would stick to his friend, Thomas Jefferson.

Treasury Secretary Albert Gallatin

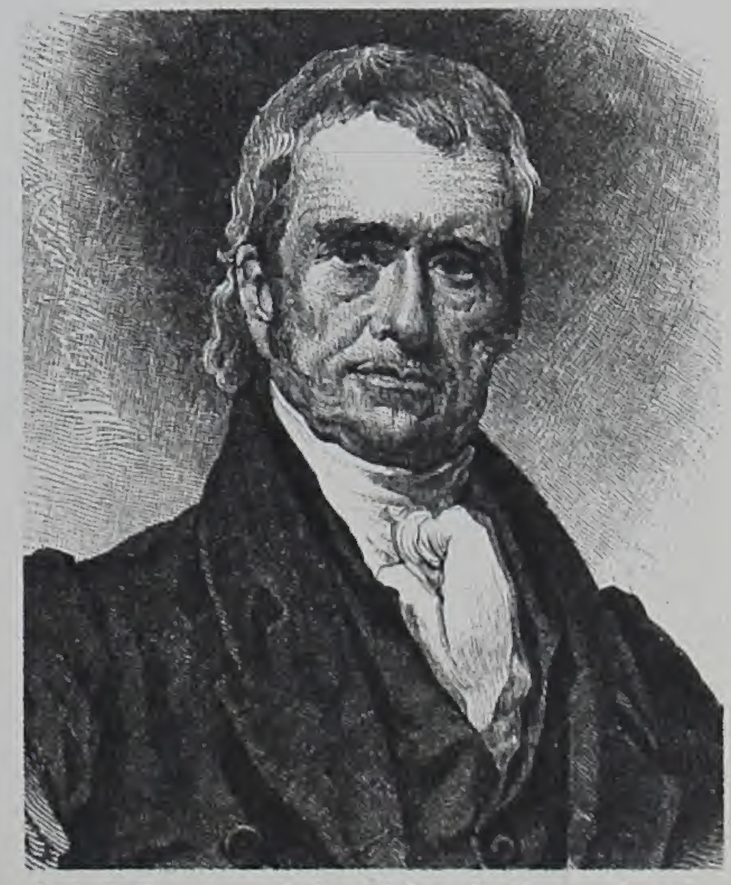
Congressman William Branch Giles

Tom Paine, White House guest

THE MIDNIGHT JUDGES

For many years after Jefferson's victory the real leader of the Federalist opposition was Chief Justice John Marshall of the United States Supreme Court. The Constitution had placed the federal courts out of reach of the voters, and they were staffed by 100-per-cent Federalist party men. In the last moments of the Adams administration Congress had rushed through a Judiciary Act creating jobs for 21 new Federalist judges. Marshall, who was also serving as Adams' Secretary of State, was still signing commissions for these "Midnight Judges" when the Adams administration died. The next day he calmly swore in Jefferson as President, and returned to his duties on the bench.

The Federalist Chief Justice was a tall, loose-limbed Virginian who had been raised on the log cabin frontier, and fought well in the Revolution. He was only 45 at the start of Jefferson's first term, and he was destined to outlast all the Republican administrations. In a series of strong judicial decisions he built an almost impregnable legal barricade around the Union and the business interests which benefited from it. His decisions established the right of the federal courts to annul an Act of Congress as "unconstitutional" *(Marbury vs. Madison)*, to annul a state law because it conflicted with a federal law *(McCulloch vs. Maryland)*, and to annul a state law which interfered with corporation contracts *(Dartmouth College vs. Woodward)*. These great Federalist decrees were more important than any Presidential election between 1800 and 1828.



Chief Justice John Marshall made the Supreme Court into a Federalist fortress.

WINNING THE WEST

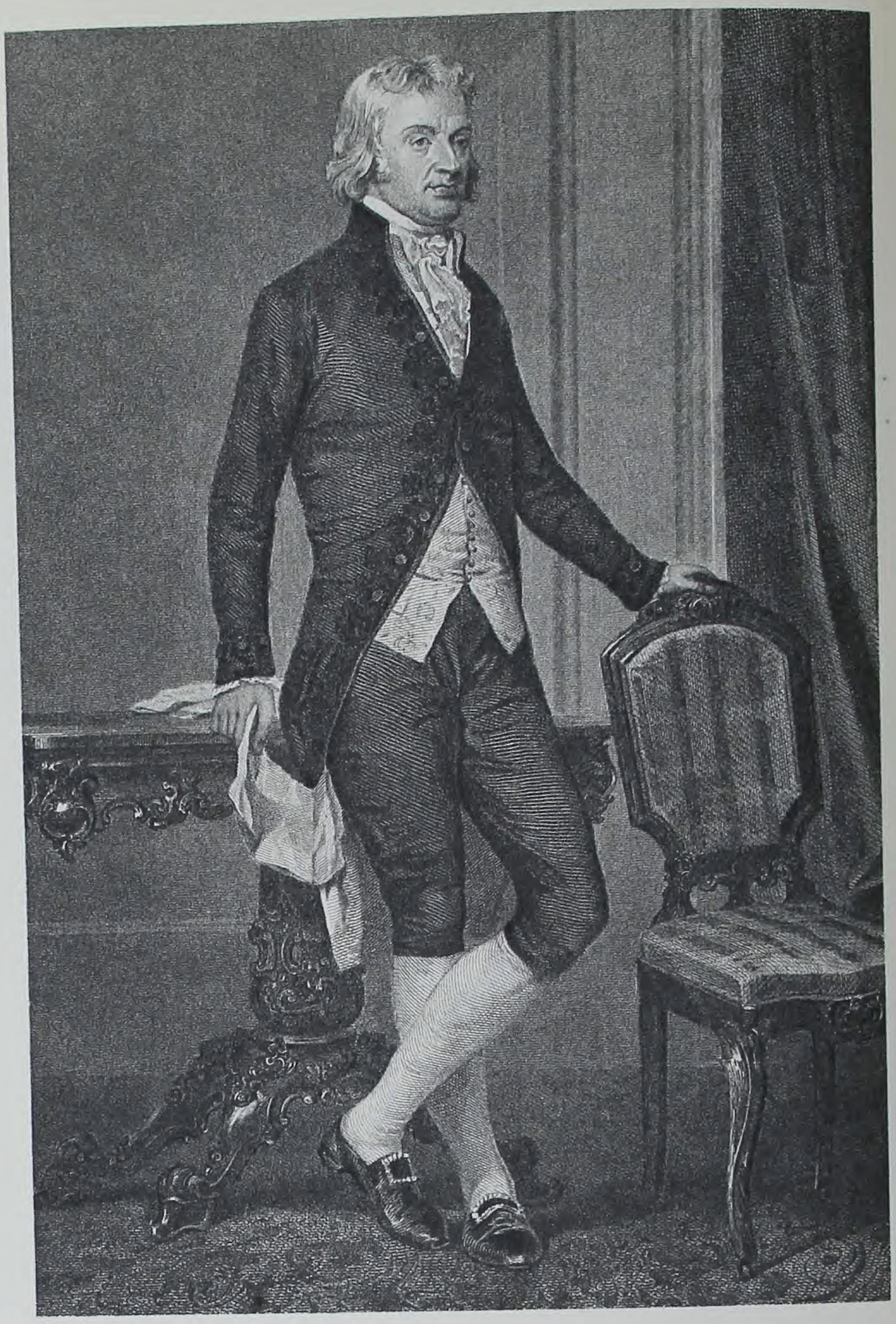
WHILE THE politicians fought their wars of words the history of the country was being decided by ordinary Americans, going west. The painting above shows Daniel Boone leading a group of settlers through the Cumberland Gap from Virginia into Kentucky in March 1775—just a few weeks before the Battle of Concord. Boone was among the first white hunters to penetrate the Gap, in 1769. He lived to see a million people pour across the mountains and found the states of Kentucky (1792) and Tennessee (1796). After helping to clean out the Indians Boone became a Kentucky real-estate operator and wound up his business

career—like many another American speculator—with a surplus of 50 cents.

During Jefferson's Presidency other migrations drove up through the Northwest Territory, above the Ohio River, and down into the lands of the Creeks and Cherokees, beyond the Old South. Ohio was admitted as a state in 1802; Indiana became a territory in 1800, Michigan in 1805, Illinois in 1809. The American push to the West was a continual adventure in self-reliance and personal liberty—a constant renewal of the nation's youth. As long as there was a Western frontier, Americans would be boundlessly optimistic about the future.

Western women cooked their meals outdoors, except on the coldest winter days. Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin like this, while Jefferson was President.

Boonesborough, Kentucky, was a typical Western fort, built by Boone in 1775, close to the Kentucky River. The Indians attacked it many times but never took it.



Robert R. Livingston *(right)*, who bought Louisiana, was a Hudson River aristocrat. He later financed Fulton's development of the steamboat and tried to establish a monopoly of steamboat travel.

In his headquarters at the Louvre Napoleon *(center)* shakes hands with Americans who have just bought Louisiana. "You will fight England again," he told them.

JEFFERSON BUYS A

In April 1803, Dictator Napoleon Bonaparte of Europe made a deal with the envoys of President Thomas Jefferson. For $15 million—which he needed to finance his forthcoming war with England—Napoleon turned over to the United States the entire Louisiana Territory. This vast triangular domain began at the mouth of the Mississippi River and stretched west and north over 800,000 square miles to the Rocky Mountains and British Canada. Only a little while before, Napoleon had extorted Louisiana from Spain and had thought of making it the center of a great French-American empire. But when Jefferson sent word that he would like to buy

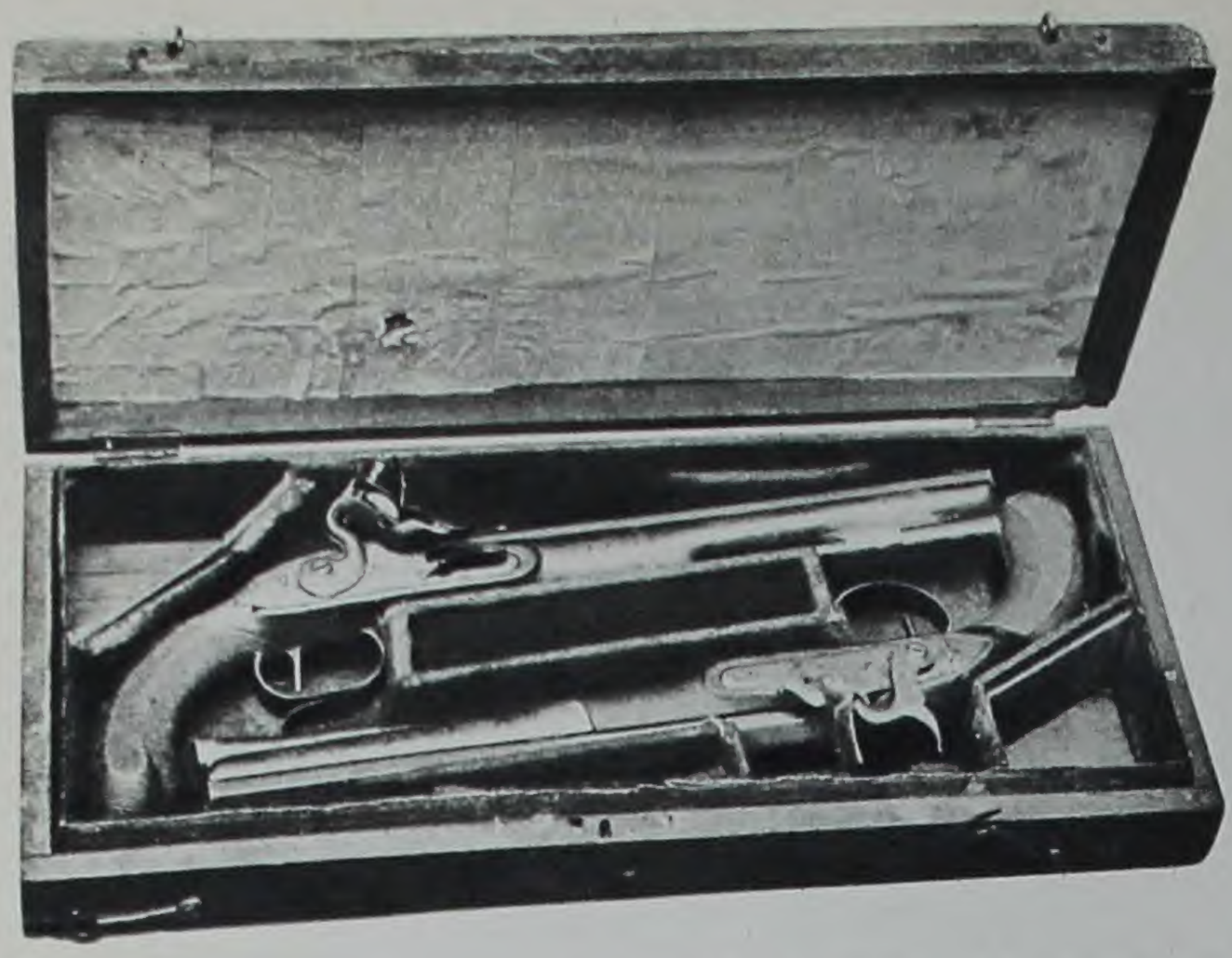
Meriwether Lewis *(left)*, Jefferson's secretary, explored Louisiana and the far Northwest with William Clark in 1804-1806. In 1809 he was mysteriously murdered in a backwoods tavern in Tennessee.

WESTERN EMPIRE

New Orleans and some of the land around it, Napoleon made a brisk decision. "I renounce Louisiana," he told his ministers, "the whole colony without reserve." To the Americans he said, in effect, "Take it all, or nothing."

Robert R. Livingston, Jefferson's Minister to France, gladly took it all. At one stroke, and without even a threat of war, the Louisiana Purchase doubled the nation's size, pushed back the frontier another 1,500 miles, and secured the Mississippi as a highway for Western commerce. It was by far the best bargain in American diplomatic history.

The Indian woman, Sacajawea, points a way through the mountains to Lewis and Clark, who reached the Pacific at the mouth of the Columbia in November 1805.



One of the pistols in this box (according to family tradition) fired the bullet that killed Alexander Hamilton. The other was in his hand when he fell. The same weapons were used in an earlier duel, in 1801, when Hamilton's eldest son Philip was killed following a political argument.

AARON BURR KILLS HAMILTON

A FEW minutes after 7 o'clock on the morning of July 11, 1804, Vice President Aaron Burr and General Alexander Hamilton stood ten paces apart on the wooded heights of Weehawken, New Jersey. Hamilton raised his long-barreled dueling pistol against the sun and then put it down. "I beg your pardon for delaying you," he said, "but the direction of the light sometimes renders glasses necessary." He then took out his spectacles and put them on.

A second cried the word "Present!" Burr fired at once and Hamilton pitched forward on his face, his pistol discharging in the air. Burr started toward him, a spasm of regret on his chiseled features, but his second hurried him away, covering his face with an umbrella. Hamilton was carried to the edge of the Hudson River and revived with spirits of hartshorn. He was then rowed across to New York in the bottom of a little boat. Burr's bullet had pierced his liver and lodged in his spine. After 31 hours of agonizing pain he died.

The causes of this dramatic event went far back into the lives of both men. Burr and Hamilton had clashed temperamentally when they were young Revolutionary army officers. They had been rivals for pre-eminence in the New York law courts. They had fought savagely in politics, yet they had always remained correct and outwardly friendly in their personal contacts. They dined together often and visited each other's homes. But all the time Hamilton was pouring his poisonous opinions of Burr into confidential letters to his friends—opinions which were reported back to Burr in exaggerated form.

In February 1804 Burr definitely broke with the Jefferson Republicans and made a lone race for Governor of New York. Again Hamilton played a major part in beating him, as he had for the Presidency in 1801. Six weeks after his defeat Burr was shown an old copy of an Albany newspaper in which the following sentences appeared, in a printed letter: "General Hamilton and Judge Kent have declared, in substance, that they looked upon Mr. Burr to be a dangerous man, and one who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government. . . . I could detail to you a still more despicable opinion which General Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr."

Here, at long last, was something out in the open, something which no man of honor could overlook, especially if he harbored many old grudges against an implacable political foe. In his elegant but mortgaged mansion at Richmond Hill in New York City Burr picked up a quill and wrote the first of a series of formal letters, filled with expressions of gentlemanly indignation, and punctuated with "I have the honor to be, sir," and "You must perceive, sir," which led to the fatal glade of Weehawken.

The wave of public horror which followed Hamilton's death was amazing to Burr and to many other Americans. Almost everyone prominent in New York politics had fought in duels, including Mayor DeWitt Clinton, District Attorney Riker, and Judge Brockholst Livingston (who had killed his man). Yet now these officials joined with the outraged populace in shouting that Hamilton had been killed like a dog. A coroner's jury called for Burr's arrest for murder. Insulting poems were dropped on his doorstep:

> Oh Burr, oh Burr, what hast thou done,
> Thou hast shooted dead great Hamilton!
> You hid behind a bunch of thistle,
> And shooted him dead with a great hoss pistol!

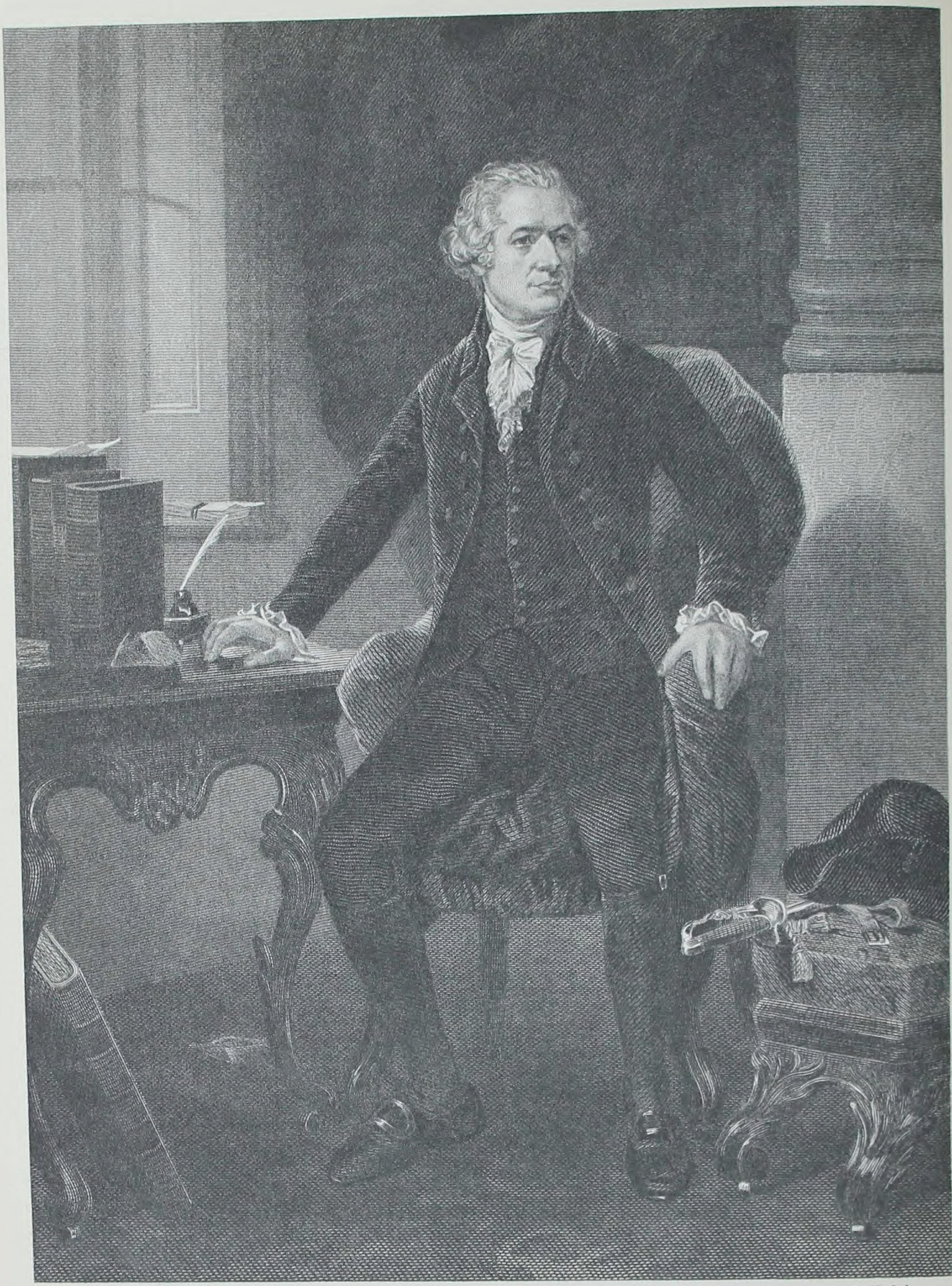
In the midst of this uproar Burr fled to New Jersey in a small boat and made his way by foot and wagon to Philadelphia. There he dallied for a while with an old friend named Celeste, and then went on to Georgia and South Carolina, where he made a 400-mile trip through the swamps in a canoe. In January he was back at his post in Washington, presiding over the Senate.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton was the former Elizabeth Schuyler, daughter of the rich Revolutionary General, Philip Schuyler.

"I NEED NOT TELL YOU OF THE PANGS I FEEL"

One week before the duel Hamilton and Burr were both at a Fourth of July banquet in downtown New York. After the meal Hamilton jumped up on the table and sang a rollicking Scots ballad, "The Drum." Burr sat, with his chin in his hands, gazing long and deeply into his enemy's face. At that time all the "arrangements" had been completed.

On the same day Hamilton wrote his farewell letter to his wife. "This letter, my dear Eliza," it read, "will not be delivered to you, unless I shall first have terminated my earthly career. . . . If it had been possible for me to have avoided the interview, my love for you and my precious children would have been alone a decisive motive— But it was not possible, without sacrifices which would have rendered me unworthy of your esteem. I need not tell you of the pangs I feel, from the idea of quitting you and exposing you to the anguish which I know you would feel. . . . Adieu best of wives and best of women. Embrace all my darling children for me. Ever yours— A. H."



Hamilton died in his prime, at the age of 47. He left seven children, $55,000 in debts, and an ever-growing fame.

BUT HAMILTON STILL LIVES

BURR'S BULLET took a strange course on that morning in Weehawken. For even as it pierced Hamilton's body it lifted his prestige to dazzling heights. And it killed Burr as dead, politically, as though it had turned around and struck between his eyes.

Before the duel Hamilton's influence had been sharply on the wane. The New England Federalists, whom he had enriched by favorable laws, had turned against him and were plotting secession from his beloved Federal Union. It is possible that Burr, if he had been elected Governor of New York, would have joined with the New Englanders and tried to form a separate northern confederacy. Hamilton was disgusted by such treachery, and by the general drift of things under Jefferson's Republican regime. "Every day proves to me more and more that this American world was not made for me," he wrote to a friend.

Yet Hamilton had probably done as much to form the American political world as any other man, and the shocking suddenness of his death made his significance loom larger than ever. Men realized again that it was Hamilton who had taken the Constitution as a sheaf of paper and transformed it into a strong, living government. He had formulated the famous doctrine of implied powers, and had furnished the first great example of executive initiative and daring. Even Jefferson had followed Hamilton's example when he bought Louisiana—without any authorization from the Constitution or Congress, but knowing it was the best thing to do.

Hamilton could never have been President himself—he was too outspoken in his contempt for ordinary people. "Our real disease," he wrote on the night before he was shot, "is *democracy*." He certainly did not believe all the high-sounding words in the Declaration of Independence. His well-known remark on child labor—that "women and children are rendered more useful, and the latter more early useful, by manufacturing establishments, than they would otherwise be"—is a fair sample of his thinking about working people.

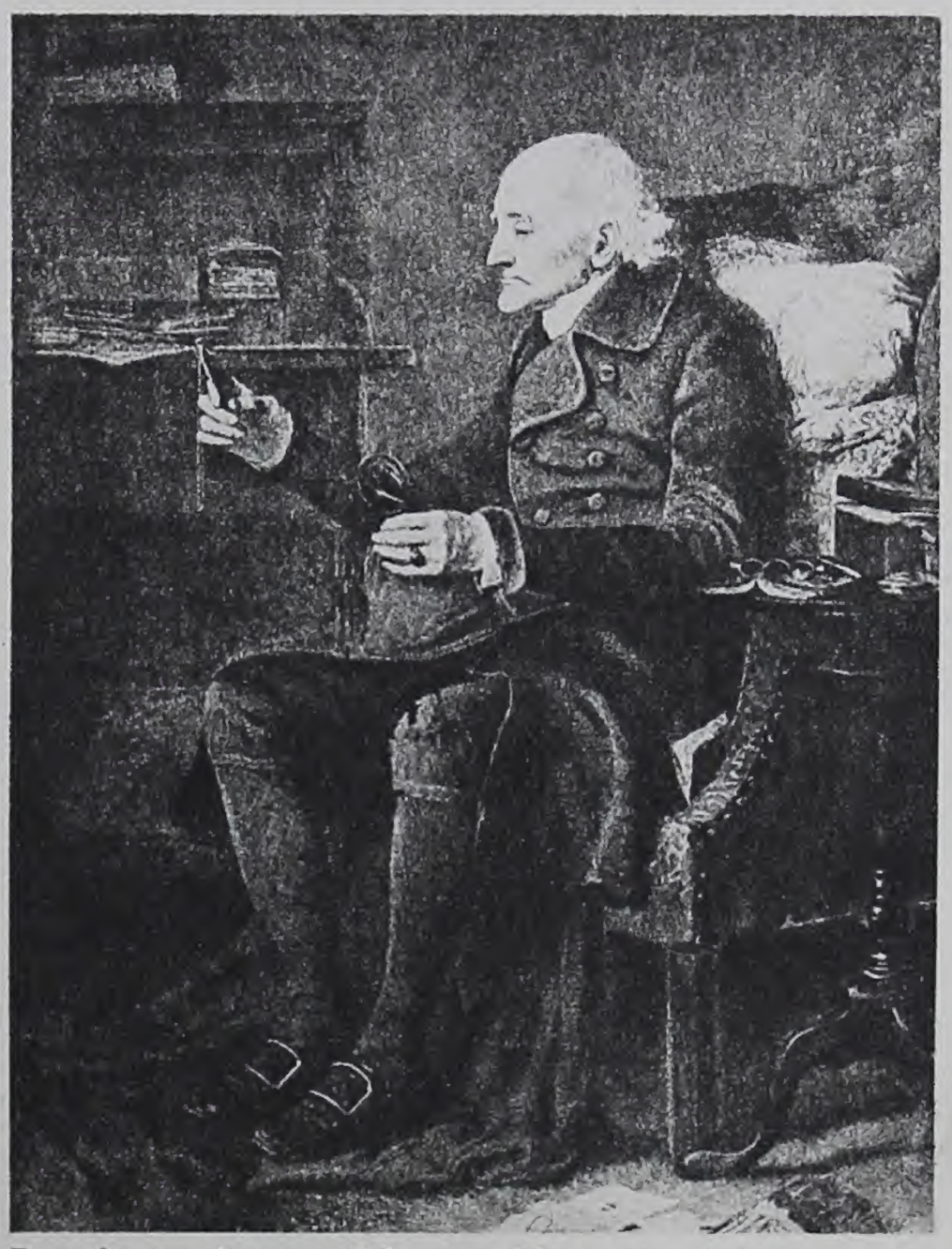
Yet it is probably true that no humanitarian could have accomplished the job which Hamilton did so efficiently at the beginning of the Government. In the words of Daniel Webster, "He smote the rock of the national resources and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth; he touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprang upon its feet." He made the United States a going concern. In every period of our history, and in all our political parties, there have been men who looked to Hamilton's vigorous realism for their first inspiration. In that sense, he continues to live.

AND BURR IS DEAD AND GONE

Aaron Burr's legacy to American history was the image of himself as a perfect scoundrel. For all his gracefulness and charm, his popularity and cleverness, he had no higher motives in public affairs than those provided by a boundless vanity and a bottomless pocketbook.

In 1804 the Republicans dropped him from their ticket and he lost his job as Vice President. In 1806 he made a mysterious expedition through Ohio and Kentucky and met a small body of armed men in Tennessee. He seems to have had several possible schemes in mind: to invade Spanish Florida; to start a revolution in Mexico; or to rouse the Western states to secede and elect him President. At any rate he was arrested and sent to Richmond to be tried for treason, on direct orders of President Jefferson. Chief Justice Marshall ran the trial along strictly Federalist lines and acquitted Burr single-handed. Burr then spent several years in Europe, where he wrote notes to Napoleon, offering to overthrow the American Government for a sum of money.

He returned to New York unmolested in 1812, and died there in 1836. His long last years were as painful as any Hamiltonian could wish. His beloved daughter Theodosia disappeared on an ocean voyage, and for years he haunted the Battery, waiting vainly for her lost ship to come in. At 77 he married his rich old mistress, Betsy Bowen Jumel, who soon threw him out of her house, and divorced him on a charge of infidelity. On his deathbed, according to the newspapers, he struggled frantically, crying, "I can't die; I won't die!" But the doctor replied, "Mr. Burr, you are already dying."



Burr lingered on until he was 80, turning into the toothless, spindle-shanked, forgotten old codger shown above.

"TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI"

JEFFERSON WAS the first President to interrupt the long-standing American policy of appeasement and bribes to the pirate nations of North Africa. When the Pasha of Tripoli tried to extort more cash by chopping down the flagstaff of the United States Consulate, Jefferson sent the tiny American Navy to bombard Tripoli. This brought on a fight during which Lieutenant Stephen Decatur leaped on board an enemy gunboat with a cutlass in one hand and a pistol in his hip pocket. The Tripolitan captain knocked him down, but Decatur shot him dead *(above)*. During their struggle a wounded American seaman named Daniel Frazier put his head in the way of a scimitar stroke and saved Decatur's life. Tradition, and the tattoo marks shown in the picture, have wrongly attributed this heroic deed to another sailor named Reuben James.

The burning of the American frigate *Philadelphia* was a lurid exploit of the Tripoli war. The ship had been captured while stuck on a reef and was being refitted by the Tripolitans. On the night of February 16, 1804, Decatur and his daredevil crew slipped on board, knifed the guards, set the ship afire with gunpowder, and rowed safely away *(left)*.

In March 1805 the American Consul William Eaton *(in cocked hat)* started from Egypt with eight United States marines, 38 Greeks, 300 Arabs, and an unemployed pasha *(left)*, to attack Tripoli from the rear. The little army marched across 600 miles of desert and captured the port of Derne before Jefferson suddenly called off the war.

ISOLATION AND INSULTS

"PEACE IS our passion," Jefferson had written. But peace was lacking in most of the world in 1805, when Jefferson began his second term in the White House. Napoleon was master of Continental Europe and England was mistress of the seas. These two mighty antagonists were locked in a global war for supremacy, but the British Navy was bleeding more from desertion than from the blows of its enemy. In ten years of war with France 42,000 seamen deserted to escape the rotten food and galley-slave existence on British warships.

Many of the deserters came to the United States and sailed out again with American papers. The British captains did not stand on diplomatic ceremony about this. They simply stopped American ships and kidnaped their crews, not caring much whether they found real deserters or not. Other innocent victims were snatched by navy press gangs in British ports. All together an estimated 10,000 American citizens were manacled, lashed, thrown into filthy bunks, and converted into cheap cannon fodder by the process known as impressment. In addition, both France and England confiscated American merchant vessels whenever and wherever they felt like it, until 1,475 ships and many millions of dollars' worth of goods had been lost.

The crowning insult came on June 22, 1807, when the British naval frigate *Leopard* met the American Navy's *Chesapeake* just outside Hampton Roads, and insisted on searching her for deserters. Commodore Barron of the *Chesapeake* refused, whereupon the *Leopard* poured in a stiff broadside, killing three Americans and wounding 18. The *Chesapeake* was just departing on a peaceful mission to the Mediterranean; her guns, which had to be fired with loggerheads and slow-burning matches, were not ready for action. Just one American shot was fired, by Lieutenant William Allen, who ran to the galley and brought back a hot coal in his bare hands. Barron struck his flag to avoid further bloodshed, and the British came aboard and carried off four men.

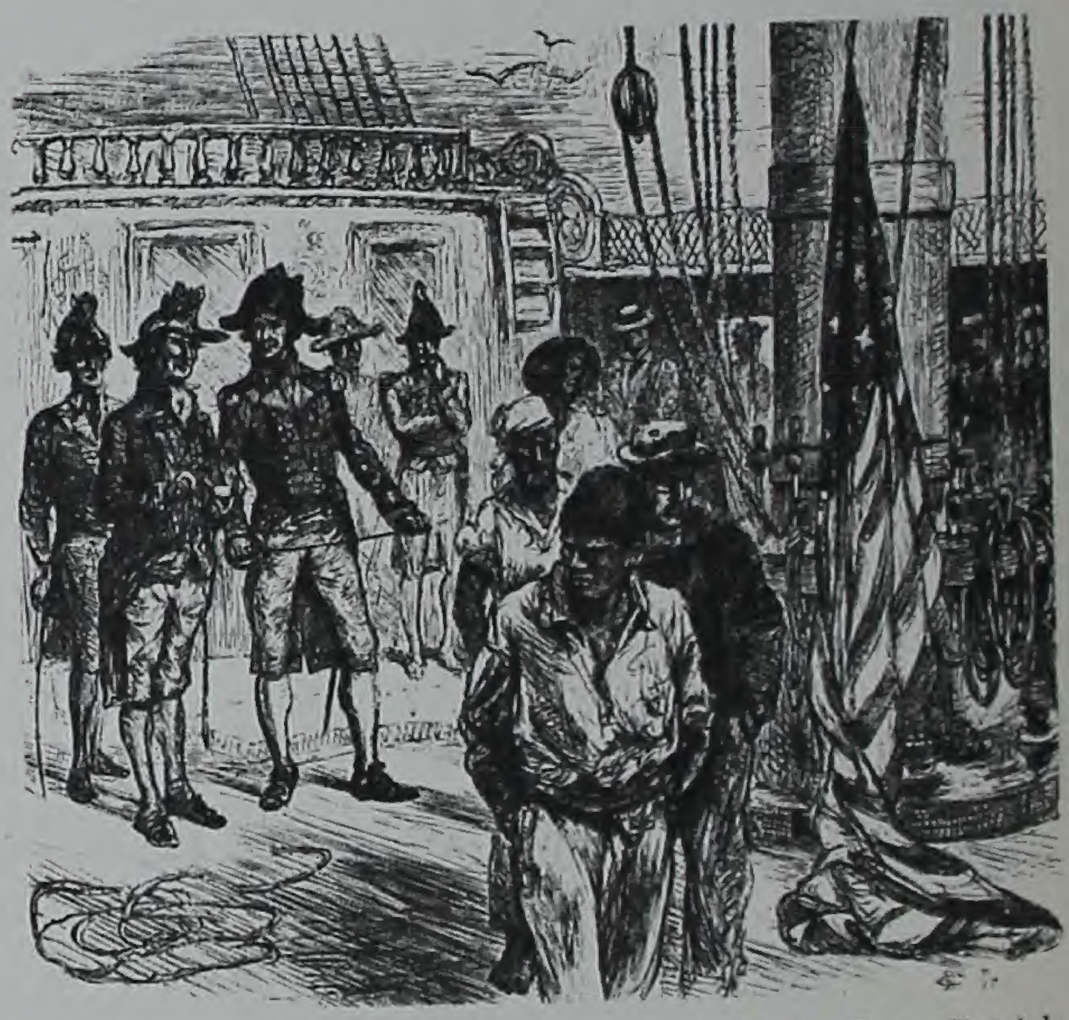
When the wounded *Chesapeake* limped back to Norfolk the American people experienced, for the first time, a truly national anger. They would have gone to war in a minute if Jefferson and Congress had asked it. But Jefferson did not ask it. He was no pacifist, as he had shown by his action against Tripoli. But he believed the United States could stay out of war and still get justice by following certain rules of economics and logic.

His policy, which he called "peaceable coercion," was a kind of controlled isolationism. At his request Congress had already passed a law barring some British goods from entering the United States. Now a more drastic measure, the celebrated Embargo, was imposed. This prohibited all exports from all American ports. Jefferson's theory was that American food and raw materials were so necessary to the warring countries that they would soon come to terms.

Unfortunately he was wrong. France and England laughed at the Embargo and got all they needed from American smugglers. Huge black markets sprang up on the Canada and Florida borders, while law-abiding American sailors were thrown out of work and American ships rotted at the wharves.

The Embargo was extremely unpopular. It split the Republican party and gave the Federalists a new lease on life. It was Jefferson's biggest mistake. In March 1809, just before he went out of office, he signed a bill repealing it.

Commodore Barron *(left)* of the battered *Chesapeake* offers his sword to British Capt. Humphreys, who refuses it.



American sailors with hands tied are led off to British slavery as the *Chesapeake's* flag droops on her deck.

King Quilldriver's Experiments on National

DEFENCE. *1808.*

Jefferson's peace policy was lavishly satirized in this cartoon, which shows him waving a quill-pen sword over a fortress of proclamations. Napoleon *(upper right)* blows the breath of war against the windmill on Jefferson's hat.

James Madison won an easy Republican victory in the Presidential election of 1808. He was 58 years old, a short, brisk man with apple-red cheeks, a dry wit, and mischievous manners with the ladies.

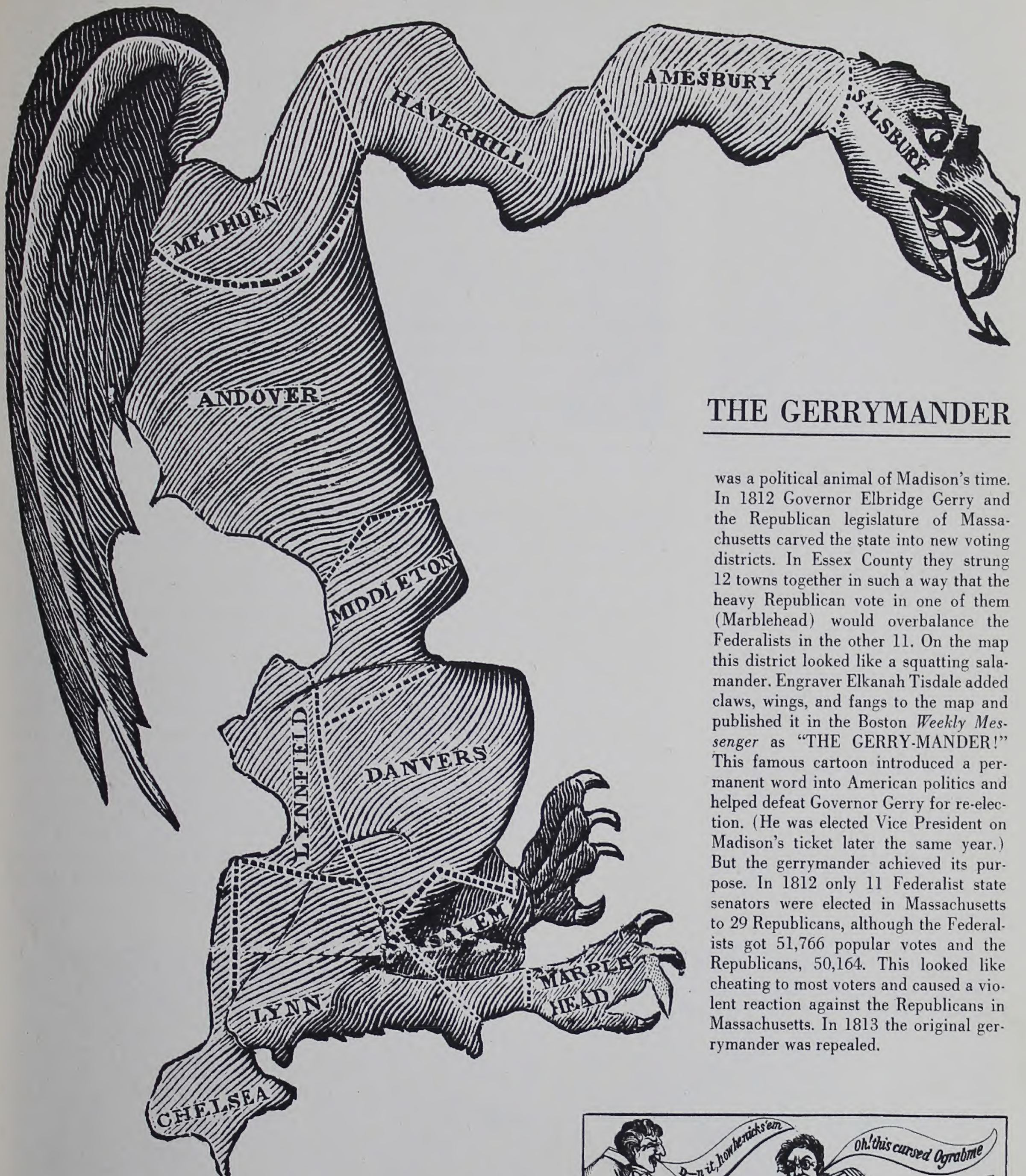
THE CHARMING MADISONS

THOMAS JEFFERSON was carefree and gay as he turned over the Presidency to his hand-picked Republican successor, James Madison. Then he mounted a horse and rode off to his hilltop home, Monticello, and never came back to Washington again. But little "Jemmy" Madison was not nearly so happy. He trembled and looked pale while he read his innocuous Inaugural Address. At the grand Inauguration Ball, the first ever held, he said he would rather be home in bed, although usually he enjoyed drinking champagne with his friends.

His wife Dolly was a greater attraction. She was 18 years younger and several inches taller than the President. She had long rippling black hair, dark blue eyes, and a creamy skin. For the ball she wore a pale yellow velvet gown with a long train, pearls on her arms, neck, and ears, and a velvet Paris turban with nodding bird-of-paradise plumes. So many people crowded in to look at her that several windows were broken.

Dolly Madison was the first pretty mistress of the White House, and American newspaper readers were interested in everything she did. Although born a Quaker, she played cards for money, dipped snuff, used rouge, and wore extravagant gold and silver slippers. As the nation's official hostess she gave big, hearty "harvest suppers" with plenty of wine, ice cream, macaroons, and fruit at the end. For some reason, everything she did made her popular, and her popularity was a valuable political asset to her husband.

Dolly Madison met her husband when he picked her up from a slippery Philadelphia sidewalk in the early 1790's. He was then a Congressman, and she was a recent widow being courted by Aaron Burr.



THE GERRYMANDER

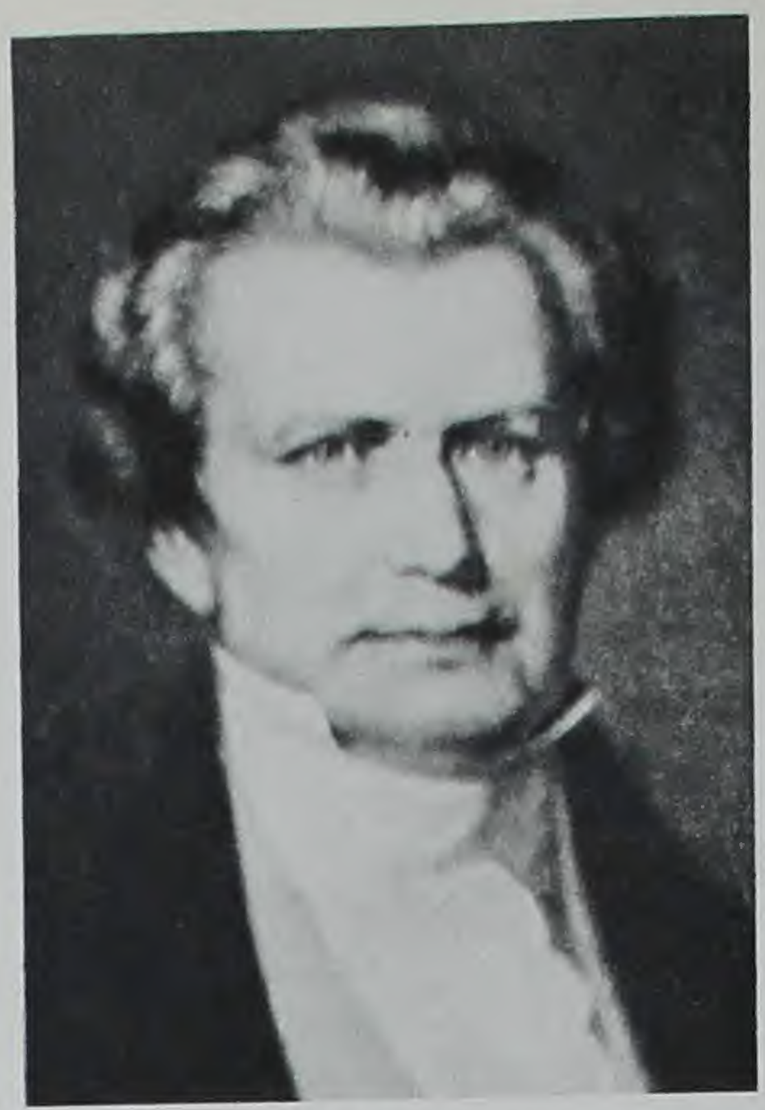
was a political animal of Madison's time. In 1812 Governor Elbridge Gerry and the Republican legislature of Massachusetts carved the state into new voting districts. In Essex County they strung 12 towns together in such a way that the heavy Republican vote in one of them (Marblehead) would overbalance the Federalists in the other 11. On the map this district looked like a squatting salamander. Engraver Elkanah Tisdale added claws, wings, and fangs to the map and published it in the Boston *Weekly Messenger* as "THE GERRY-MANDER!" This famous cartoon introduced a permanent word into American politics and helped defeat Governor Gerry for re-election. (He was elected Vice President on Madison's ticket later the same year.) But the gerrymander achieved its purpose. In 1812 only 11 Federalist state senators were elected in Massachusetts to 29 Republicans, although the Federalists got 51,766 popular votes and the Republicans, 50,164. This looked like cheating to most voters and caused a violent reaction against the Republicans in Massachusetts. In 1813 the original gerrymander was repealed.

THE OGRABME

also called the Snapping Turtle, or Terrapin, was a favorite cartoon character. "Ograbme," of course, is "embargo" spelled backward. In 1811 a new embargo was proclaimed, and the cartoon at the right shows it working against a man who is trying to smuggle a barrel of tobacco onto a British ship. The Federalists, who did most of the illegal smuggling, made the turtle a symbol of government oppression and swore that

Down to the grave t' atone for sin
Jemmy must go with Terrapin. . . .

Langdon Cheves of South Carolina asked for 25,000 soldiers and 32 new warships.



Felix Grundy of Tennessee wanted revenge for brothers killed by the Indians.

Henry Clay boasted that the Kentucky militia could easily conquer all Canada.

THE WAR HAWKS

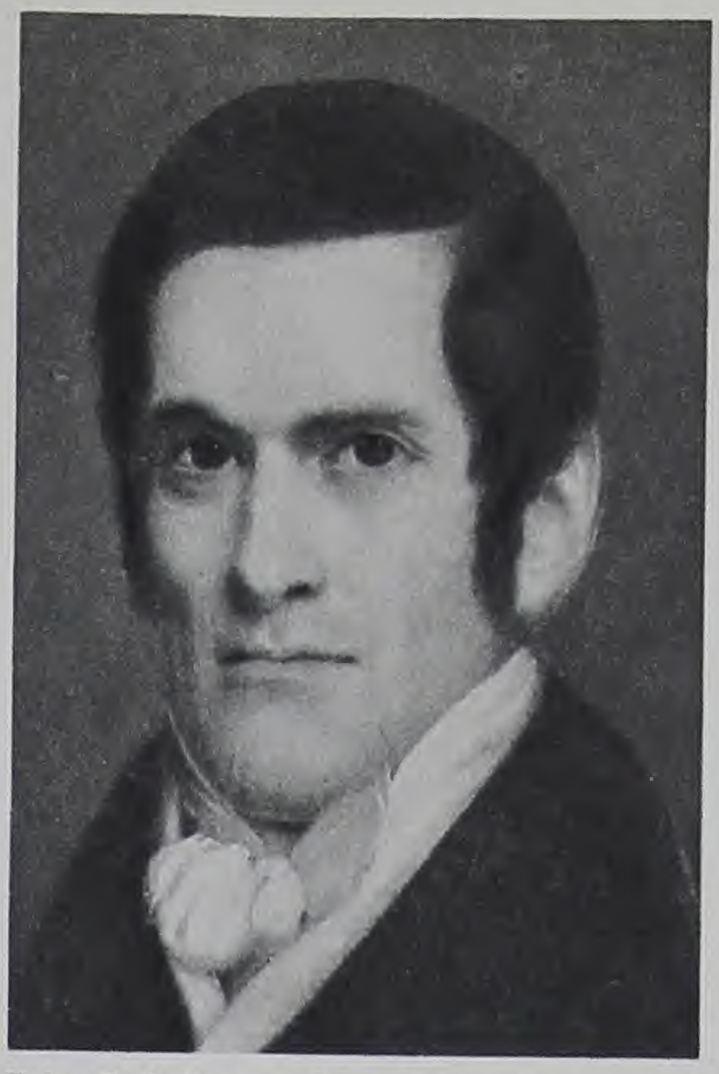
While President Madison fretted and fussed, and tried to enforce the new Embargo, the British continued their hostile acts at sea, and also promoted an Indian frontier war from bases in Canada. Madison was too timid and indecisive to deal with this emergency. For the first time, the leadership of the country passed to Congress, and particularly to the militant young Representatives shown above—the War Hawks of 1811. Their leader was Henry Clay, the strutting, crowing "cock of Kentucky," who had cried out a year earlier in Congress: "Sir, is the time never to arrive, when we may manage our own affairs without the fear of insulting his Britannic majesty? Is the rod of British power to be forever suspended over our heads? . . . No man in the nation wants peace more than I; but I prefer the troubled ocean of war . . . with all its calamities . . . to the tranquil and putrescent pool of ignominious peace!"

The War Hawks spoke for the new generation which had grown up since the Revolution. The Federalists might sneer at them as "young politicians, half hatched, the shell still on their heads," but their words and gestures thrilled the country. They talked, breathed, and dreamed of a glorious war which would end

At the Tippecanoe River in Indiana, November 7, 1811, 950 Americans dispersed an Indian horde led by the Prophet Tenskwatawa *(in white robe)*, who fled to British Canada.

Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky joined the Army and killed Chief Tecumseh.

Peter B. Porter of New York quit Congress and volunteered when war came.



John C. Calhoun of South Carolina stayed in Congress and raised money for the war.

with Canada, Florida, Mexico, and various points south all safely wrapped up in the American Union. They were supremely confident that Americans could lick anybody.

They also had a talent for getting things done. They elected Clay Speaker, and he bossed the House of Representatives as it had never been bossed before. Calhoun and Porter wrote a report on British-American relations and concluded that "open and decided war" was the only solution. Cheves drafted bills for a larger navy. Grundy and Johnson took up the cry "On to Canada!" after the Battle of Tippecanoe. Finally Madison made a bargain with the War Hawks: If they would back him for President again in 1812, he promised to send them a war message before the election. On June 1 he kept his word. On June 18, after two weeks of debate, Congress declared war. The vote was 79 to 49 in the House and 19 to 13 in the Senate, which showed that the War Hawks had considerable opposition. But even Jefferson was convinced by that time. "I believe . . . it is necessary," he wrote calmly; "war or abject submission are the only alternative left us. I am forced from my hobby, peace."

"BLOOD MUST FLOW!"

John Randolph, the great dissenter of Congress, fought the War Hawks at every turn, and in the end he was silenced only by Clay's imperious gavel. Then he dashed off a breathless manifesto to his Virginia constituents declaring that the war with England would deliver America to Napoleon—"Before these pages meet your eye, the last republic of the earth will have enlisted under the banners of the tyrant. . . . The blood of the American freemen must flow to cement his power . . . to establish his empire . . . over the land that gave our fathers birth—to forge our own chains!"

Randolph had broken with Jefferson in 1806 and was now the leader of a faction which considered itself more Republican, and more jealous of states' rights, than either Jefferson or Madison. His savage sarcasm made him a dangerous foe of every administration bill. When Jefferson was trying "peaceable coercion" Randolph sneered, "What is it? A milk-and-water bill! A dose of chicken broth. . . ." But he was opposed to naval preparedness too: "What! shall this great mammoth of the American forest leave his native element and plunge into the water in a mad contest with the shark? Let him beware that his proboscis is not bitten off. . . ." The truth was that Randolph never cared much for the American nation as a whole. He was, as the poet Whittier wrote,

Too honest or too proud to feign
A love he never cherished,
Beyond Virginia's border line
His patriotism perished.

John Randolph said the war would drag America "at the wheels of Bonaparte."

American General William Hull *(right)* surrenders his army August 16, 1812.

"ON TO CANADA"

THE WAR OF 1812, according to the War Hawks, was supposed to be an American military parade through Canada. But the Canadians and British didn't wait for the parade to start. Instead they marched to Detroit and confronted the American invasion army led by General William Hull, a doddering veteran of the Revolution. General Hull was already frightened into a state of incoherence by threats of an Indian massacre. He sat for a whole afternoon on the ground in a corner of his fort, drooling tobacco juice on his chin and vest. Then he surrendered his army without firing a shot. During the same week the Pottawatomie Indians captured Chicago and staged a ghastly slaughter of American soldiers and their wives and children.

These disasters almost paralyzed the American high command right at the start of the war. President Madison and his chief general, Henry Dearborn, were incompetent anyway, and seemed incapable of making effective plans. Most of the generals in the field were as bad, or worse. The nadir of military absurdity was reached in November, when the American General Alexander Smyth ordered 2,000 men into small boats on the Niagara River, and then ordered them out again, and repeated this three days later. On the second occasion the soldiers mutinied and fired their guns at the General's tent. He took to his heels and fled all the way to his home in Virginia, where he was legislated out of the Army.

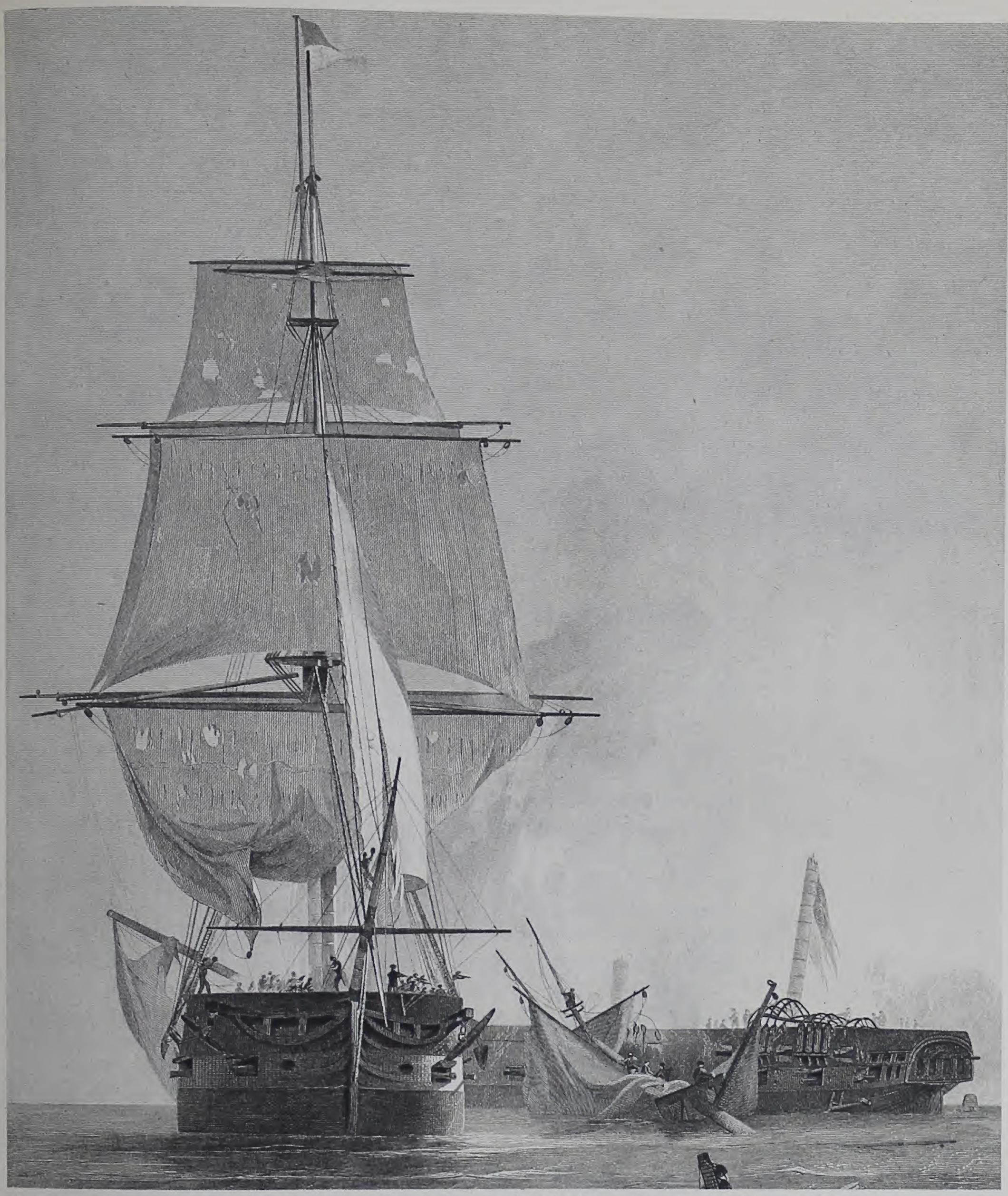
The turning point came in 1813, when a collection of newly built ships under Captain Oliver Hazard Perry of the Navy won a slam-bang water fight on western Lake Erie, giving the Americans control of the beaches on both sides. General William Henry Harrison, the victor of Tippecanoe, promptly took his veteran troops across the lake and won an important battle at the Canadian Thames River. But the invasion of Canada was a failure on other fronts. One American army of 5,000 men marched all the way to the ramparts of Montreal, and then retreated when they heard the Canadian buglers sounding their calls.

"We have met the enemy, and they are ours," wrote Captain Oliver H. Perry *(standing)* after his Lake Erie victory.

At the Battle of the Thames in lower Canada the American cavalrymen wore tall black silk hats with fur plumes.

At Chippewa *(above)* and Lundy's Lane, along the Niagara front, American invaders fought bloody, indecisive battles.

At Lake Champlain Commodore Macdonough *(center)* turned back a British counterinvasion, capturing 7 ships.



The British frigate *Guerrière (right)* is a drifting, dismasted hulk after a 30-minute fight with the *Constitution (left)*.

"FREE TRADE AND SEAMEN'S RIGHTS"

As soon as Congress declared war the haughty British Navy bore down to do its bit along the American coast. But there it received a very nasty shock. Three American frigates—the *Constitution,* the *President,* and the *United States*—were faster and threw a heavier broadside than any ships of their class in the world. The first Britisher to discover this was the frigate *Guerrière,* which ran into the *Constitution* August 19, 1812, about 600 miles east of Boston. While the British gunners stoked up on brandy and fired round after round of hot shot, the *Constitution* remained silent and worked in very close. Then it loosed a series of murderous broadsides which ripped the masts off the *Guerrière,* killed and wounded 79 of her crew, and tore big holes beneath her waterline. So many British cannon balls bounced harmlessly off the *Constitution*'s thick hull that her sailors nicknamed her "Old Ironsides."

This brilliant sea victory, which was followed by several more, showed Americans—and the rest of the world—that British naval power was by no means invulnerable. It also helped to distract attention from the military disasters in Canada. Henry Clay, after shouting "On to Canada!" with the rest of the War Hawks, now gave the war an entirely different slogan. "Strike wherever we can reach the enemy, at sea and on land," he cried. "But if we fail, let us fail like men, lash ourselves to our gallant tars, and expire together in one common struggle, fighting for FREE TRADE AND SEAMEN'S RIGHTS!"

THE UNITED STATES

The Capitol looked like this after the British burned it. The House of Representatives roof *(left)* collapsed in flames.

In 1814 the British Navy, by sheer force of numbers, drove American warships into hiding and took over the Atlantic coast. British sailors and marines swarmed into towns in Maine, on Cape Cod, in Maryland and Virginia. They forced the inhabitants to dig potatoes and cut corn for them, to hand over cattle and sheep and large "contributions" of cash. The American newspapers charged the invaders with raping American women and burning the houses of leading Republican politicians. The very effective British blockade stopped most American commerce and almost bankrupted the Government, which existed on loans from the foreign-born bankers Stephen Girard and John Jacob Astor.

The worst disgrace in American military history came in August 1814, when a British expeditionary force from Bermuda landed in Chesapeake Bay and marched on Washington, D. C. About 5,000 militia from Virginia and Maryland, together with 600 sailors and marines from a gunboat flotilla, met 1,500 of the British invaders at Bladensburg, five miles east of the capital. The Americans were well placed in low hills and had the advantage in cannon. But when the British fired their new rocket weapons in the air the American mules and militia both stampeded, and the battle was lost. The 600 American seamen kept firing their naval guns until they were surrounded. But the militia ran away so fast that only eight of them were killed.

President Madison, who had made no plans for defending Washington, bor-

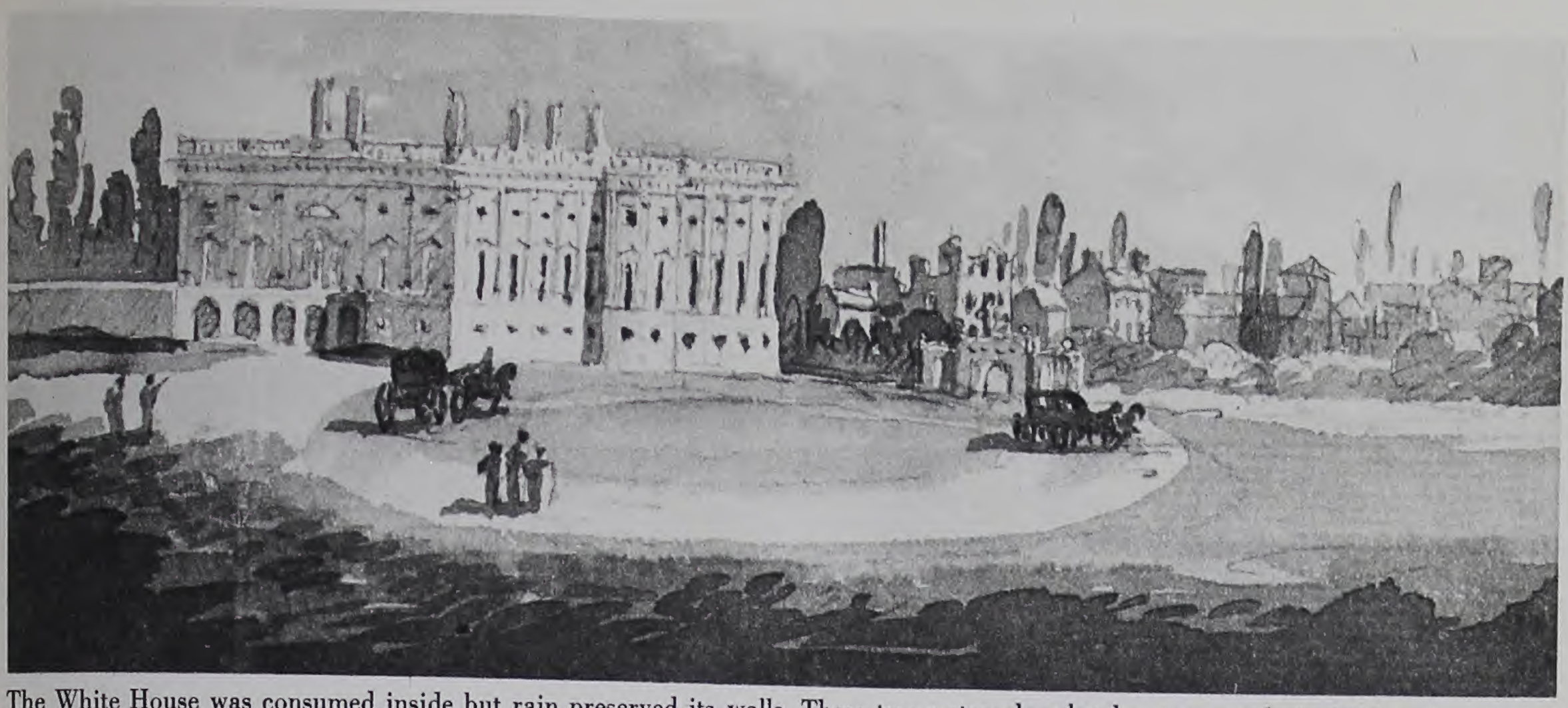
"'TIS THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"

The bombardment of little Fort McHenry *(center)* lasted 25 hours. But the flag was still there when it was over.

The panoramic view at the left shows the British fleet pouring bombs and solid shot into Fort McHenry, the gateway to Baltimore, on the morning of September 13, 1814. All that day and night the bombardment crashed down on 1,000 American defenders. They could not reply because their guns did not reach far enough. But when the British ships tried to sneak in closer, the cannon growled, and the enemy scuttled back, badly hurt. As long as McHenry's batteries held out, the British did not dare run past them into the narrow mouth of the Patapsco River.

On the morning of the fourteenth a Washington lawyer named Francis Scott Key, who was a temporary prisoner on one of the British warships, stared hopefully through the dawn at the silent fort. Yes, the flag was still there! The words of a triumphant song began to stir in Key's brain. He wrote part of it on the back of a letter, and finished it the next day when he was released and went to

TAKES A BEATING



The White House was consumed inside but rain preserved its walls. These two watercolor sketches were made in 1815.

rowed a pair of dueling pistols from the Secretary of the Treasury and drove to the battle in a carriage. But when he saw how things were going he hurried in the opposite direction. His wife, searching through crowds with a spyglass, finally caught up with him. She saved the White House silver plate, a Gilbert Stuart portrait of Washington which she broke out of its frame, a wagonload of official papers, and her parrot. Everything else was lost, including her velvet gowns and golden slippers.

When the enemy troops arrived at the White House they found a dinner for forty people all cooked and smoking on the kitchen spits. British Admiral Sir George Cockburn stole a cocked hat that belonged to the President and a cushion from Dolly's favorite chair as his personal souvenirs, and consigned the rest of "Jemmy's palace" to the flames. Fifty British sailors surrounded it and at a signal from an officer hurled balls of burning pitch through the windows. The same destruction was meted out to the Capitol (whose central dome had not been built), the newspaper offices, all the city's bridges, and several houses where snipers had hidden. While the burning was going on Admiral Cockburn rode around the city on a white horse, dangling Dolly Madison's cushion from his saddle and making jokes which a Washington lady declared were "too vulgar for me to repeat." The next night he and his army took to their boats and headed up the Bay to Baltimore, where a very different reception awaited them.

Baltimore. A printer set it in type and the war-excited crowds sang it to the tune of "Anacreon in Heaven," a famous old English drinking ditty:

And the rockets' red glare, bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Within a few days "The Star-Spangled Banner" became a symbol of victory snatched from defeat. After the national humiliation at Washington, the defense of Baltimore roused and inspired the country. A fresh army of Maryland militia redeemed their state and fought off a British landing force of 9,000 men. The British General Ross, who had boasted that Baltimore would be his winter headquarters, was shot dead at the head of his troops. The British fleet turned sail and headed back down Chesapeake Bay, leaving Baltimore deliriously singing:

'Tis the star-spangled banner: O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Heartily sick of war, British *(left)* and American diplomats signed the peace treaty of Ghent December 24, 1814.

"Oh! poor Sailors! poor blue Jackets! — "dont go to war with the mother country! "dont go to war with good old England! "you will get hard knocks on the pate! — "you will spend your years in English "prisens and prison ships! — dont submit "to the War! — you will beg in the "streets or rot in the alms house! — "ah! poor sailors! — oh! poor "blue Jackets! —

"Here's a flock of mother "Cary's chickens — "What think you my hearties "to all this scud —

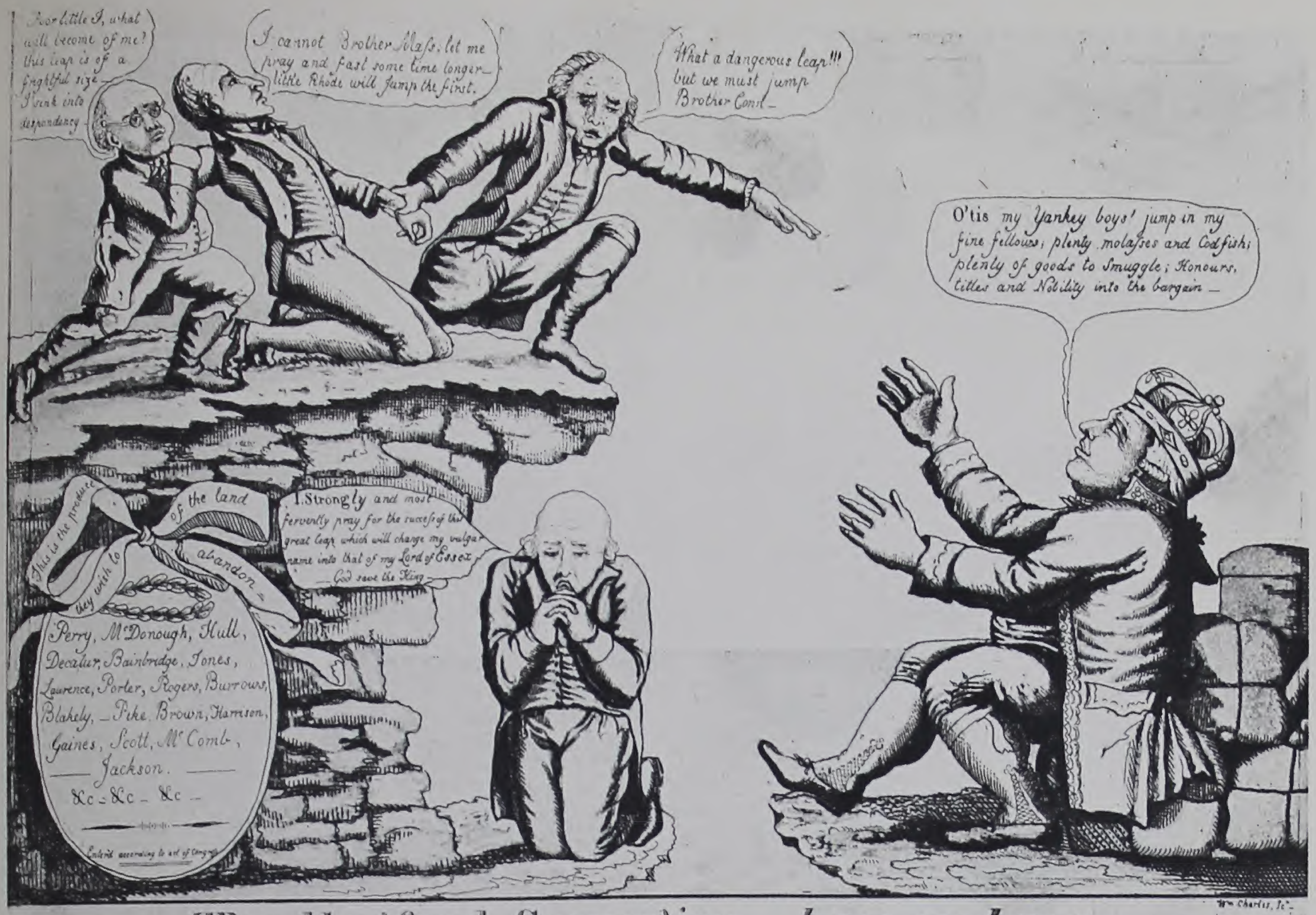
"Why 'tis all my eye Jack. Shiver "my limbs but this fellow is an "English dishclout — so let's have "no more of your blarney. — "An American tar knows his "duty — and if he gets into "prison d'ye see he'll get out "ag'n: and as for a hard knock, "let 'em try an' they will, "whose head's hardest.

"That's right my honest soul! — We'll stick "to our quarters, boys, like true hearted "sailors, and may the lubber be slush'd "home to the gizzard, and scrap'd with "a sharks tooth, who would mutiny 'gainst "commander and desert ship 'cause a "hard gale and a tough passage brings "him to short allowance. — "So three cheers boys — Huzza! — ! — ! "for Yankey doodle —

THE TORY EDITOR *and his* APES *Giveing their pitiful advice to the* AMERICAN SAILORS

A disloyal Federalist editor *(above left)* fails to win over three American sailors. Below, the hardy war brides of 1812.

SOLDIERS *on a march to* BUFFALO.



The Hartford Convention or *LEAP NO LEAP.*

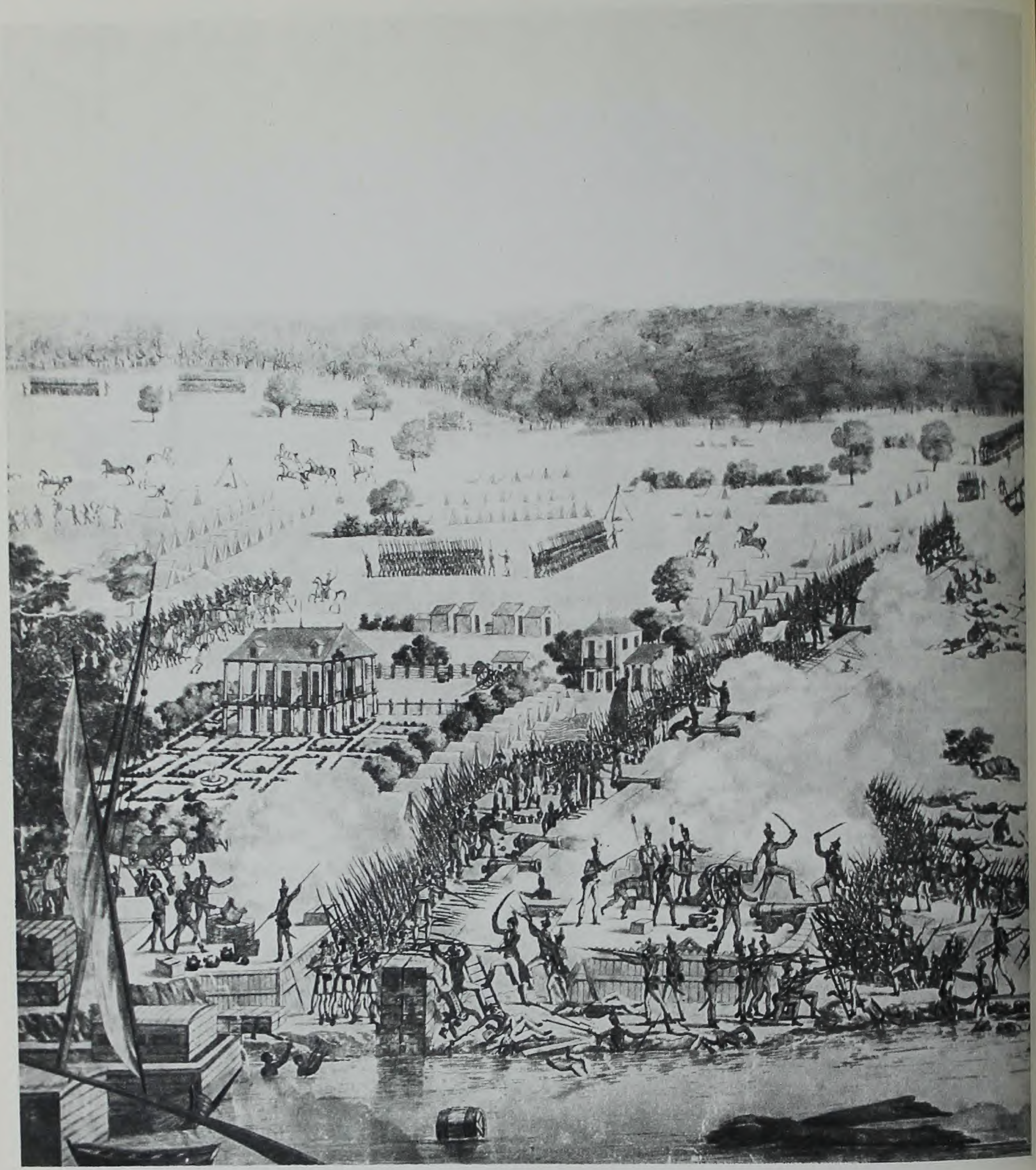
William Charles' cartoon shows three New England states *(on the ledge)* plotting to jump into the arms of King George III.

NEW ENGLAND TALKS TREASON

THE DARKEST political moment of the war came in December 1814, when delegates from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut met at Hartford to discuss secession from the United States and a separate peace with England. The Hartford Convention was arranged by leaders of the old Federalist party who gloated publicly over the burning of Washington and the misfortunes of "Madison's war." The New England Federalists refused to send their militia to the war and carried on a smuggling business with the British Army and Navy.

Commodore Stephen Decatur also accused them of hanging blue lanterns along the Connecticut shore to signal British ships. New England, with its worldwide maritime interests, actually made money during the war, and its bitter opposition was purely political. The treasonous secession movement was led by Timothy Pickering, boss of the reactionary Essex (County) Junto, who had been Secretary of State for both Washington and Adams. Pickering's scheme to break up the Union was temporarily shelved at the Hartford Convention by more moderate Federalists, who voted for a truce with the Madison government until New England's "grievances" were looked into further. Three Massachusetts "ambassadors" then went to Washington to "negotiate," but were met by news of the Treaty of Ghent. This left them without much to negotiate, and they went home looking slightly ridiculous.

The amused contempt with which the rest of the nation came to regard this episode is shown in the cartoon above. The bald old man kneeling under the ledge is Pickering, praying that he will be made Lord of Essex by Great Britain. The three figures above are Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, debating whether they should leap into the embrace of King George, who is promising them lots of business in codfish and molasses. William Charles, who made the three drawings on these pages, was the first political cartoonist who drew for the amusement of average Americans, rather than in the interests of a particular party. Charles was strongly in favor of the war and the Republicans, but he could also poke fun at the York State soldiers who marched to the front encumbered by their women, babies, and all their household furniture *(opposite page)*



THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

THE ENGRAVING above shows the final battle of the War of 1812, which was actually fought two weeks after the war was over. On January 8, 1815, a British army which had been sent to capture New Orleans marched bravely up to the entrenchments of General Andrew Jackson, in the Mississippi River swamps, a few miles east of the city. Jackson's Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen mowed them down in long scarlet rows, while his pirate-trained cannoneers ripped

through their ranks with grapeshot. In less than 30 minutes 2,000 British soldiers were killed or wounded. Among the dead was the British Commander in Chief, Sir Edward Pakenham, whose body was preserved in a cask of rum and carried back to England. The American loss was exactly 13. Weeks later both sides heard of the Treaty of Ghent.

The picture shows one line of Britishers advancing along the riverbank *(foreground)* while other regiments wait their turn in the fields above. The American trenches *(left)* bristle with bayonets and gunfire, and men from both armies are struggling in the water. The Battle of New Orleans showed that some British generals had not learned much since the days of Bunker Hill. It also showed that American riflemen were still among the world's best shots. And it wound up the war in such a blaze of glory that the Americans felt sure they had won it.

The first great painting of an American political scene *(right)* shows a city-wide election at the State House in Philadelphia, in the autumn of 1815. The voters lined up at the central building (later known as Independence Hall) are handing their ballots through the windows to the clerks inside. Each city ward was assigned a window of its own. In the center of the picture an infirm old voter can be seen descending from a carriage supplied by some friendly politicians, while a wagon full of cheering ward heelers is riding through Chestnut Street at the left. Voters who have already been to the polls are fighting, drinking, eating roasted oysters, and spilling down the steps of the hotel at the extreme left, which is also the headquarters for the city's Republican machine. John Lewis Krimmel, the German-born artist who painted this spirited picture, was known as the "American Hogarth." His works are scarce, for he was drowned in a millpond at 32.

THE ERA OF GOOD FEELINGS

THE END of the war brought a fresh surge of national pride which submerged old political differences. The Federalists had committed suicide at their Hartford Convention, and the nation was now entering a brief period of one-party rule. The secret caucus of Republican members of Congress was the most powerful political group in the country. It had arranged Jefferson's second nomination for the Presidency,

and both of Madison's. In 1816 it gave the nod to another member of the Virginia dynasty, James Monroe, who had served the usual apprenticeship as Secretary of State.

There was nothing inspiring about Monroe's lanky frame and slightly cynical blue eyes, but he suited the nation's relaxed postwar mood. After an easy election victory he set out on a northern tour by coach and steamboat, principally to persuade Federalist New England that a Republican President was not necessarily a devil with horns. New England was in a mood to be convinced; Monroe's tour was a personal and political triumph. The Boston *Centinel*, the leading Federalist daily, gave his administration the name by which it became generally known—"The Era of Good Feelings."

Andrew Jackson led his troops into Spanish Florida and put to death two Britishers.

"OUR COUNTRY! MAY SHE

THE AMERICAN ARMY and Navy came out of the War of 1812 in excellent fighting trim. And they still had plenty of fighting to do. In Florida, which was weakly ruled by Spain, a combination of warlike Indians and runaway Negro slaves had set up their own government and were raiding and plundering across the American border. In 1817 General Andrew Jackson was ordered to take his Tennessee militia into Florida and end the Indian menace. Jackson did that, and plenty more. He seized the Spanish capital at Pensacola, appointed one of his colonels to take the place of the Spanish Governor, and proclaimed the laws of the United States in force. His men caught two of the most troublesome Indian chiefs by running up a British flag on a gunboat offshore; the old Indians paddled out and came aboard, thinking they were among friends. Then the Americans took them to St. Marks and hanged them.

This incident convinced Jackson that the British were behind the Indian troubles in Florida. He caught a "noted Scotch villain" and munitions trader named Arbuthnot, and hanged him, and had a young British army officer shot for helping to command the Indians. There was a great international outcry over these two deaths, but

Two Seminole Indian chiefs, captured by Jackson's ruse, go ashore at St. Marks, Florida, to be hanged.

Stephen Decatur told the Algerians that they could have tribute from the cannon's mouth.

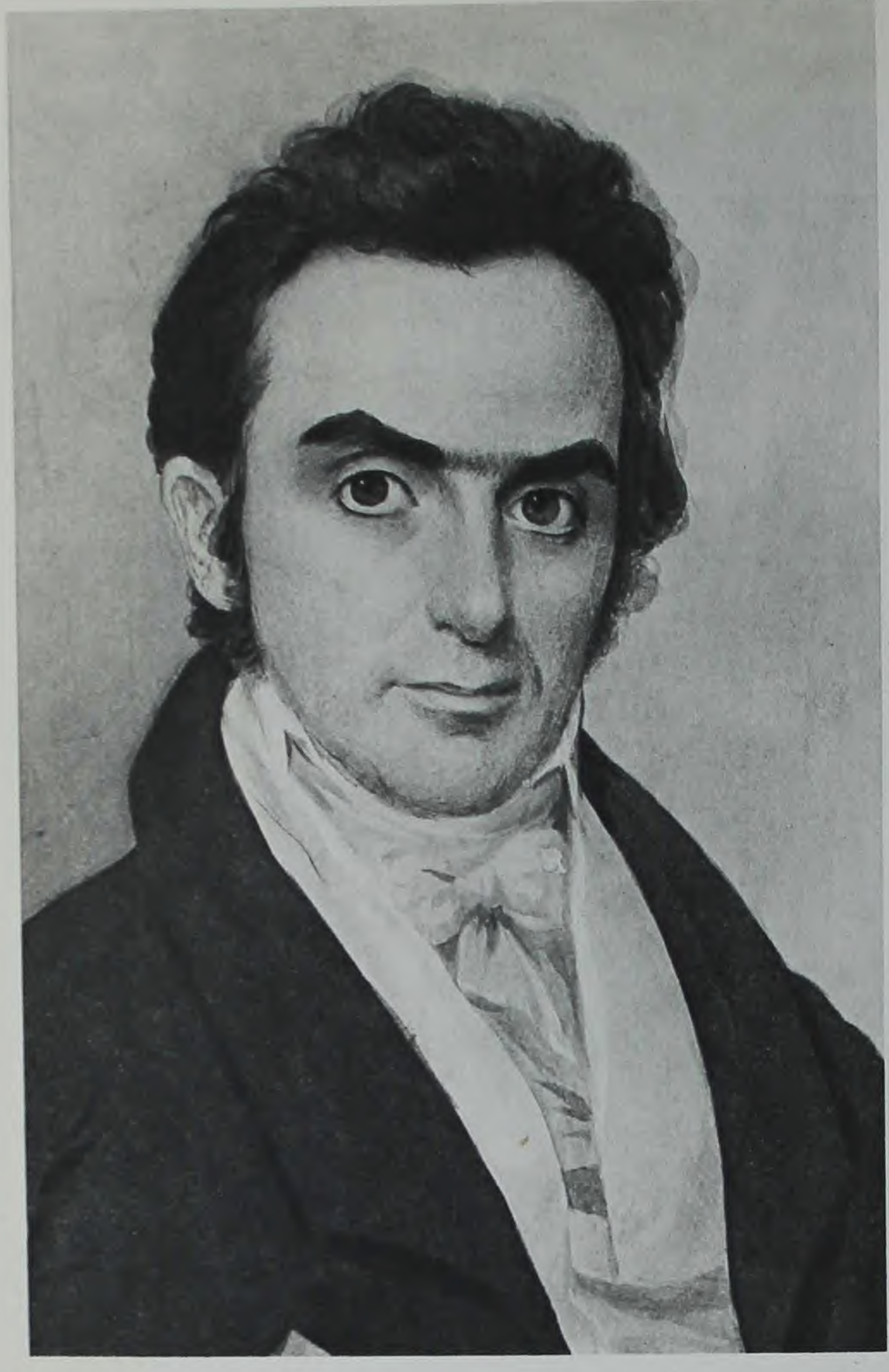
ALWAYS BE RIGHT"

Jackson made his point. English adventurers got out of Florida, and President Monroe soon bought it cheaply from Spain.

Meanwhile Congress had declared war on Algiers, which was up to its pirate tricks again, and Commodore Stephen Decatur went to work on his old African foes. After battering an Algerian fleet and killing its admiral off the coast of Spain, Decatur forced Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli to pay $81,000 for American ships they had taken, and to sign new treaties giving up all future "tribute," or bribes. In Algiers the Dey's officials begged Decatur to continue paying just a small token tribute in gunpowder. "If you insist on receiving powder as tribute," he told them, "you must expect to receive BALLS with it." This blunt warning was enough, and the North African pirate nations made no more trouble for American ships. On his return Decatur was wined and dined as the nation's greatest naval hero. At a banquet in his honor at Norfolk he uttered the famous toast which became the watchword for the fighting forces of the militant young United States: "Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the *right*, and always *successful, right* or *wrong!*"

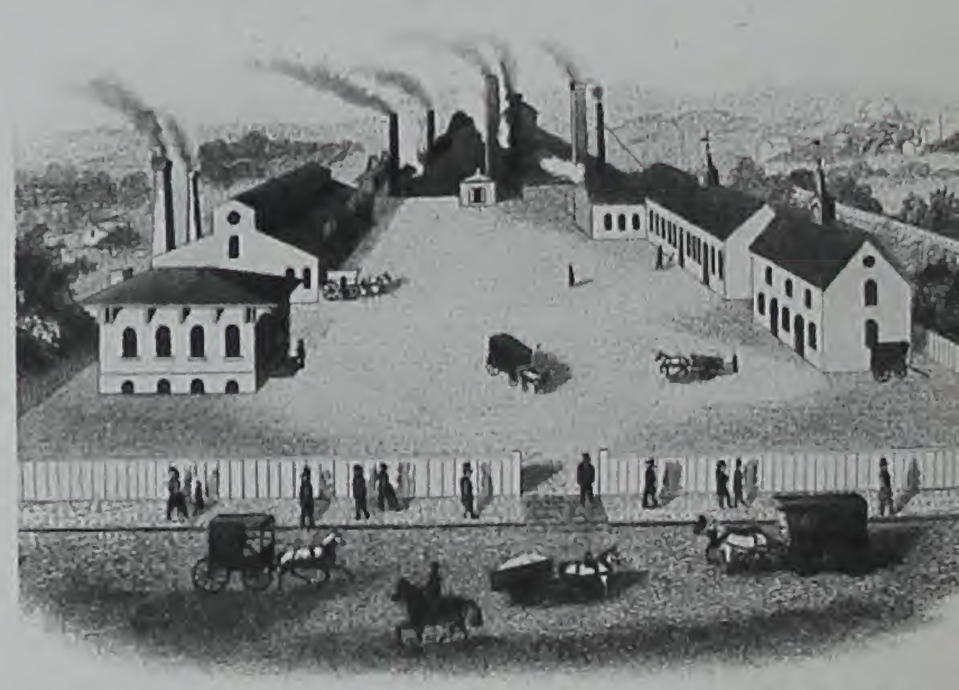
Decatur's Mediterranean squadron returns in triumph from victories over Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli in 1815.

WEBSTER AND THE NORTH

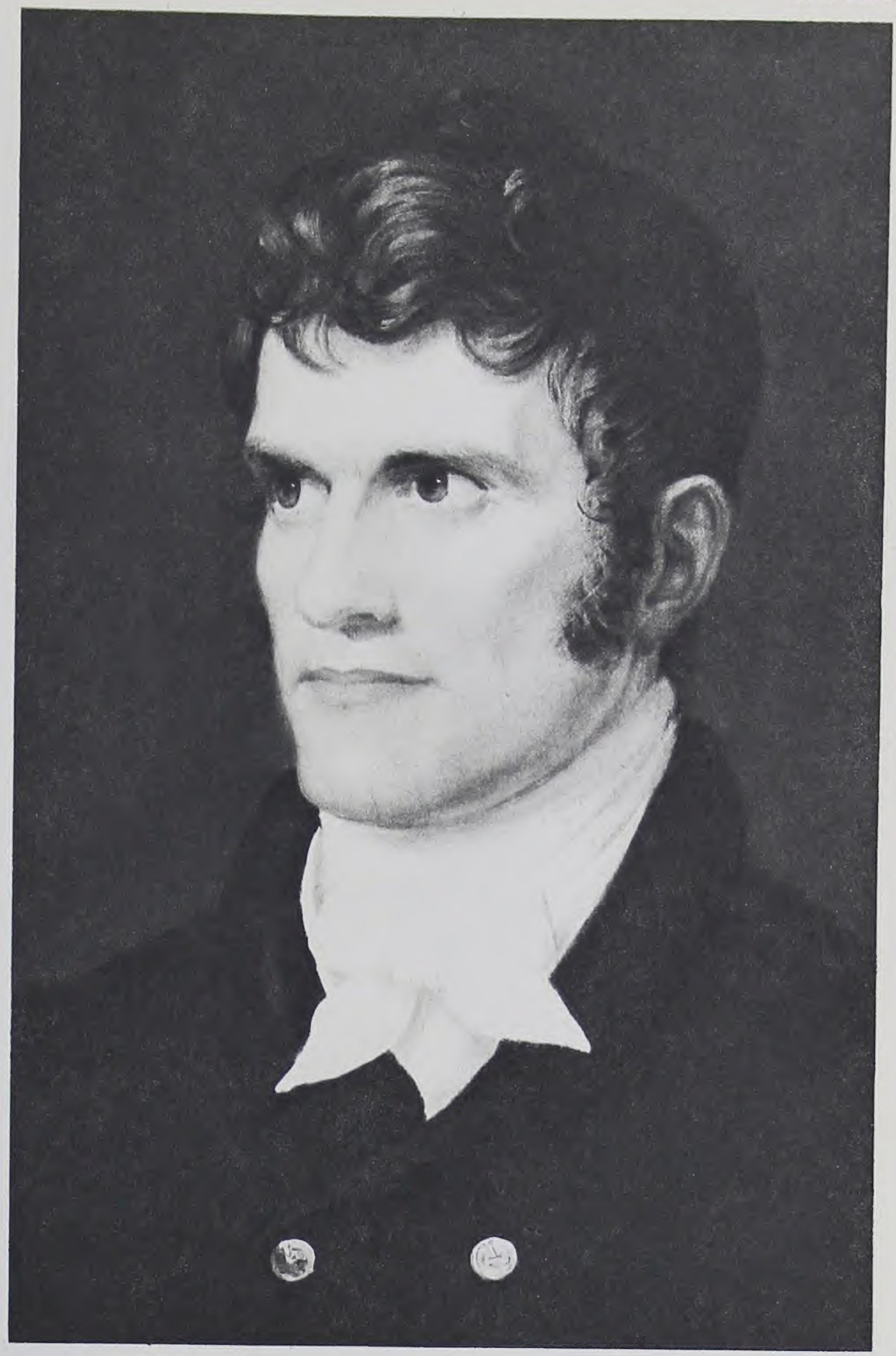


DESPITE the placid appearance of the Era of Good Feelings some old political hates still smoldered under the surface. Young Daniel Webster of New Hampshire and Massachusetts was one who helped to keep them hot. A wily lawyer and an emotional orator who could shed tears at will, Webster was first elected to Congress in 1812. He immediately plunged into a fight to hamstring the Republican administration's war measures. He killed off a draft law, opposed bounties for army enlistments, and refused to vote taxes for the war. If President Madison wanted to fight, he said in a much-quoted speech, let him fight only on the ocean, for "our party divisions, acrimonious as they are, cease at the water's edge." (Victories at sea, of course, were a direct benefit to maritime New England.)

After the war "Black Dan" opposed the protective tariff of 1816—New England shipbuilders did not want a tariff on imported iron and hemp. But a few years later Northern manufacturers were more influential than shipbuilders, and Webster became an eloquent advocate of high tariffs.



Rowland's Steel Works in Philadelphia was typical of the North's new industries. Webster became their tariff champion in Congress.

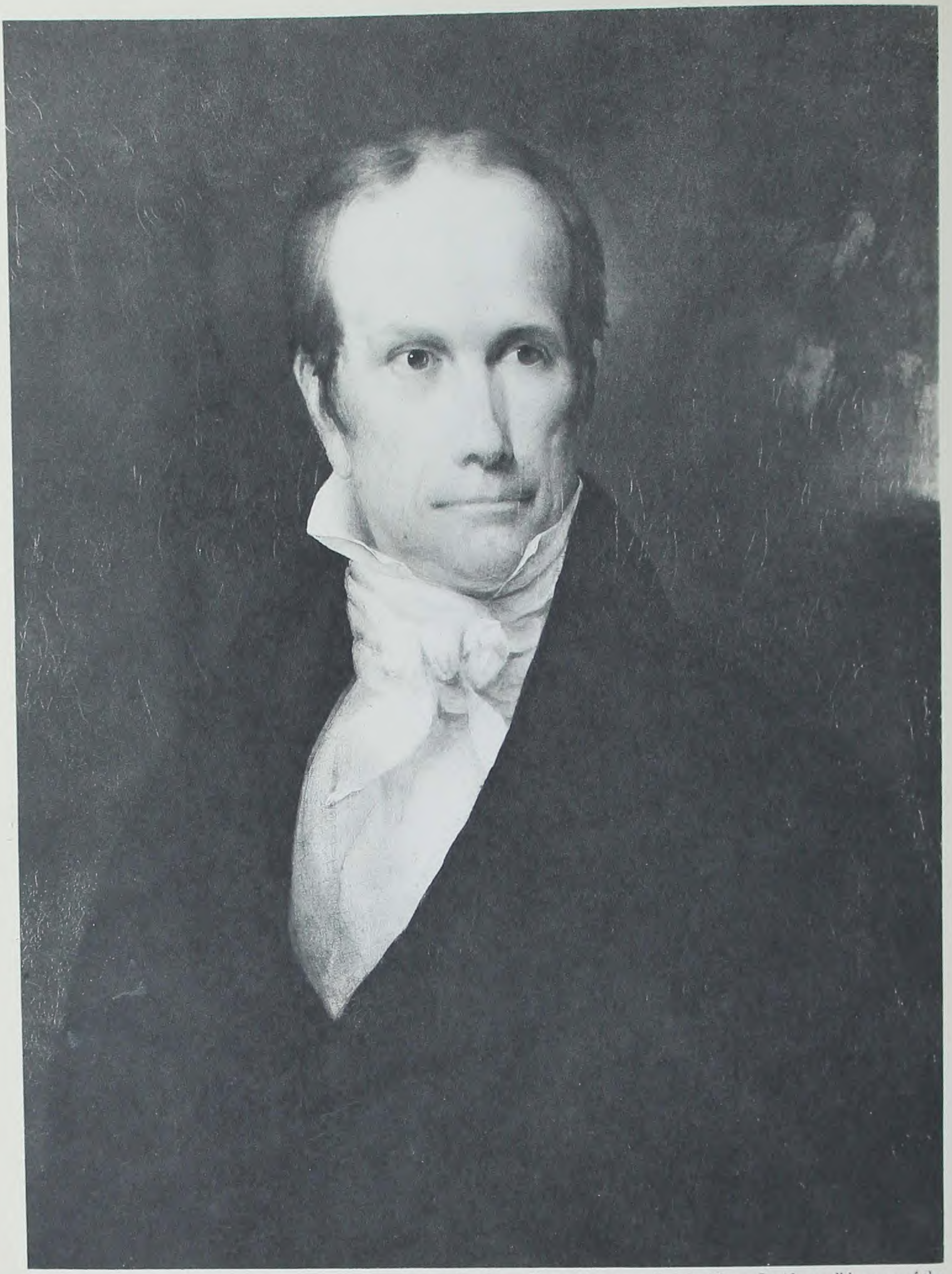


CALHOUN AND THE SOUTH

Southern planters who lived in houses like this imported most of their supplies. They resented the higher prices caused by tariffs.

To MANY Americans John Caldwell Calhoun of South Carolina was the "young Hercules" of Congress who carried the War of 1812 on his shoulders. Though not so impassioned an orator as Webster, he was more logical and more learned. Under President Monroe he became Secretary of War and a leading spokesman of the new American nationalism, which greatly modified the Jeffersonian agrarian ideals of the dominant party. Jefferson himself had changed; in 1816 he wrote that "we must now place the manufacturer by the side of the agriculturist." In 1816 Calhoun and other latter-day Jeffersonians put through a high protective tariff and a new Bank of the United States which was copied after Hamilton's.

But when the tariff threatened to ruin South Carolina's cotton planters Calhoun made a drastic about-face. He became the bitter enemy of protectionism and the great exponent of sectionalism in politics. In a few years more he would be attacking the very existence of the Union, while Webster would be brilliantly defending it.



Handsome Harry Clay was called the "Great Pacificator," because of the many big political compromises he arranged. He loved good Kentucky whisky, horse races, card-playing for high stakes, and striped peppermint sticks, which he ate while listening to other speakers in Congress.

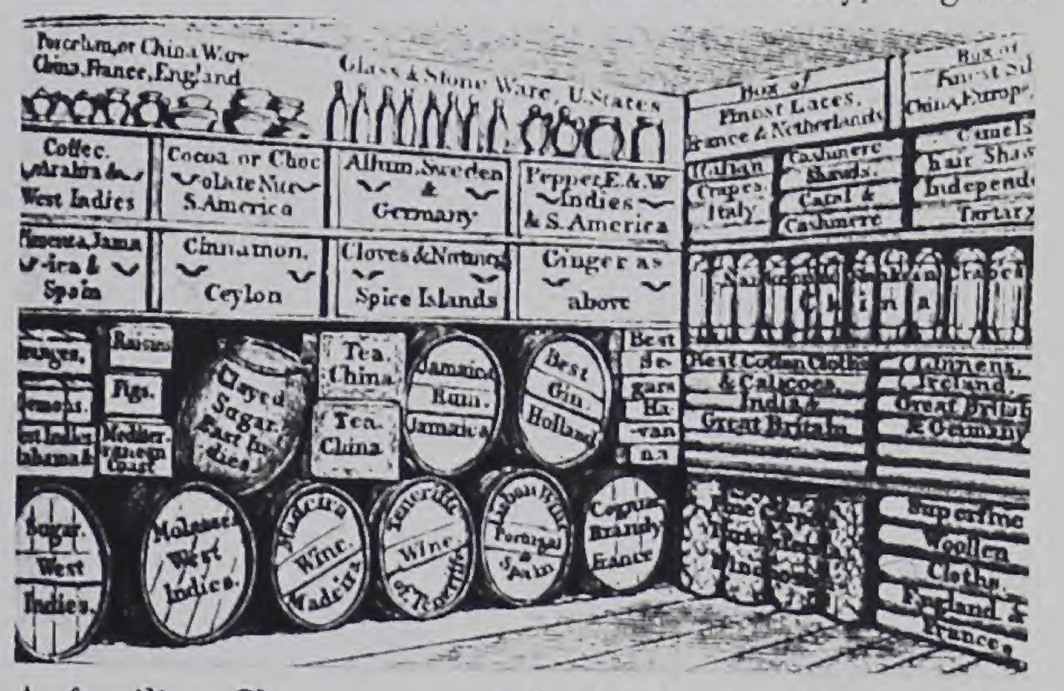
CLAY, THE MASTER

THE DOMINANT figure of postwar politics was Henry Clay of Kentucky. Clay had grown more suave since his War Hawk days, but his ego was still enormous. He believed he ought to be the next President, and he was eager to be appointed Secretary of State, which had been the usual steppingstone. But President-elect Monroe passed him by and appointed an experienced diplomat, John Quincy Adams. Clay's rage was so great that he refused to allow the House of Representatives (where he was still Speaker) to be used for Monroe's inauguration.

Thereafter Clay set out to build himself up on an unbeatable combination of political issues. He sought to bridge the growing split between North and South with what he called the "American System." This included high tariffs for Northern manufacturers, and a tender regard for the rights of slaveholders, in new territories as well as old. It also included the spending of millions from the Federal Treasury for roads, canals, and river improvements, an idea especially pleasing to voters in the undeveloped West. President Monroe thought such government spending was contrary to the Constitution, but Clay had the popular side of the argument.

With all his thirst for power and taste for compromises, Clay had a truly national vision of the American future. Once a petty Congressman asked him, with intended sarcasm, if he would build government roads all the way to the Rocky Mountains. "Not today," replied Clay, "nor tomorrow, but this government is to last, I trust, forever; we may at least hope it will endure until the wave of population, cultivation and intelligence shall have washed the Rocky Mountains. . . . Sir, it is a subject of peculiar delight to me to look forward to the proud and happy period . . . when circulation and association between the Atlantic and the Pacific and the Mexican Gulf shall be as free and perfect as they are at this moment in England or in any other country of the globe."

"The Mill-Boy of the Slashes" was an early Clay nickname. He was born in "the Slashes" of Hanover County, Virginia.



A familiar Clay argument for higher tariffs were the shelves of American stores, piled high with foreign goods.

Fairview Inn, near Baltimore, was a stopping place on the Cumberland wagon road, which was started by Jefferson and was passable as far as Wheeling, in 1817. Extension of this and other federally financed roads through the West was a valuable phase of Clay's "American System."

"A FIRE-BELL IN THE NIGHT"

TWO SHATTERING events made the year 1819 a turning point in American politics. One was a Western land panic, followed by a series of bank failures, which produced the first nation-wide depression. Thousands of settlers lost their partly cleared farms, the country's paper-money system collapsed, and the East's infant industries were mostly shut down. The other crisis came in Congress, where a bill admitting the newly organized state of Missouri was introduced, along with a state constitution adopted by Missouri voters. Missouri was part of the old Louisiana Territory that Jefferson had bought, and its richest farmlands had been settled by slave-owning Southerners. Naturally their new constitution made slavery legal and permanent in Missouri.

The home of Missouri's first Governor in 1820

But this involved a major change in national policy. By the Northwest Territory Ordinance of 1787 the Continental Congress had barred slavery from all new states north of the Ohio River. The admission of Missouri as a slave state would break that line and set up a huge obstruction against the westward spread of the free states.

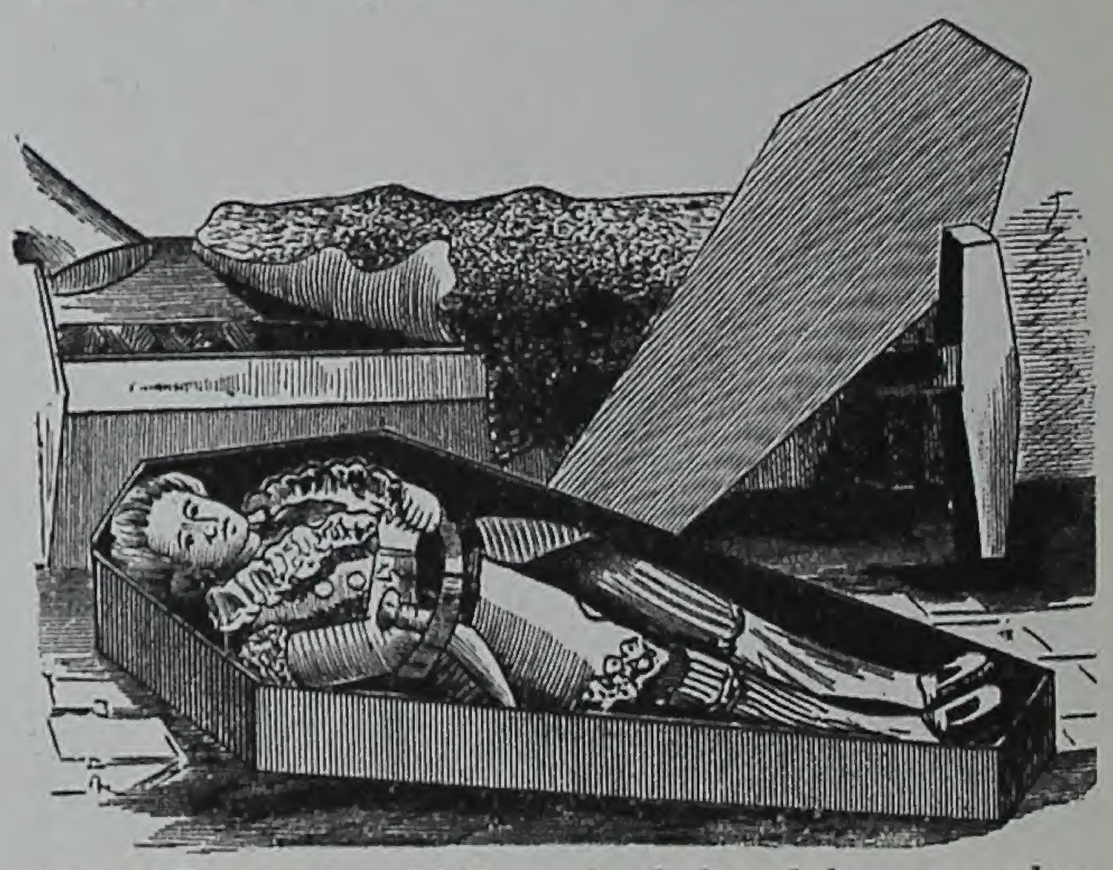
Northern Congressmen proposed to solve this dilemma by gradually eliminating Missouri's slaves. They wrote amendments providing that no new slaves could be brought into the state, and that all children born there of slave parents should become free at the age of 25. With these changes the Missouri bill passed the House of Representatives but was turned down by the Senate. Neither House would give in, and Congress adjourned without settling the deadlock.

When the next session rolled around, a group of middle-of-the-road Northerners, with the powerful backing of Speaker Clay, offered a compromise. Let Missouri come in as a slave state, they argued, since she was already slave in fact. But let slavery be barred "forever" from all the rest of the Louisiana Territory north of the line 36° 30′ (now the northern boundary of Arkansas). And let Maine, which had recently applied for statehood, be admitted as a free state. This would keep the free and slave states balanced at 12 each.

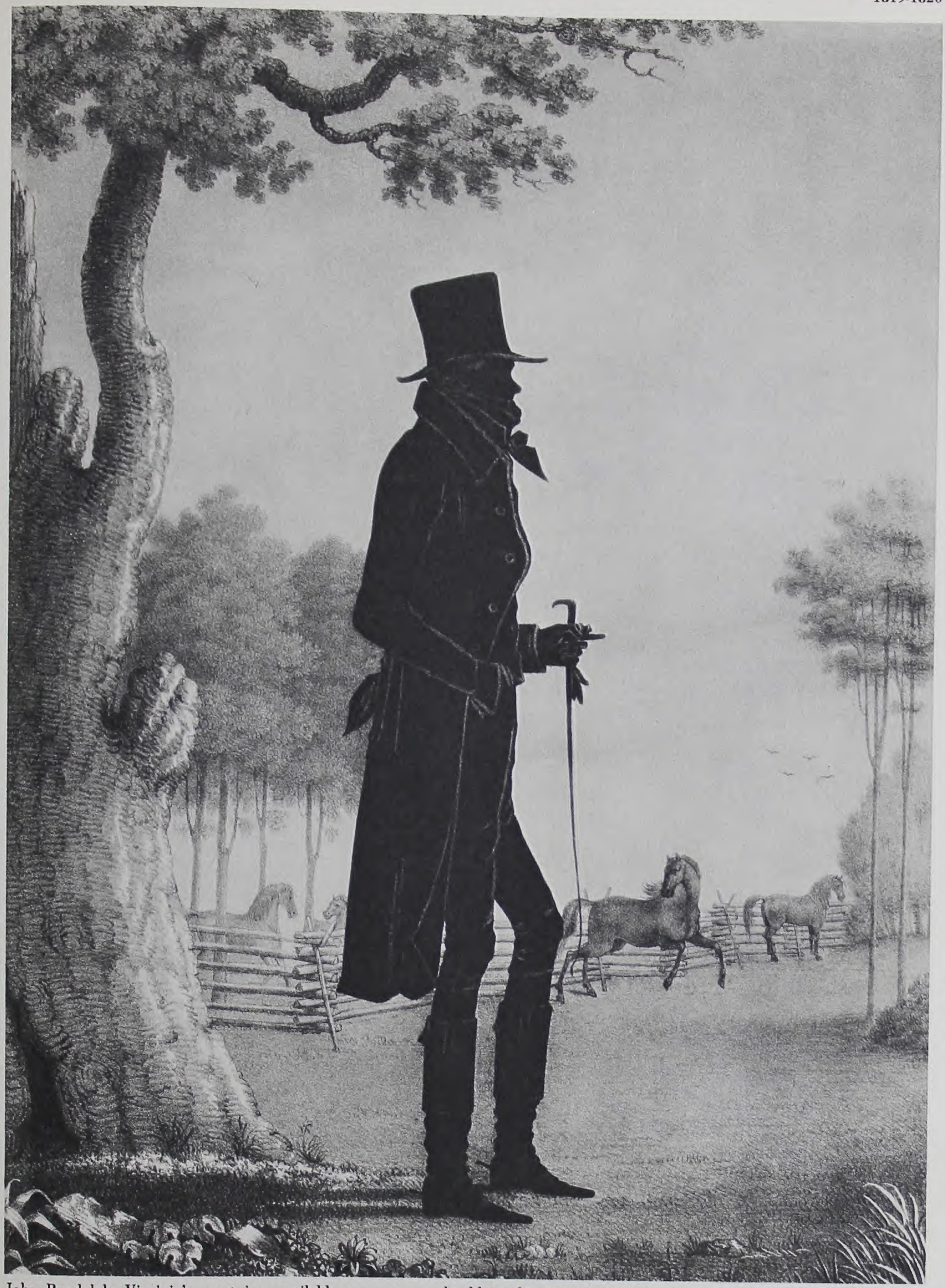
The debate on this plan was the most bitter in years. Yankee Congressmen taunted the South with seeking to establish new markets for the flesh and blood of men "raised like black cattle and horses on plantations." Angry Southerners answered with threats of war. "You are kindling a fire which all the waters of the ocean cannot extinguish," cried Howell Cobb of Georgia; "it can be extinguished only in blood!" The Compromise passed, and Missouri was admitted with its slaves.

Stark fear had much to do with the passage of the Missouri Compromise. For the first time Americans had a good look at the ugly passions which lay just below the surface of the slavery question. The venerable Jefferson, on his hilltop at Monticello, was deeply stirred. "This momentous question, like a fire-bell in the night, awakened and filled me with terror," he wrote. "I considered it at once as the knell of the Union. It is hushed, indeed, for the moment. But this is a reprieve only, not a final sentence."

This Missouri tax collector rode around his district on an ox with brass knobs on its horns. If a taxpayer slammed his front door, the ox simply lifted the roof off his house.



Daniel Boone, the old Kentucky Indian-fighter, moved to Missouri and died there in 1820. This woodcut is supposed to show him "trying on" his coffin shortly before he died.



John Randolph, Virginia's great irreconcilable, was so excited during the Missouri debates that he could eat nothing but crackers and gruel for days. He insisted the South should secede at once rather than accept any limitation on slavery. This silhouette of him was made at his stud farm, "Roanoke." A few years later he became insane.

THE MONROE-ADAMS DOCTRINE

Simón de Bolivar freed Bolivia, Colombia, Venezuela.

On December 2, 1823, President Monroe sent to Congress his annual message, which contained the following sensational announcements:

"The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers. . . . The political system of the allied powers [The Holy Alliance] is essentially different . . . from that of America. . . . We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt . . . to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence . . . we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them . . . by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

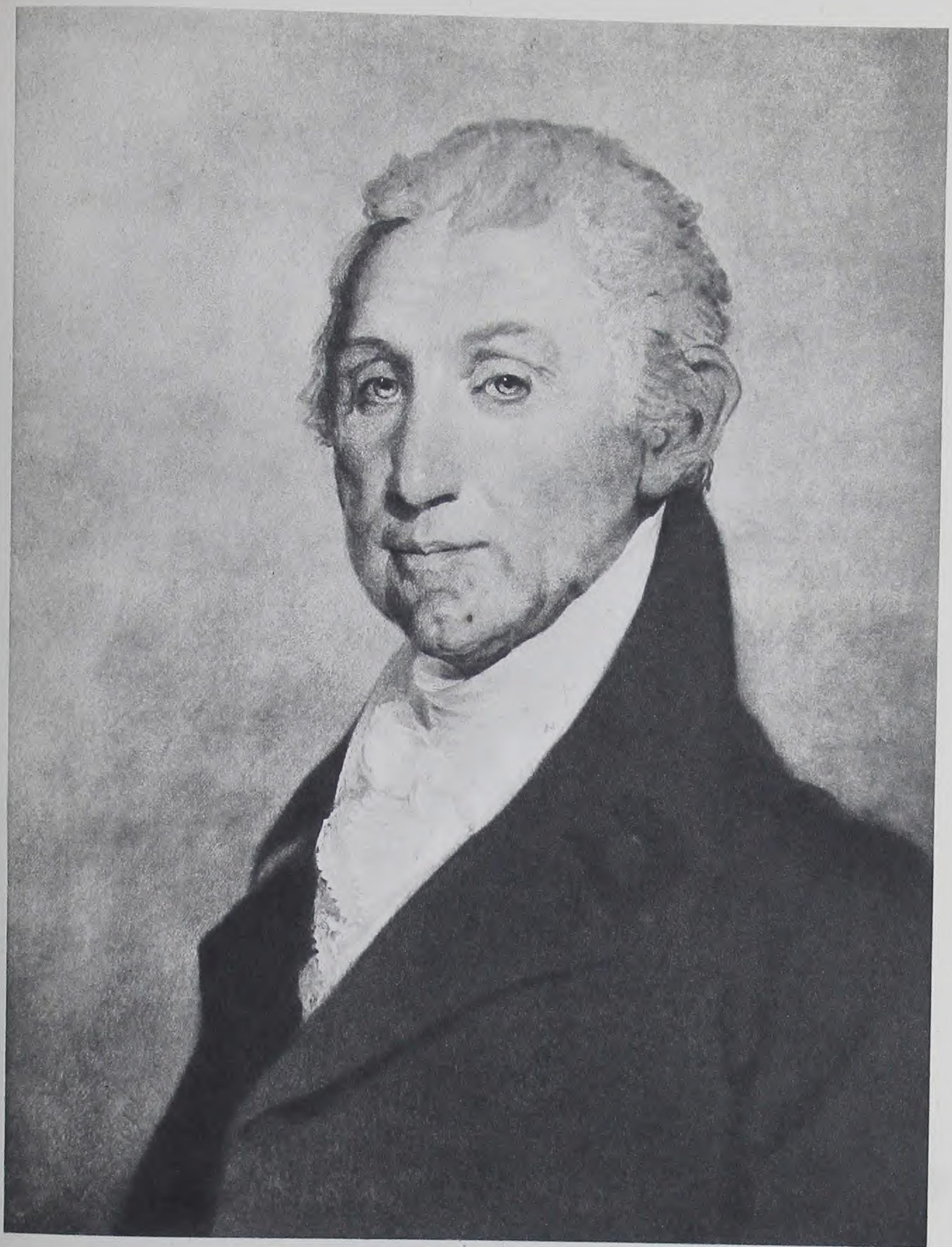
José de San Martín led revolts in Chile and Peru.

This was the famous Monroe Doctrine, which was conceived and partly written by Monroe's hard-working Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams. It was an extremely bold gesture, aimed directly at three of the world's big powers: Spain, Russia, and France. Since 1809 several Spanish provinces in America had revolted and declared their independence; in 1822 the United States recognized five of them as nations: Chile, Colombia, Mexico, Peru, and La Plata (Argentina). But in Europe the reactionary Holy Alliance (Russia, Austria, Bourbon Spain and France) was reported to be organizing an army to take them back. And in Moscow Czar Alexander I had announced that he was extending Russian sovereignty all the way down the Pacific coast to Oregon. The Foreign Minister of England, George Canning, did not like any of these moves. He suggested that the United States join England in a warning against aggression in the Americas. But Secretary Adams was too smart for this. He saw no reason, he said, to "come in as a cock-boat in the wake of the British man-of-war." He proposed that the United States issue its own warning, and include England as one of the countries to be warned.

He sold Monroe on his idea, and the Doctrine which they wrote was regarded, in time, as the most successful diplomatic stroke in American history. The European powers thought it the height of rudeness. But they were too jealous of each other to join together and chastise the United States for its impudence.

Czar Alexander I tried to seize Oregon for Russia.

Francis I of Austria was part of the Holy Alliance.



Once when President Monroe was touring the country an effusive citizen asked him if he did not feel worn out by all his traveling. "Oh no," smiled the President. "A little flattery will support a man through great fatigue." But by 1824 Monroe had grown somewhat tired of his job, and the country was decidedly tired of him and of the fading Virginia dynasty which he represented. It was true that he had been re-elected in 1820 by the largest majority since Washington. It was also true that he was the "Last of the Cocked Hats"—the last Revolutionary veteran and constitutional "Father" to head the Government. But for all that, most Americans were ready for a change.

John Quincy Adams was a canny diplomat and a sophisticated judge of Madeira wines. But he was suspicious, cold in manner, and lacking in personal charm. He had no close friends, and spent his lonely hours in the White House reading the Bible, writing in his massive diary, and toiling incessantly at the job of being President.

Cartoon of 1824 shows Candidates Adams, Crawford, and Jackson toeing the mark for the White House race. Clay scratches head *(right)*.

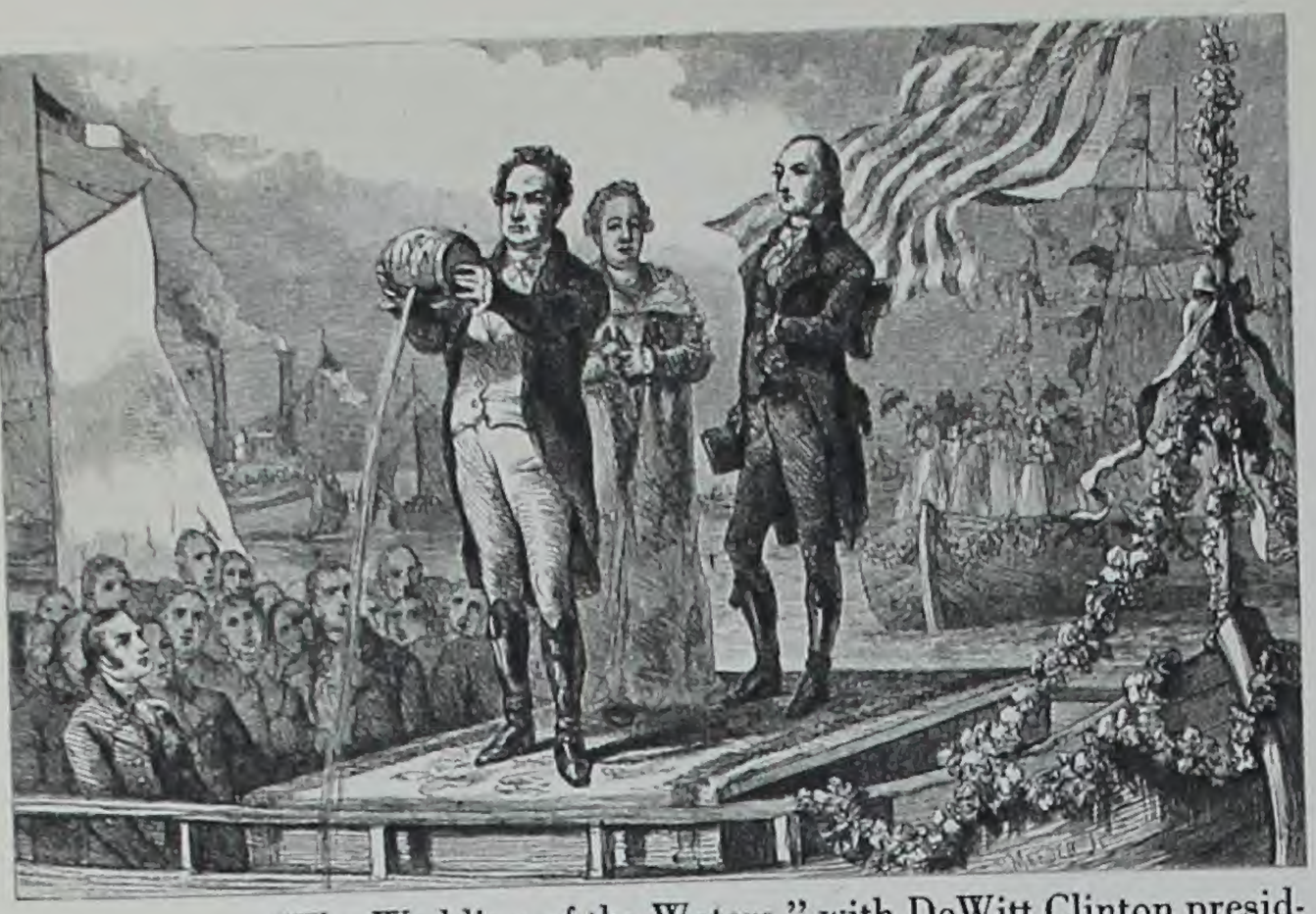
THE PRESIDENTIAL FOOT RACE OF 1824

THE ERA of Good Feelings blew up with a bang in the Presidential election of 1824. For 20 years the winning nomination had been passed around on a platter by the Republican caucus in Congress. But now there were too many new leaders, and the mass of voters was tired of caucus rule. Four candidates, all Republicans, lined up at the Capitol end of Pennsylvania Avenue *(above)* as the race to the White House began: William H. Crawford of Georgia, the official caucus candidate; General Andrew Jackson of Tennessee, who had stormed back into politics to vindicate his actions in Florida; bald John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts; and handsome Harry Clay of Kentucky. When the race was over Jackson had 99 electoral votes; Adams, 84; Crawford, 41; and Clay, 37. Since no candidate had a majority, the election (as provided in the Twelfth Amendment) was thrown into the House of Representatives, where Clay was Speaker and boss. Jackson and his followers insisted that the House was duty bound to select him because he had received more popular votes. But Clay put his finger on Adams—and Adams got the plum. Clay had a cold-blooded motive for this. He figured that Adams would not be too popular as President, and that he—Clay—would find it easy to succeed him.

But when Adams turned around and named Clay Secretary of State, the Jacksonians raised a great shout of "corrupt bargain." Instead of fixing a nice soft succession for himself, Clay made "Old Hickory" Jackson the most aggrieved, determined, and popular man in the United States.

THE WHITE HOUSE

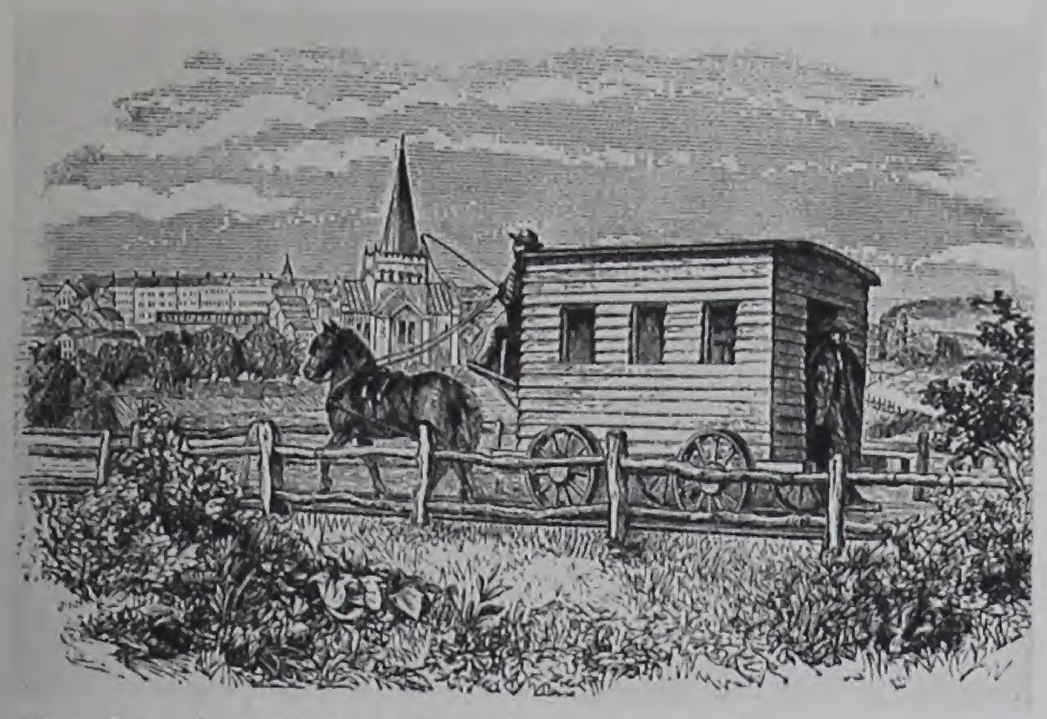
in the 1820's had its front yard on the Potomac River. President Adams slipped down there every warm morning between 4 and 6 o'clock, left his clothes under a tree, and plunged in for a quick dip. Visitors to Washington often saw the portly President, who was an excellent swimmer, sporting about on his back in the water. Coming out, he would dry himself with napkins, put on his clothes, and stroll back to his study to read the Bible and the newspapers before his 9 o'clock breakfast. Once a drowned Revolutionary veteran was taken out of the river while he was swimming near-by. Another time a lady reporter sat on his clothes and obtained an interview which he had been trying to avoid. But he continued to enjoy his swims.



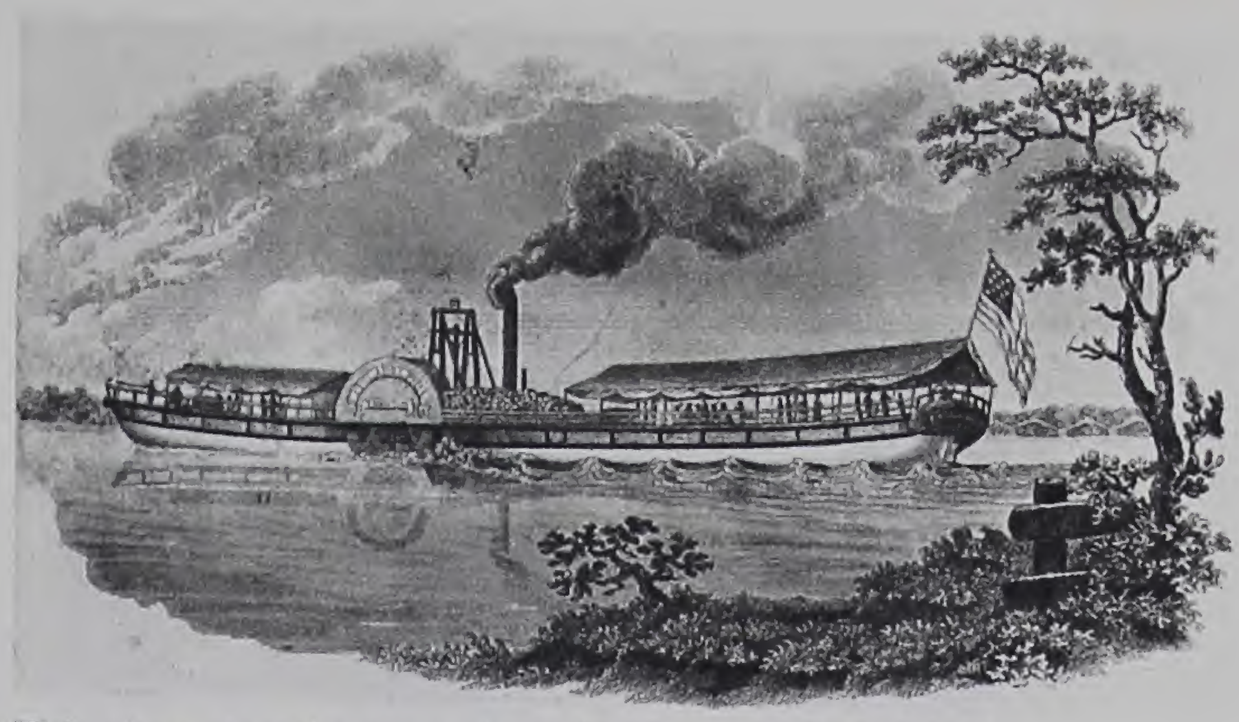
"The Wedding of the Waters," with DeWitt Clinton presiding, married the Great Lakes to the Atlantic. It also cemented economic unity between the Middle West and North.

The Erie Canal dropped 571 feet in altitude through 82 locks. This picture at Lockport, N. Y., shows lock gates of heavy timber and a hotel *(left)* for boat passengers.

"A cent and a half a mile, a mile and a half an hour," summed up the cost and speed of a ride on the Erie Canal. Horses walking along the towpath drew the flat, heavy arks smoothly across the muddy water. Passengers could sit out on top during the day (ducking down frequently for bridges) and sleep on shelflike wooden berths at night.



The first American railroad cars were drawn by horses.



This river steamboat ran from Trenton to Philadelphia.

AMERICANS ON THE MOVE

ONE DAY IN 1825 Governor DeWitt Clinton was towed through the harbor of New York City on a long flat canalboat named *Seneca Chief*. When he reached a point near Sandy Hook he picked up a small keg with a bunghole in the center and poured 5 gallons of water into the Atlantic Ocean. Then he said with great solemnity: "May the God of the heavens and the earth smile propitiously on this work and render it subservient to the best interests of the human race." From other boats around him a great cheer and a roar of cannon boomed out.

This was the official opening of the Erie Canal, which was said to be the largest engineering work ever completed by any government in the world. The Canal was, in effect, an enormous ditch, 363 miles long, 40 feet wide and 4 feet deep. More than half of it was cut through forests or swamps. Its entire cost of $7 million had been borne by New York State, for the Virginians in charge of the Federal Government had declined to contribute. The state raised part of the money by lotteries and part by a $1 tax on all persons who traveled 100 miles or more by steamboat.

Boats on "Clinton's Ditch" traveled at the exact speed that a team of horses would walk, so that a trip from New York to Buffalo took about 5 days. But even so, the Canal offered the fastest and cheapest route for east-west freight, and the most comfortable passenger ride as well. The Canal put New York City far ahead of Philadelphia in trade and population. Boston, Baltimore, even distant Charleston, felt the pinch of its competition. A wave of boosterism and building swept these rival cities and states: Pennsylvania alone built almost 1,000 miles of canals before 1840. Baltimore started the first trans-mountain railroad track, the Baltimore and Ohio. But to most Americans the word "railroad" was still a mystery. "What is a railroad?" asked the editor of a Pennsylvania newspaper. "Perhaps some correspondent can tell us." But no one did.

President Adams, who was more progress-minded than his predecessors, extended the Cumberland Road and wanted to build other national highways. Meanwhile individual Americans were trying other ways to move faster and farther. A Philadelphia mathematician built a flying machine in his back yard and petitioned Congress for the exclusive right to navigate the American skies. A more useful invention was the elliptical steel spring for carriages and stagecoaches, which came into use around 1825. This made possible long cross-country journeys without the awful jolting which had cracked the bones and soured the temper of many a Congressman coming into Washington, D. C.

This American of 1827 satisfied his urge for speedier travel by straddling and shoving a two-wheeled velocipede.

"Jackson is to be President, and you will be HANGED."
This campaign cartoon of 1828 threateningly recalled Jackson's many executions of army deserters and enemies.

JACKSON GETS HIS REVENGE

A LARGE AMOUNT of political mud was slung around the country in the bitter Presidential election of 1828. The opposing candidates, once again, were

John Quincy Adams, who can write,
And Andrew Jackson, who can fight.

Secretary of State Henry Clay, who had been eliminated from the race by the continual din of "corrupt bargain" from the Jackson men, supported Adams. Perhaps he was responsible for circulating the old scandal of Jackson's unlucky marriage—the General, it seems, had married his devoted wife Rachel before she was legally divorced from another man, and then, when he discovered his mistake, had to marry her a second time. The Adams propagandists tried to make this seem like a monstrous act of immorality. One pro-Adams pamphlet asked the question: "Ought a convicted adulteress and her paramour husband to be placed in the highest offices of this free and christian land?"

Clay and the other Adams men were hoping, of course, that Jackson would fly off the handle and try to kill somebody in the midst of the campaign. But for once Old Hickory managed to control himself. "How hard it is to keep the cowhide from these villains," he raged, but his friends talked him out of challenging Clay to a duel. Then came the notorious Coffin Handbills *(opposite page)*, which pictured the General as a raving bully who had killed his own Tennessee militiamen in cold blood. The Jackson men fought back with the ridiculous charge that Adams, while serving as Minister to St. Petersburg, had surrendered a beautiful American servant girl to the lustful Russian Czar.

The voting results were strikingly like those of 1800. Adams carried the same states his father had carried and, like him, lost the election. Jackson swept the old Jeffersonian states (New York, Pennsylvania, and the South) and won all the West as well.

Jackson on a man-eating Western alligator and Adams on the Embargo turtle stage a political tug of war in 1828.

Some Account of some of the Bloody Deeds OF GENERAL JACKSON.

A brief account of the Execution of the Six Militia Men.

As we may soon expect to have the *official* documents in relation to the Six MILITIA MEN, arrested, tried, and put to death, under the orders of General Andrew Jackson, this may not be an improper time to give to the public some of the particulars of their execution, as we have them from "AN EYE WITNESS," who appeals to Col. Russell, for the truth of every word he relates.

—

Harris was a Baptist preacher, with a large family. He had hired as a substitute for three months. This was the case with most of them. They were ignorant men, but obstinate in what they believed right, and what they had been told by their officers was right.—They were all sure they could not be kept beyond three months, and they gave up their muskets, and had provisions dealt out to them, from the public stores, before they left the camp.—This confirmed their convictions that they were right and doing what was lawful.

Col. Russel commanded at the execution. The Militia men were brought to the place in a large wagon. The military dispositions being made, Col. Russell rode up to the wagon and ordered the men so descend. Harris was the only one who betrayed feminine weakness. The awfulness of the occasion; his wife and nine children; the parting with his son; and the fear of a quickly approaching ignominious death! quite overcome him, and he sunk in unmanly grief. No feeling of military pride could brace him up.

Col. Russel, doubtless, felt as a man, but he felt also for the pride of the army, and desired to animate the men with fortitude. "You are about to die," said he, by the sentence of a Court "Martial—die like men; *like soldiers.* "You have been brave in the field—"you have fought well—do no disered-"it to your country, or dishonour to the "army, or yourselves, by any unmanly "fears. Meet your fate with courage."

Harris attempted to make some apology for his conduct, but while he spoke, he wept bitterly. The fear of death, the idea that he should never again behold his wife and little ones, and his son weeping near him, had taken such entire possession of his mind that it was impossible he should rally.

Lewis, the gallant Lewis, said in a clear and manly tone, "Colonel, I have "served my country well. I love it "dearly, and would, if I could, serve "it longer and better. I have fought "bravely—*you know* I have, and HERE "I have a right to say so MYSELF. I "would not wish to die in this way"—here his voice faltered, and he passed the back of his right hand over his eyes —"I did not expect it: But, I am now "as firm as I have been in battle, and "you shall see that I will die as be-"comes a soldier, you know I am a "brave man." "Yes, Lewis, said the Colonel, you have always behaved like a brave man." Other sentences were uttered, other declarations were made, and words of comfort spoken, but they were lost on me: my attention, says an Eye Witness, being chiefly directed to Lewis.

Six coffins were ranged as directed, and on each of them knelt one of our condemned American Militia Men — Such a sight was never seen before! I trust to God it never will be seen again! Six soldiers were detailed and drawn up to fire at each man. What an awful duty! Their white caps were drawn over the faces of the unhappy men.—Harris evidently trembled, and I could almost persuade myself that the heart of Lewis was enlarged, and that his bosom rose with manly courage to meet death. The fatal word was given and they all fell.

As we approached the scene of blood and carnage, Lewis gave signs of life; the rest were all dead—he crawled upon his coffin. After the lapse of a few minutes he said—I give his very words: "Colonel"—the Colonel was close to him—"Colonel, I am not killed, but I am sadly cut and mangled." His body was now examined and it was found that but four balls had wounded him. "Colonel," said he, "did I behave well." "Yes, Lewis"—said the Colonel in the kindest tone of voice—"like a man." "Well sir," said he, "have I not atoned for this offence? *Shall I not live?*" The Colonel was much agitated, and gave orders that the Surgeon should, if possible, preserve his life. They did all that skill and humanity could do—it was all of no avail. Poor Lewis expressed a great desire to live—"not," said he at one time, "that I fear death, "but I would repent me of some sins, "and I desire to live yet a little long-"er in the world." He suffered inconceivable agony, from his wounds, and died on the fourth day.

Many a soldier has wept over his grave. He was a brave man and much beloved. He suffered twenty deaths. —I have seen the big drops chase each other down his forehead with pain and anguish. There was much sensibility and sympathy throughout the camp.—I would not have, unjustly and unnecessarily, signed this death warrant for all the wealth of all the Indies. The soldiers detailed to shoot Lewis had, from strong feelings of sympathy, or mistaken humanity failed to shoot him —but four balls had entered his body.

"An Eye Witness" appeals to Col. Russell, who he thinks now lives in Alabama, for the perfect truth of this sketch. He does not fear but the Colonel will keenly recollect and faithfully depict the horrors of the day on which six Americans were shot to death under his command—but not by his orders.

The order bears date the very day after *General Jackson* returned in triumph to New Orleans, and the day before he joyfully went, under triumphal arches, to the Temple of the living God; where, says the historian, "they *crowned* their adored General with laurels." The order for the execution of these six unhappy men bears date January 22, 1815. His crown of laurels had not yet withered, when blood, the life's blood of his countrymen, of his fellow soldiers, flowed plentifully by his order. May that order and its consequences, sink deep into the hearts of the American people and steel them against him who had no flesh in his obdurate heart; who did not feel for Man; in the midst of Joy and Revelry, almost in the more immediate presence of his Creator, who issued the fatal order to put his fellow creatures to death, and to make their wives & children, widows and orphans.

MOURNFUL TRAGEDY;

Or, the death of Jacob Webb, David Morrow, John Harris, Henry Lewis, David Hunt, & Edward Lindsey—six militia men, who were condemned to die, the sentence approved by Major General JACKSON, and by his order the whole six shot.

O! DID you hear that plaintive cry
Borne on the southern breeze?
Saw you JOHN HARRIS earnest pray
For mercy, on his knees?

Low to the earth he bent, and pray'd
For pardon from his chief;
But to his earnest prayer for life
JACKSON, alas! was deaf.

"Spare me"—he said—"I mean no wrong.
"My heart was always true:
"Fair for my county's cause it beat,
"And next, great Chief, for you.

"We thought our time of service out—
"Thought it our right to go:
"We meant to violate no law,
"Nor wish'd to slaves the foe.

"Our officers declared that we
"Had but three months to stay;
"We served those three months faithfully,
"Up to the latest day.

"No one suspects intended wrong:
"This judgment only erred:
"In such a case, O noble Chief,
"Let mercy's voice be heard.

"At home an aged mother waits
"To clasp her only son;
"A wife, and little children—this arm
"Alone depend upon.

"Cut me not off from those dear ties:
"So soon from life's young bloom;
"O 'tis a dreadful thing to die,
"And moulder in the tomb!

"Sure mercy is a noble gem
"On every Chieftain's brow;
"More sparkling than a diadem—
"O exercise it now.—"

'Twas all in vain, JOHN HARRIS' pary'r,
'Tis past the soul's belief!
Hard as the flint was JACKSON'S heart;
He would not grant relief.

He order'd Harris out to die,
And five poor fellows more!
Young, gallant men, in prime of life,
To welter in their gore!!

Methinks I hear the muffled drum,
And see the column move;
—Lo here they come—how sad their looks
Farewell to life and love!

See six black coffins rang'd along—
Six graves before them made;
Webb, Lindsey, Harris, Lewis, Hunt,
And Morrow kneeled and prayed.

They kneel'd and pray'd, and tho't of none,
And all its dear delights.
The deadly tubes are levell'd now—
The scene my soul affrights!

Sure he will spare! sure JACKSON yet
Will all reprive but one—
O hark! those shrieks! that cry of death!
The dreadful deed is done!

All six militia men were shot;
And O! it seems to me
A dreadful deed—a bloody act
Of needless cruelty.

A short time before the execution of the militia-men, seven regular soldiers were shot near Nashville, by a band of regulars scarcely sufficient to guard the prisoners.—They were confined in a house, and taken out and executed one at a time, there being scarcely enough men for the purpose of executing and guarding at the same moment. An eighth soldier was to have been executed at the same time. He was a young man, who had deserted one month before his time had expired. General Jackson doomed him to die with the others. He was saved by a writ of habeas corpus from Judge M'Nairy, who fell under Jackson's displeasure for snatching this one victim from his blood-stained hands. If Jackson's army had been at hand, no doubt M'Nairy would have shared the fate of Judge Hall and Judge Fromentin. Capital punishments in an army, are designed for example as well as for penalty; but in this case it was a transaction of horror to peaceful citizens: no army was there to witness the bloody tragedy. He has ever been a man of "blood and carnage."

Do not be startled, gentle reader at the picture before you. It is all true and every body ought to know it. Gen. Jackson having made an assault upon Samuel Jackson, in the streets of Nashville, & the latter not being disposed to stand still and be beaten, stooped down for a stone to defend himself. While in the act of doing so, Gen. Jackson drew the sword from his cane and run it through Samuel Jackson's body, the sword entering his back and coming out of his breast. For this offence an indictment was found against Genl. Jackson, by a grand jury, upon which he was subsequently arraigned and tried. But finding means to persuade the petit jury that he committed the act in self-defence, he was acquitted. Gentle reader, it is for you to say, whether this man, who carries a sword cane, and is willing to run it through the body of any one who may presume to stand in his way, is a fit person to be our President.

Poor JOHN WOODS, he was a generous hearted, noble fellow as ever lived, who had volunteered in the service of his country. He was on guard one day at Fort Strother—the officer of the guard had permitted him to go to his tent, and snatch a hasty breakfast; whilst disposing of his scanty meal, seated on the ground beside his skillet, an upstart little officer, who was not Woods' equal at home, ordered him to pick up and carry off some bones that lay scattered about the place —Woods refused, and the little officer attempted to compel him. At this instant, Gen. Jackson, having heard the dispute, came out of his tent, and without knowing any thing of the merits of the case, repeatedly vociferated—"*Shoot the damn'd rascal!—Shoot the damn'd rascal.*" For this offence, the unfortunate, the gallant Woods, was tried, condemned and shot. Before his trial, Gen. Jackson used this language to the court-martial. "*By the immortal God! if you find him guilty I will not pardon him.*" And he kept his promise; though he did offer a pardon provided he would enlist in the regular service—Thus perished as noble a fellow as ever lived, for so trifling an offence as ever took the life of man!!!

On the 27th day of March, 1814, General JACKSON had found at an Indian village, at the bend of the Tallapoosie, about 1500 Indians, with their squaws and children, "running about among their huts." The following is an account of the sanguinary massacre which took place;—it is Gen. Jackson's own, and therefore must be received as sufficient evidence against himself. He says—"DETERMINING TO EXTERMINATE them, I detached Gen. Coffee with the mounted men, and nearly the whole of the Indian force, early on the morning of yesterday, to cross the ensuing the river about two miles below the encampment, and to surround the bend in such a manner as to prevent any of them should escape by attempting to cross the river." The result he then tells us, in the following words:—"*Five hundred and fifty seven* were killed, and put to death in cold blood. left dead on the Peninsula, and a great number of them were killed by the horsemen in attempting to cross the river; IT IS BELIEVED THAT NO MORE THAN TEN ESCAPED. We CONTINUE—are the general's words!—these; "this morning we killed sixteen which had been concealed"—and the man who acts and speaks thus; who has half as much blood upon his conscience, as he has upon his hands,—he, forsooth, is to be called the *peer* and *heir* of Washington, the happy warrior,—

"——————————he
Whose every deed at noble could wish to be!"

But it is time to have done with the unpleasant subject. We will observe in addition to the details already given, that the village was burnt, and several women and children killed. In conclusion, we ask our fellow citizens, whether Genl. Jackson, though he has contributed largely, has not done enough to disqualify him, in the eyes of the people as virtuous and to merit the confidence of a free people.

Gen. Jackson, detailing his progress among the [illegible], in the course of which, men, WOMEN and CHILDREN, were indiscriminately "exterminated," their towns burnt and their country laid waste, with the utmost complacency and *sang froid*, says, in his letter dated, "Camp before St. Marks, April 9, 1818"—"Capt. M'Keer having hoisted English colours on board of his boats, *Francis the Prophet*, Homathemathla and *two others*, were decoyed on board. *These have been hung to-day.*" Reader, mark the perfect indifference with which Gen. Jackson shoots, hangs or stabs his fellow beings, with or without trial, and the more than callous, aye, even exulting composure, with which he details his horrid and bloody deeds! If the Indians, according to the customs of their nation, put to death a prisoner, all the feelings of our nature rise into indignation against them. With what feelings then should we contemplate the *denying* and [illegible] murder of prisoners, by a civilized man, in the face of the laws and customs of his country!

FRANKLIN, Tenn. September 10, 1818.

A difference which had been for some months brewing between Gen. Jackson and myself, produced an affray, on Saturday, the 4th inst. in the town of Nashville, the most outrageous affray ever witnessed in a civilized country. In communicating the affair to my friends and fellow-citizens, I limit myself to the statement of a few leading facts, the truth of which I am ready to establish by judicial proofs.

1. That myself and my brother, Jesse Benton, arriving in Nashville on the morning of the affray, and knowing of General Jackson's threats, went and took lodgings in a different house from the one in which he staid, on purpose to avoid him.

2. That the General and some of his friends came the house where we had put up, and commenced the attack by levelling a pistol at me, when I had no weapon drawn, and advancing upon me at a quick pace, without giving me time to draw one.

3. That seeing this, my brother fired upon General Jackson, when he had got within eight or ten feet of me.

4. That four other pistols were fired in quick succession; one by General Jackson at me; two by me at the General; and one by Col. Coffee at me. In the course of this firing, General Jackson was brought to the ground; but received no hurt.

5. That daggers were then drawn. Col. Coffee and Mr. Alexander Donelson made at me, and gave me five slight wounds. Captain Hammond and Mr. Stockley Hays engaged my brother, who being still weak from the effect of a severe wound he had lately received in a duel, was not able to resist two men. They got him down; and while Capt. Hammond beat him on the head (a stroke from which he still suffers) Mr. Hays attempted to stab him, and wounded him in both arms, as he lay on his back parrying the threats with his naked hands. From this situation a generous hearted citizen of Nashville, Mr. Sumner, relieved him. Before he came to the ground, my brother dropped a pistol to the breast of Mr. Hays, to blow him through, but it missed fire.

6. My brother's and my pistols carried two balls each; for it was our intention, if driven to arms, to have no child's play. The pistols fired at me were so near that the blaze of the muzzle of one of them burnt the sleeve of my coat, and the other aimed at my head at a little more than arms length from it.

7. Capt. Carroll was to have taken part in the affray, but was absent by the permission of General Jackson, as he has proved by the General's certificate, a certificate which reflects I know not whether less honor upon the General or upon the Captain.

8. That this attack was made upon me in the house where the Judge of the District, Mr. Searcy, had his lodgings! Nor has the civil authority yet taken cognizance of this horrible outrage.

These facts are sufficient to fix the public opinion. For my own part, I think it scandalous that such things should take place at any time; but particularly so at the present moment, when the public service requires the aid of all its citizens.—As for the matter of courage, God forbid that I should ever attempt to gain it by becoming a bully.—Those who know me, know full well that I would give a thousand times more for the reputation of Coughon in defending his post, than I would for the reputation of all the duellists and gladiators that ever appeared upon the face of the earth.

THOMAS HART BENTON, *Lieut. Col. 39th Infantry.*

And now a member of the Senate of the United States.

Thomas Jefferson died on the fiftieth anniversary of independence, July 4, 1826. The previous year, aged 82, he let the sculptor John Browere coat his head with plaster and make the life mask below. The plaster dried too quickly and had to be removed with chisel and mallet, almost tearing off his ears.

THE JACKSON DEMOCRATS

ANDREW JACKSON rode into the White House on a wave of protest votes. In 1824 only 356,038 Americans had voted for President; in 1828 the number swelled to 1,155,340—an increase of 224 per cent. What had caused this outpouring?

It was, to a large extent, the climax of a struggle which had been going on for 40 years between the people and their various state legislatures. Under the old Federalist scheme of things no individual citizen was supposed to vote for President; the legislatures met every four years and named each state's Presidential electors. But states where the Federalists were not in control, like Virginia, granted popular suffrage as early as 1789. Most of the new Western states permitted it as soon as they were admitted. Elsewhere the issue was fought out, over and over, in state elections, and in conventions to draft new state constitutions.

In 1828, for the Jackson-Adams contest, New York, Vermont, Georgia, and Louisiana allowed their citizens to vote for President for the first time. Only two of the older legislatures—Delaware and South Carolina—still clung to their Federalist prerogative, and Delaware yielded in 1832.

This long battle for the simple right to vote gave many ordinary Americans the feeling that there was something fraudulent about the whole political system. They blamed whichever group was in power, and during the 1820's their suspicions helped to split the Republican party into hostile fragments.

One large fragment, which included most of the new voters, rallied around Jackson, who had the extra advantage of being the nation's foremost military hero. This formidable bloc of voters accepted and even gloried in the name of Democrats. The General himself praised the once-horrid word—he said that he was for "the Democracy of Numbers" as against "the moneyed aristocracy" of the few. With his powerful sanction "democracy" became an indispensable word in American politics.

The opposition, led by Henry Clay, took the more traditional name of National Republicans. They stood for all the things that Jackson disliked and fought: government aid to banks and business, increased powers for the Federal Government, federal spending for local improvements. But they too claimed descent from the "pure Republican principles" of Jefferson—which had, as a matter of fact, been greatly modified by Jefferson's successors.

During Jackson's Presidency these two parties met head-on in the most spectacular political clash since the days of Hamilton and Jefferson: the fight to recharter the Bank of the United States. The Bank was a privately owned corporation which was swimming in money and politics. It kept Daniel Webster and lesser statesmen on its payroll, subsidized newspapers all over the country, and maintained the most aggressive lobby in Washington. Through special privileges granted to it by the Madison Administration, it held a virtual monopoly of American and foreign credit transactions. Jackson did not like the way the Bank behaved, and he thought it was unconstitutional besides. When Congress approved a new Bank charter in 1832 the President rejected it in a veto message which expressed in memorable words the philosophy of his adherents:

"It is to be regretted that the rich and powerful too often bend the acts of government to their selfish purposes. . . . When the laws undertake . . . to make the rich richer and the potent more powerful, the humble members of society—the farmers, mechanics, and laborers—who have neither the time nor the means of securing like favors to themselves, have a right to complain. . . . If we cannot at once . . . make our Government what it ought to be, we can at least take a stand against all new grants of monopolies and exclusive privileges, against any prostitution of our Government to the advancement of the few at the expense of the many. . . ."

A few days before writing this Jackson told Martin Van Buren, "The bank, Mr. Van Buren, is trying to kill me, *but I will kill it.*"

President Jackson in a white beaver hat and steel-rimmed spectacles was painted by his close friend, Ralph Earl

OLD HICKORY TAKES OVER

Mrs. Andrew Jackson

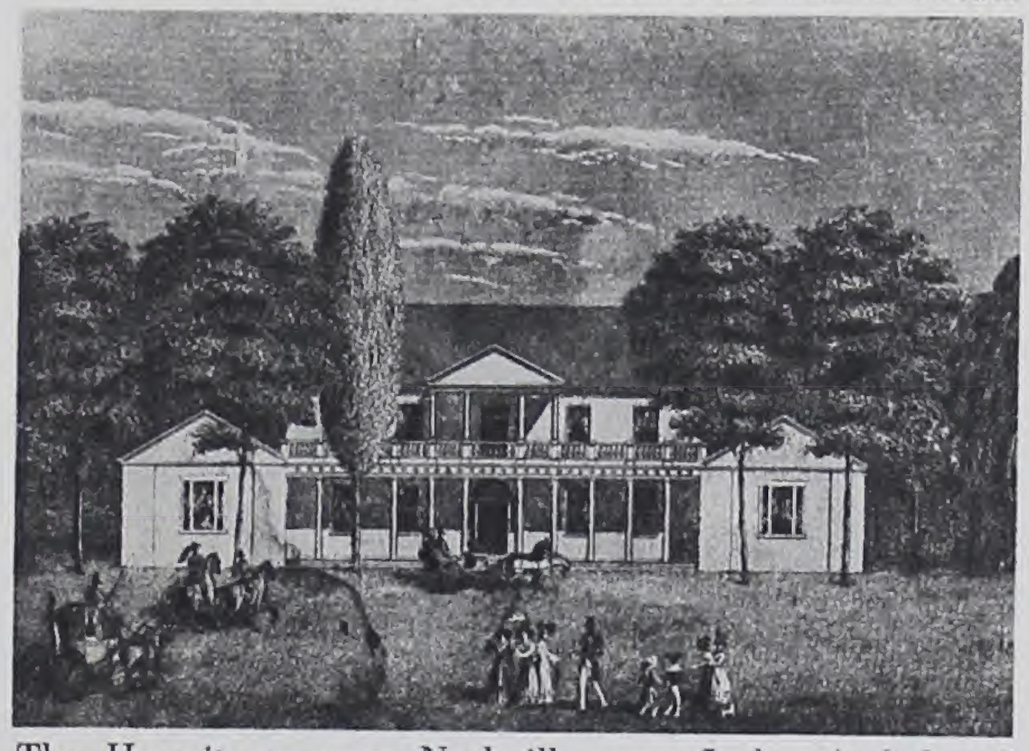
THE NEW DEMOCRATIC President was 62, lean and taut, with the look of a frontier fighting man and the manners of a frontier aristocrat. His soldiers in 1812 had nicknamed him "Old Hickory," after the toughest thing they could think of. His head, under the fountain-shaped crest of white hair, still bore the ugly scar inflicted by a British sword in 1781. One bullet from an old duel was lodged in his chest, near the heart. Another rested in a bone of his left arm.

He could not spell words very well, but he had been a successful lawyer and judge and a wealthy cotton planter. He owned slaves and believed in the slavery system. His political ideas were like the cane he carried—straight up and down, with a sharp steel sword inside. His actions sprang from an intense—even fanatical—patriotism, a razor-edged sense of honor, and an instinctive belief in the American common man.

He was haggard and ill when he arrived in Washington in February 1829. His wife had died since the election—she was hounded to death, he thought, by the slanderous lies of his political opponents. He refused to make a courtesy call on President Adams, and grimly took the oath of office from the aged Federalist Chief Justice, John Marshall, who was just as grim. Then he rode to the White House on horseback, at the head of a happy mob of partisans who tore down the curtains, smashed glasses, climbed over the tapestried chairs in muddy boots, and smeared the carpets with liquor and food. The capital had never seen the like of this Democratic debacle. Jackson fled through a back door and somebody put tubs of punch on the lawn to draw the hilarious Democrats outside, where they dispersed when the tubs were empty.

Andrew Jackson *(foreground)* lost his mother, two brothers, and South Carolina home during the Revolution.

Taken prisoner at 14, Jackson *(center)* refused to black a British officer's boots even when struck with a sword.



The Hermitage, near Nashville, was Jackson's beloved plantation home. Here he returned after all his battles.

A typical small-town crowd inspects the President-elect as he journeys to Washington for his inauguration in 1829.

"TO THE VICTOR

Amos Kendall, a semi-invalid, was Jackson's confidant and "thinking machine."

THE SCRAMBLE for cakes and wine at Jackson's inauguration party was soon surpassed by a fiercer scramble for jobs. The government offices were filled with Republican hacks who had grown old, slovenly, and careless with public funds. They had all supported Adams, and it was easy to persuade Andrew Jackson that they were a treacherous crew and ought to be replaced. While the Democratic newspapers kept up cries of "Cleanse the Augean stable!" and "The Barnacles Shall Be Scraped Clean from the Ship of State!" a steady procession of deserving Jacksonians filed into office.

The opposition shrieked that this was "tyranny," "proscription," a new "reign of terror." They found a better name for it after Senator William L. Marcy, a New York Democrat, rose to defend his administration colleagues. "They see nothing wrong," he blandly said, "in the rule, that to the VICTOR belongs the spoils of the ENEMY." After that Jackson's name was linked forever with the "spoils system."

The headquarters for spoils and everything else in the Government was at the White House, where the President usually lounged before a fireplace in his shirt sleeves, smoking a corn-cob pipe. Here the famous "Kitchen Cabinet" conferred with him and decided matters of state. This inner circle of advisers was the first Presidential brain trust, and wielded far more influence than the regular Cabinet. Its smartest members were Amos Kendall, a former Kentucky newspaper editor who wrote many Jackson messages, and Martin Van Buren, boss of the smoothly running Democratic machine of New York State, who also happened to be Secretary of State. Another White House intimate was Major John H. Eaton of Tennessee, who had been Jackson's colleague in the Army and the Senate. Eaton was not too bright, but he had just married a lively young widow, and wished to embark on a social career in the capital. Jackson obliged him by

Mrs. Emily Donelson, Jackson's niece and hostess, fled from the White House when her uncle asked her to be nice to Peggy Eaton.

Mrs. John C. Calhoun led the social boycott against Peggy Eaton, and helped ruin her husband's chances of becoming President.

BELONGS THE SPOILS"

making him Secretary of War.

This appointment touched off a tempest of petticoat politics which was too destructive to be funny. Eaton's bride was the celebrated (or notorious) Peggy O'Neale Timberlake, an innkeeper's daughter of much beauty and boldness. Her whims had already driven one man to suicide and her previous husband to a mysterious death at sea. When Peggy Eaton realized that other Washington wives would not entertain her because of her reputation, she jostled against them at formal dinner parties, and got into a fight with Jackson's pretty niece over a bottle of Cologne water.

The gossip quickly made the rounds that Peggy had allowed Eaton to woo her while her first husband was alive, that she had traveled to New York with him on several occasions, and that she had suffered a timely miscarriage as the result of a fall. This kind of talk scraped deep wounds in Andrew Jackson's chivalrous soul. He begged the other members of his Cabinet to intercede with their wives—but when he gave a White House banquet the tension between Peggy and the other ladies was so obvious that nobody had a good time. He called a special session of the Cabinet and refuted, point by point, and date by date, the charges against her honor. Still the ladies refused to have anything to do with her. While the country snickered over his dilemma, Old Hickory's anger blazed forth. He kicked out his whole Cabinet and appointed a new one.

The big loser by this was Vice President John C. Calhoun, whose wife had led the anti-Peggy forces. Calhoun had been the logical No. 2 man among the Democrats, but now the crafty Van Buren moved up and took his place. On a morning horseback ride with the President, "Little Van" had suggested the scheme for ending the Cabinet crisis by ending the Cabinet. He lost his own place in the State Department, but henceforth he was Jackson's most trusted adviser.

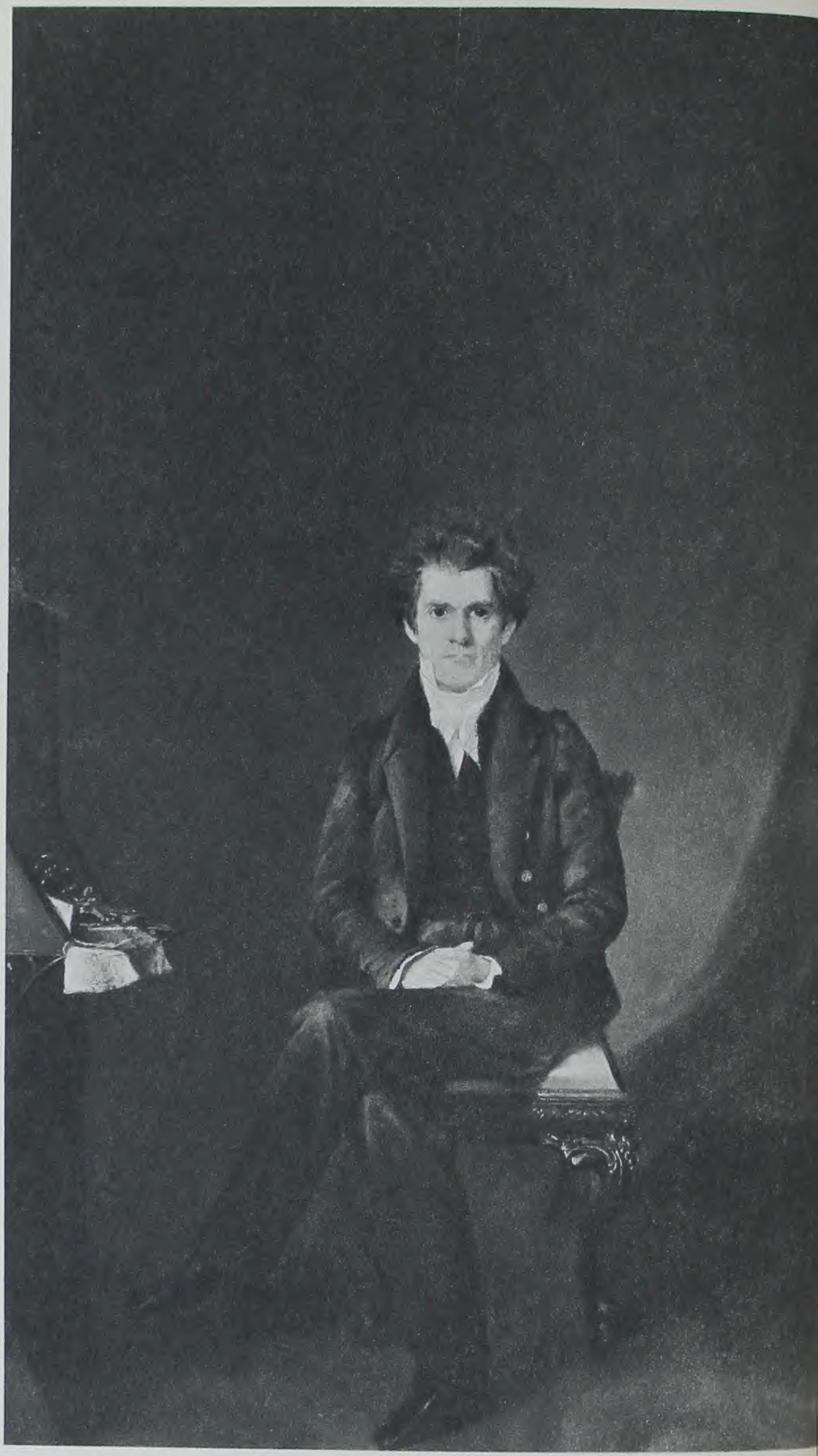
The scandalous past of Peggy Eaton *(center)* wrecked Jackson's first Cabinet.

The only Cabinet meeting ever held to discuss a woman's virtue is satirized in this cartoon. Peggy (who did not attend the real meeting) is pictured as a ballet dancer. Van Buren peers through a lorgnette. Jackson's verdict: "She is as chaste as a virgin!"

Robert Young Hayne, Senator from South Carolina, fronted for Calhoun in the Congressional debates on nullification.

THE CHIEF NULLIFIER

was the stern spokesman for the slave-and-cotton kingdom of the South, Vice President John C. Calhoun *(right)*. At a Jefferson birthday banquet in 1830 Calhoun and Jackson met face to face on this issue, in a scene which thrilled the nation. The dinner was under way and the diners had already heard a long string of toasts when the President was called upon. He rose and, looking straight at Calhoun, said in a commanding voice: "Our Union: It must be preserved!" Abruptly the clatter of conversation and glasses ceased; everyone stood and drank. Calhoun's hand was shaking so that the yellow wine ran down the side of his glass. In a hesitating tone he offered the next toast: "The Union, next to our liberty, most dear!" and then added a little speech: "May we all remember that it can only be preserved by respecting the rights of the States and by distributing equally the benefits and burdens of the Union." But it was Jackson's sharp words that rang in the nation's ears the next day, and for a long time afterward.



"I WILL HANG JOHN C. CALHOUN!"

RUMBLING OUT of a routine Senate debate in the first winter of Jackson's Presidency, an old and terrifying issue suddenly confronted the nation. Could a state, as an individual member of the Federal Union, nullify the Union's laws within its own territory? In South Carolina, where the cotton planters writhed under Clay's new "Tariff of Abominations," a determined drive for nullification was already under way. As a first step the nullifiers planned to stop the collecting of federal duties at Charleston.

In the Senate an ardent South Carolinian named Robert Y. Hayne expounded the nullification doctrine. When Hayne attacked the North, and dragged up spiteful memories of the Hartford Convention, Senator Daniel Webster of Massachusetts rose to reply. For two days the giant of New England hurled his thunderbolts, crushing Hayne under a sheer weight of eloquence. But everyone, including Andrew Jackson, knew that Hayne was only a figurehead, and that the leader of the nullifiers was Vice President Calhoun. When South Carolina finally passed an ordinance of nullification Jackson prepared to call out 35,000 troops and lead them against his native state himself. As a first step, he announced, he would try Calhoun for treason and, if convicted, "hang him as high as Haman." When Calhoun heard this he trembled and turned pale. Henry Clay, the Great Pacificator, arranged a compromise on the tariff, and South Carolina took back her nullification law.

Years later, when asked if he had any regrets in his life, Andrew Jackson admitted that he had two: that he had been unable to shoot Henry Clay, or to hang John C. Calhoun.

WEBSTER REPLIES TO HAYNE AND DEFENDS THE UNION

Daniel Webster's second speech in reply to Senator Hayne, delivered on January 26, 1830, has been called the greatest recorded American oration. Webster first replied at length to Hayne's aspersions against New England and demolished with ponderous logic the constitutional argument for nullification. Then he closed with his famous peroration to the Union:

I profess, Sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country.

That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, Sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this Government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil.

God grant that in my day at least that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in the heavens, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterward;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

Webster's reply to Hayne inspired this famous painting by George Peter Alexander Healy. The setting is the little semicircular chamber where the Senate met until 1860. The gallery is thronged with lady visitors, including the second Mrs. Daniel Webster, a bride of six weeks. The familiar figure of Webster, his massive body thrust forward, one hand clenched upon his desk, dominates the scene. For this triumphant occasion he is wearing a dark blue swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, a buff waistcoat, and

a white cravat. Senator Hayne, who provoked the torrent, is seated at left center, just to the right of an old Senator with long gray curls. Standing with his back to a pillar in the rear is Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri, who once fired two bullets at Andrew Jackson during a street brawl in Nashville. Vice President Calhoun leans attentively over his desk at far left. Soon after this Calhoun quit the Vice Presidency and was elected to the Senate for the sole purpose of trying to answer Webster.

"The Downfall of Mother Bank" shows the effect of Jackson's removal of the government deposits. "Nick" Biddle *(with horns)* and his newspaper hirelings scurry for their lives. Jack Downing, symbolizing the people, hurrahs.

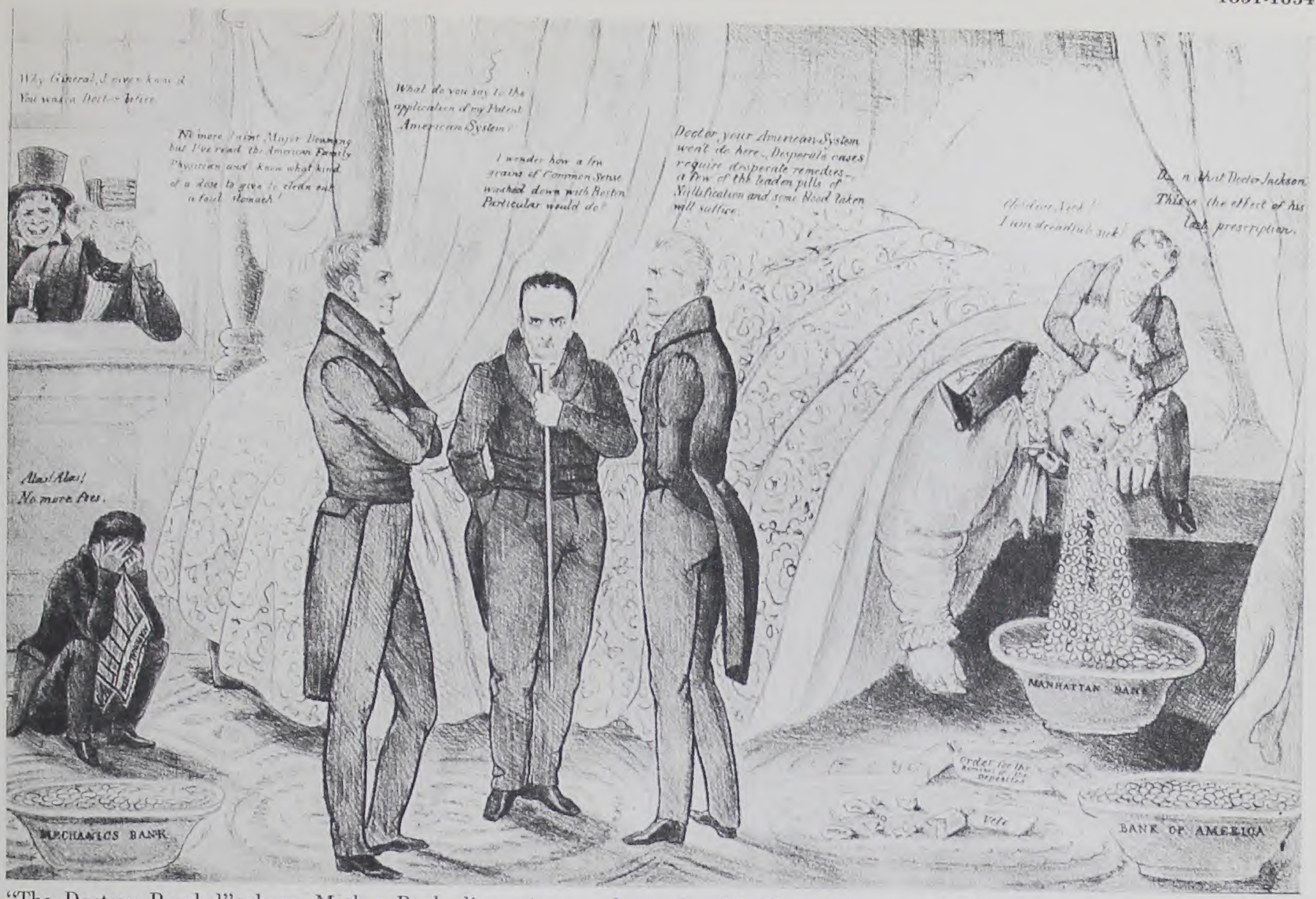
JACKSON KILLS THE BANK

THE BANK OF THE UNITED STATES was a rich and powerful institution when Jackson entered the White House. By the end of his first term it was the tumbling wreck, the deathly sick old lady, the thrashing dragon shown in these three cartoons. The American people watched this transformation in breathless suspense. At first they applauded the President in his battle with the "money power." But toward the finish they felt as though they were being dragged through a ghastly dream. In these cartoons their conflicting emotions are expressed by Major Jack Downing, a comic philosopher who stands beside Jackson and speaks the mind of the man in the street.

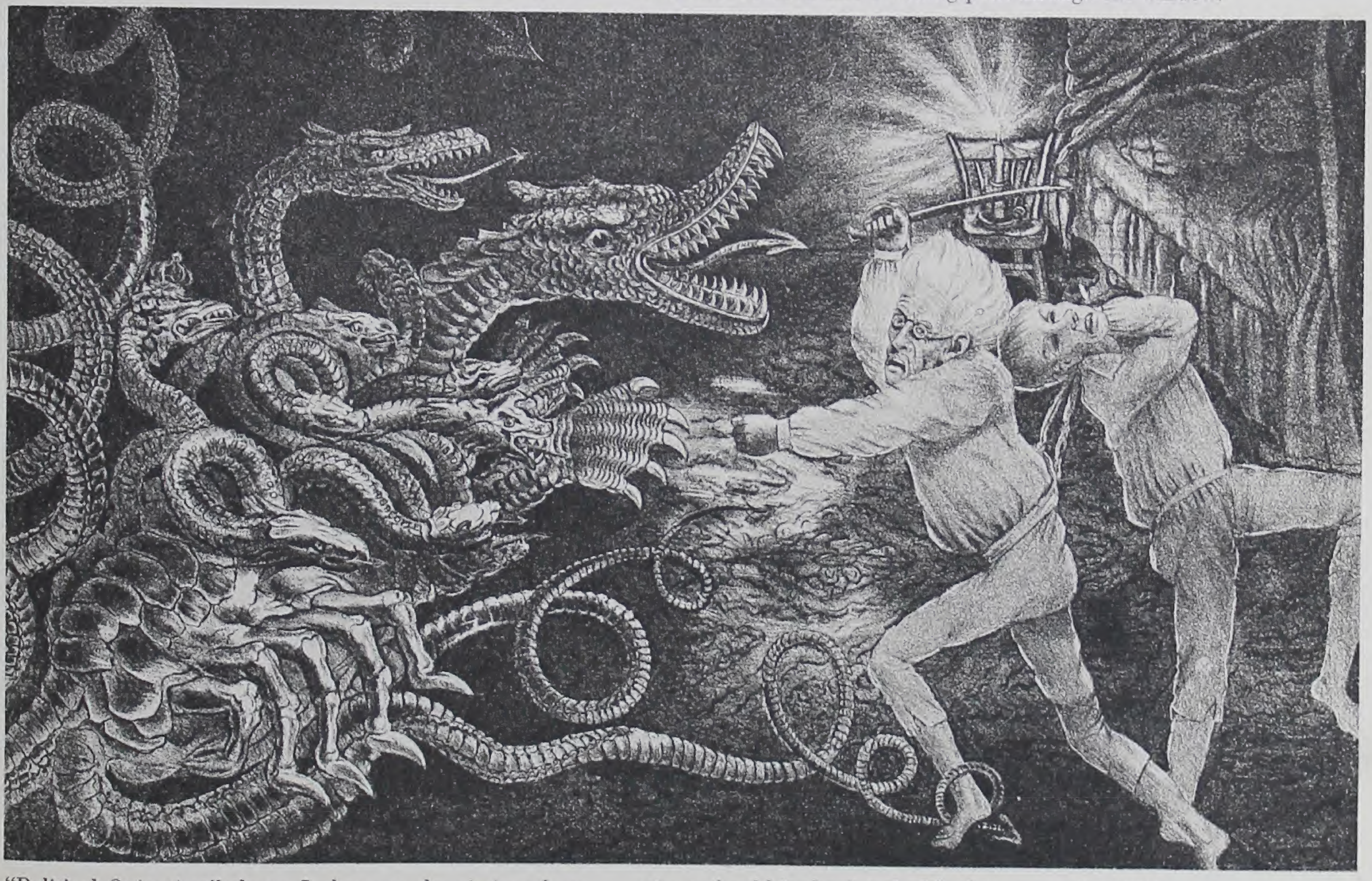
The Bank began the fight with a monopoly of government deposits, totaling nearly $10 million, and a capitalization of $35 million. Its discount activities ran to $40 million a year, its profits as high as $1½ million. Its president was Nicholas Biddle, a Philadelphia patrician who smiled condescendingly on the old backwoodsman in the White House. "As to mere power," Biddle once confided, "I have been for years in the daily exercise of more personal authority than any President."

It was the arrogant Biddle who insisted on an early showdown. The Bank's charter did not expire until 1836, and Jackson was willing to wait until then. But in 1832 Biddle applied to Congress for a new 15-year charter with the same monopoly features the Bank had long enjoyed. Henry Clay, who was running against Jackson for President that year, seized upon this as a campaign issue. When the charter was granted by Congress, and Jackson vetoed it in his famous "poor against the rich" message, Biddle could scarcely restrain his glee. "As to the Veto message I am delighted with it," he wrote to Clay. "It has all the fury of a chained panther biting the bars of his cage. It is really a manifesto of anarchy." He predicted—rather naïvely—that the voters would punish the President for his presumption. The Bank poured more money into Clay's campaign than had ever been spent on a Presidential election.

In the White House Old Hickory stiffened. After the election was over and Clay had been soundly beaten, Jackson issued an order withdrawing all government deposits from the "monster." That sealed the Bank's doom, but it died slowly and painfully, dragging down the country's credit by a series of revengeful measures.



"The Doctors Puzzled" shows Mother Bank disgorging the Government's funds into smaller banks. Biddle sits on her neck, while Clay, Webster, and Calhoun consult on the sad case. Jackson and Downing peek through the window.



"Political Quixotism" shows Jackson as the victim of an anti-Bank nightmare. Downing, representing the public, tries to haul him back to bed by his suspenders. This cartoon appeared when people were tired of the Bank war.

"King Andrew the First," a typical opposition cartoon, shows Jackson trampling on the Constitution and federal court decisions. Once when the Supreme Court handed down a decision he didn't like, Jackson declared: "John Marshall has made his decision, now let him enforce it."

THE REIGN OF

JACKSON had to remove two Secretaries of the Treasury before he found one who would carry out his order to withdraw the government deposits. Meanwhile the Bank's champions raised a nation-wide hue and cry against "King Andrew the First." Tyrant, usurper, dictator, destroyer of the liberties of his country, detestable, vain, ignorant, malignant—these were a few of the epithets hurled at the man in the White House. Reports of genuine business distress—often caused by the dying Bank's deliberate policy—were magnified in the Bank's kept press. In the Senate, where Martin Van Buren had succeeded Calhoun in the Vice President's chair, a magnificent piece of political play-acting took place. Henry Clay had the floor. With touching pathos he begged Van Buren to intercede and change the President's "fatal" course.

"Depict to him," he begged, "the heart-rending wretchedness of thousands of the working classes cast out of employment. Tell him of the tears of helpless widows, no longer able to earn their bread, and of unclad and unfed orphans who have been driven, by his policy, out of the busy pursuits in which

Senator John C. Calhoun *(right)* was "the cast-iron man" of Congress in the middle 1830's. Plunged into icy bitterness by his defeat during the nullification crisis, Calhoun now charged that Jackson had made himself a Caesar, striving "to choke and stifle the voice of American liberty."

KING ANDREW

but yesterday they were gaining an honest livelihood. . . ." Van Buren sat quietly until Clay was all through. Then, without batting an eye, he destroyed the whole effect by strolling over to Clay's desk and borrowing a pinch of snuff.

In March 1834, under Clay's prodding, the Senate passed a resolution of censure which charged that the President had "assumed upon himself authority and power not conferred by the Constitution and laws, but in derogation of both." This was an unprecedented action, and Jackson regarded it as a grave reflection on his honor. Senator Tom Benton of Missouri, who had become Jackson's ardent disciple after trying to kill him in a free-for-all, fought for three years to erase the resolution from the Senate journal. In 1837 Benton finally succeeded—a thick black line was drawn around the record of Clay's resolution, and the word "expunged" was written across it. After eight years of battling with the giants of American finance and politics, "King Andrew" was still their master when he quit the Presidency and retired to the Hermitage.

"Symptoms of a Locked Jaw" shows Clay sewing up Jackson's mouth after the passage of the famous censure resolution. Jackson had sent a thundering protest message to the Senate and Clay prevented it from being recorded. But Old Hickory was too tough for this kind of needlework.

Senator Thomas Hart ("Old Bullion") Benton *(left)* fought Jackson's battles in the Senate. Benton's special hobby was getting rid of "shinplaster" paper money. When the Treasury, at his insistence, issued new gold coins in 1834 the people called them "Benton's mint drops."

M.—" Murder ! Murder ! ——"
L.—" Nic, gag him ! Stuff a 'kerchief down his throat, for ——'s sake."
N.—" I'll fix him," [*Crams a handkerchief into his mouth.*]—" Lend a hand, Colonel."

K.—" There comes the wretch, bound, hoodwinked, and under guard."
L.—" Hold him up, Sheriff."
M.—" Do, for mercy, give me a little water, before I choke."
S.—" Yes, yes ; silence ! you shall have some water."

M.—" Gentlemen, I am your prisoner ; show your magna——"
L.—" Do you feel that ? [*Pushing against Morgan's breast with a pistol.*] Another word, and I will shoot you."

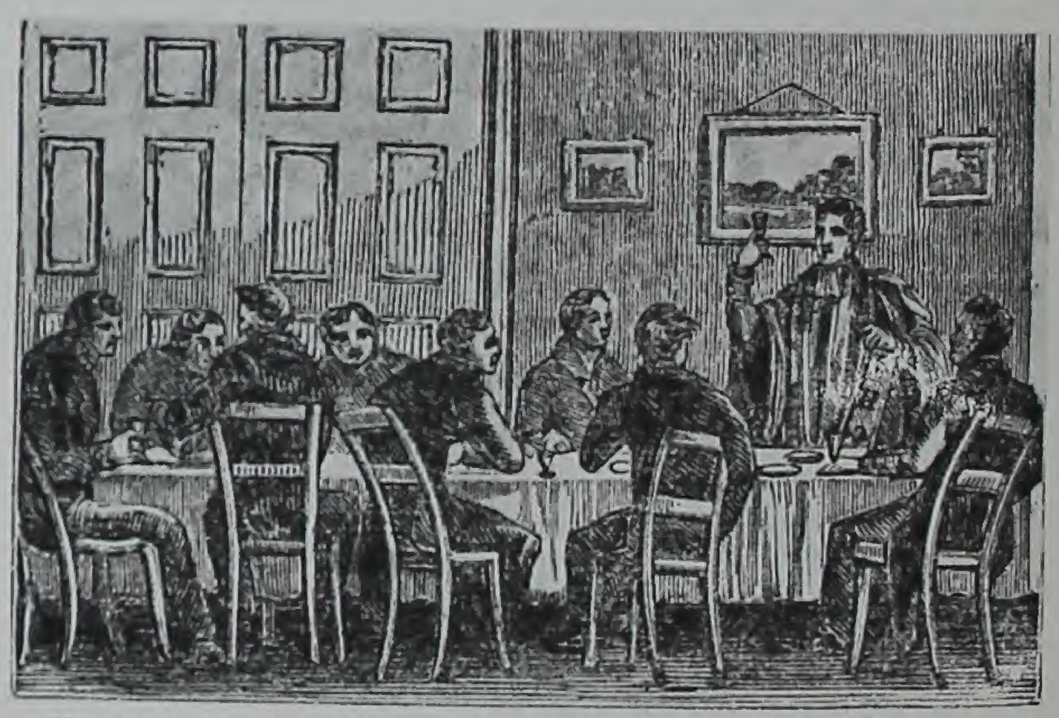
These woodcuts from the *Anti-Masonic Almanac* for 1833 show the alleged fate of William Morgan at the hands of the Masons. In the bottom picture Morgan, blindfolded, is about to be pushed into the river. His widow later became one of the wives of Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet. At right, the Masons celebrate Morgan's death.

THE ENEMIES OF MASONRY

THE ANTI-MASONIC PARTY was a political nuisance which grew to serious proportions during Jackson's Presidency. It had started back in 1826, after the unsolved disappearance of William Morgan, a brick-and-stone mason of Batavia, New York. Morgan was a Royal Arch Mason who got into debt and decided to make some money by publishing a book describing secret Masonic rituals. He took out a copyright for the book, but before it appeared in print he vanished. The popular belief was that he was whisked away in a carriage and thrown into the Niagara River by the Masons. His body was never found.

This weird episode led to a national outcry against the Masons—who denied everything—and the organization of a separate political party to agitate for their suppression. In the early 1830's the Anti-Masons were thick as hornets in the rural "Yankee Belt," from Maine to the Ohio Western Reserve. In Pennsylvania their fiery leader was Thaddeus Stevens of Gettysburg, who made a speech denouncing the Masonic Grand Lodge as "a chartered iniquity, within whose jaws are crushed the bones of immortal men, and whose mouth is continually reeking with human blood, and spitting forth human gore." The Masons themselves, said Stevens, were a "feeble band of lowly reptiles" who shunned the light and retired to "midnight dens" to perpetrate their "blasphemies."

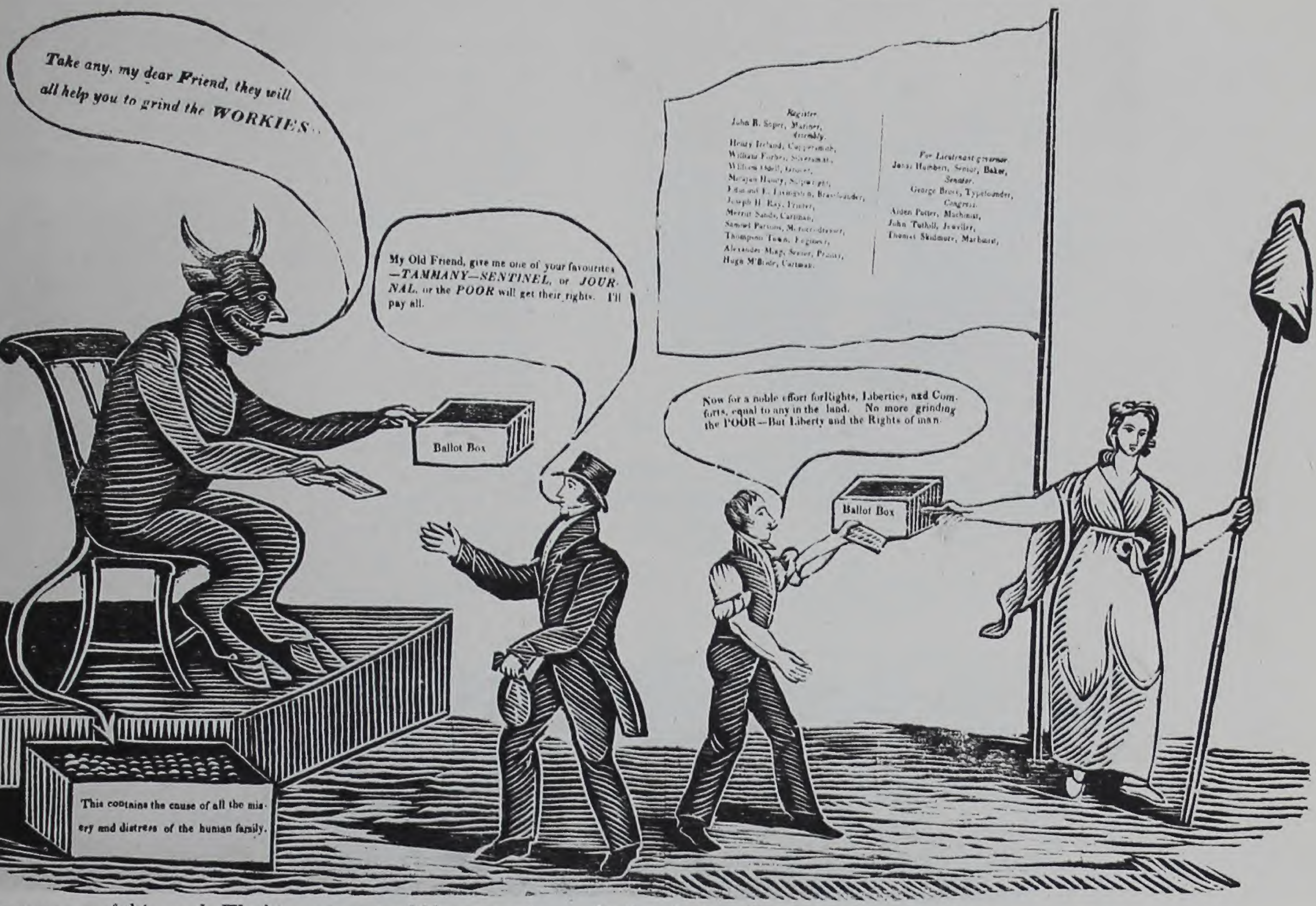
The Anti-Masons were the first American party to hold a Presidential nominating convention, at Baltimore, in September 1831. Strangely enough, their candidate, William Wirt, was a Mason. In 1832 Wirt and the Anti-Mason ticket carried Vermont, and ran ahead of Jackson in Massachusetts.



H.—" The enemies of Masonry—may they find a grave, six feet deep and six feet long, due east and west."

We are in favour of Monarchy, Aristocracy, Monopolies, Auctions, laws that oppress the *Poor*, Imposture and the rights of the rich man to govern and enslave the Poor man at his will and pleasure, denying the Poor the right to redress, or any participation in political power.

We are opposed to Monarchy, Aristocracy, Monopolies, Auctions, and in favour of the Poor to political power, denying the right of the rich to govern the Poor, and asserting in all cases, that those who labour should make the laws by which such labour should be protected and rewarded; and finally, opposed to degrading the Mechanic, by making Mechanics of Felons. Our motto shall be *Liberty, Equity, Justice*, and *The Rights of Man*.



The message of this crude Workie cartoon could be grasped by the most untaught mechanic of the 1830's. While the devil and the millionaire conspire to buy up an election, the honest workingman fights back with his ballot.

THE REVOLT OF THE WORKIES

In 1829 another new political party polled 5,600 votes in New York City and elected the president of the Carpenters' Union to the state assembly. The official name of the new organization was the Working Men's Party, and its members were commonly called the "Workies." Aided by Jackson's obvious bias toward the common man, the Workies won some modest victories in industrial centers like Philadelphia, Albany, and New London. Among their "radical" demands were a ten-hour day for factory workers, abolition of imprisonment for debt, and more and better public schools for their children. Their votes were mostly recruited from the small and struggling trade-unions.

This debut of the American labor movement in politics was greeted with hysterical abuse by the conservative newspapers, whose editors called the Workies the "Infidel Party," the "Dirty Shirt Party," a "ring-streaked and speckled rabble." Their leaders, said the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, were "lost to society, to earth and to heaven, godless and hopeless," and deserved nothing better than to "die like ravenous wild beasts, hunted down without pity." The Workies' propaganda was also violent. "Great wealth," said one Workie philosopher, "ought to be taken away from its possessors on the same principle that a sword or a pistol may be wrested from a robber."

The Working Men's party faded rather quickly from the national scene. Most of the Workies joined the left wing of Jackson's Democracy, and sang in the campaign of 1834:

> Mechanics, Carters, Laborers
> Must form a close connection
> And show the rich Aristocrats
> Their powers at this election. . . .

THE YANKEE

William Lloyd Garrison called the American Constitution "an agreement with hell" because it sanctioned slavery.

EVER SINCE the beginning of the Government a movement for gradual emancipation of the Negro slaves had been winning converts in the South. Washington, Jefferson, Clay, even John Randolph, the high priest of Southern rights, had favored it. They were willing to have a tiny trickle of blacks purchase their freedom, or receive it from benevolent masters, provided there was no interference with the touchy institution of slave "property."

But the Puritan conscience of the North had now grown tired of waiting. At least 300 slaves were born each year for every one that was freed. In 1831, from the Yankee capital of Boston, a disturbing new voice was heard. William Lloyd Garrison, writing in the first number of his weekly paper, the *Liberator*, demanded the total, unconditional, immediate abolition of American slavery. "On this subject," wrote Garrison, "I do not wish to think, or speak, or write, with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire, to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher . . . but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like

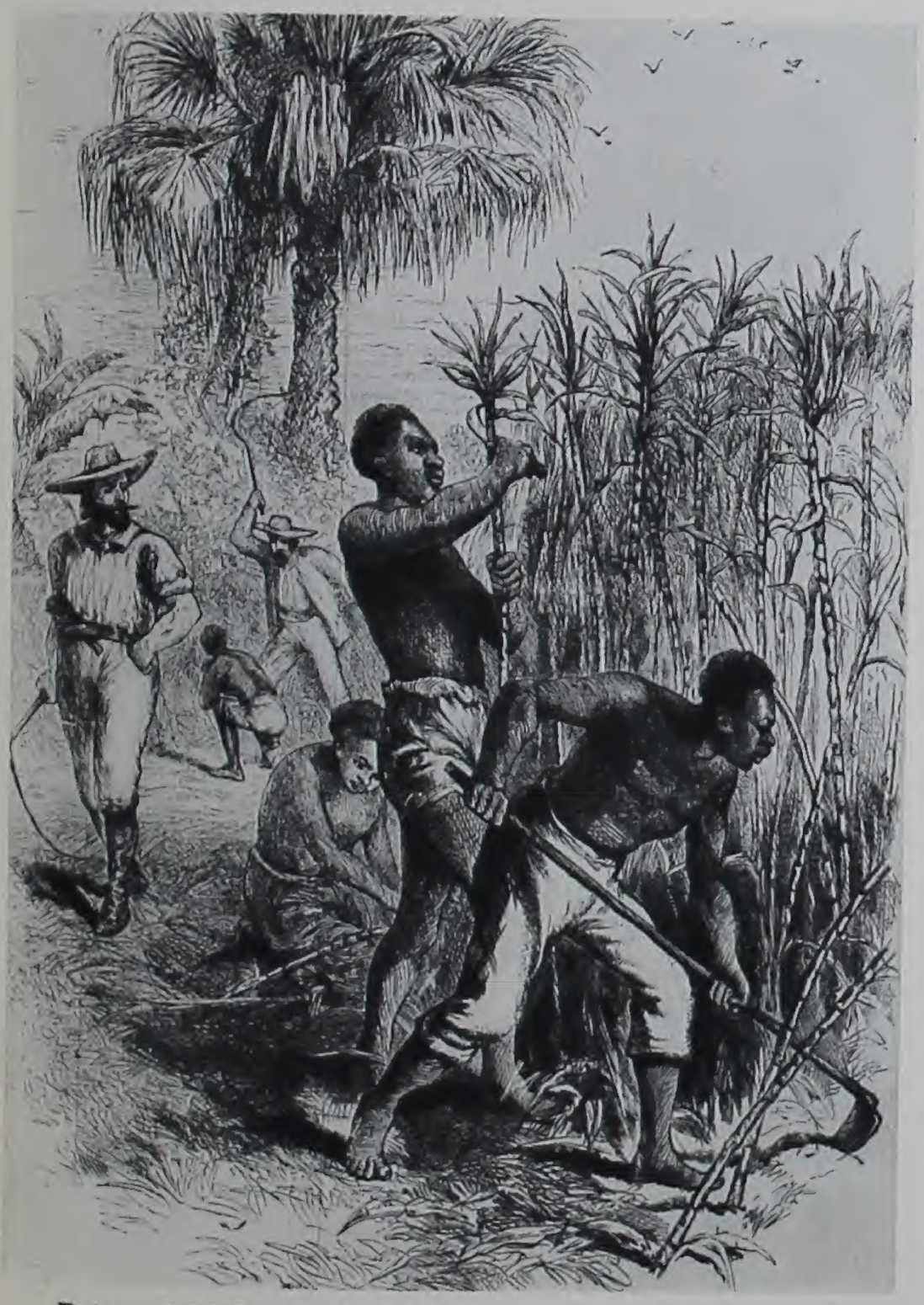
This slave store in New Orleans specialized in domestic servants, who stood around outside wearing their best clothes and trying to attract buyers. The men in the silk hats at left sold for between $600 and $800 each.

ABOLITIONISTS

the present. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—*AND I WILL BE HEARD.*"

Later that same year the Nat Turner slave insurrection broke out in Virginia, causing the senseless slaughter of 55 whites and more than 100 blacks. Although such revolts were nothing new, the whole South blamed this one on Garrison. A virtual state of siege went up in the Southern states: Garrison's paper was banned and burned in the streets; a wave of lynchings swept the back country; white Northerners were beaten; and all discussion of slavery was forbidden, even in the national Capitol. When the abolitionists sent in the Declaration of Independence as a petition to Congress, the Southern members refused to allow it to be read.

In the North, too, the abolitionists were treated as dangerous fanatics. Their meeting places were burned by mobs, Garrison himself was beaten on a Boston street, and his disciples were murdered. The abolition issue was too hot for the orthodox politicians of the 1830's, so it was left to mob violence.



Prime field hands like these sugar-cane cutters were the most valuable slaves, selling for as high as $1,300 apiece.

THE FIRST MARTYR

of the abolitionists was the Reverend Elijah Parish Lovejoy, 35, of Alton, Illinois, whose printing press is pictured above, in the hands of a proslavery mob. Lovejoy was born in Maine, educated at Waterville College, and settled in Alton as a Presbyterian minister and as editor of the Alton *Observer.* In an editorial dated July 20, 1837, he gave the following concise statement of the abolitionist creed:

"Abolitionists hold that 'all men are born free and equal, endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness.'

"They do not believe that these rights are abrogated, or at all modified by the colour of the skin, but that they extend alike to every individual of the human family.

"As the above-mentioned rights are in their nature inalienable, it is not possible that one man can convert another into a piece of property, thus at once annihilating all his personal rights, without the most flagrant injustice and usurpation. . . .

"Abolitionists, therefore, hold American Slavery to be a *wrong,* a legalized system of inconceivable injustice, and a SIN . . . against God. . . ."

Some time after he published this, the Reverend Lovejoy was cornered in his newspaper office by a drunken "posse" who dumped his press into the Mississippi River and fired the building *(below).* Lovejoy was shot five times with rifle balls. The next day, as his corpse was carried through the streets, the slavery men stood on the sidewalks and jeered.

THE TEXANS AT THE ALAMO

TEXAS was a province of Mexico until the American settlers there proclaimed their independence in 1835. At dawn on March 6, 1836, an invading army of 3,000 Mexicans wiped out 183 Texans in an old Spanish mission called the Alamo. The Texas wounded were shot by order of General Antonio

Lopez de Santa Ana. All the dead bodies were then stripped, thrown into a pile, and burned. Among them were James Bowie, inventor of the bowie knife, and Davy Crockett, the famous frontiersman and ex-Congressman from Tennessee. Six weeks later the Texans under their great leader, Sam Houston, inflicted a shattering revenge at the Battle of San Jacinto. Santa Ana was taken prisoner, his army fled back across the Rio Grande, and the Lone Star flag waved in triumph over the free Republic of Texas. But the Texans—and their kinsmen in the United States—never forgot the Alamo.

President Martin Van Buren inaugurated a ten-hour day on federal public works.

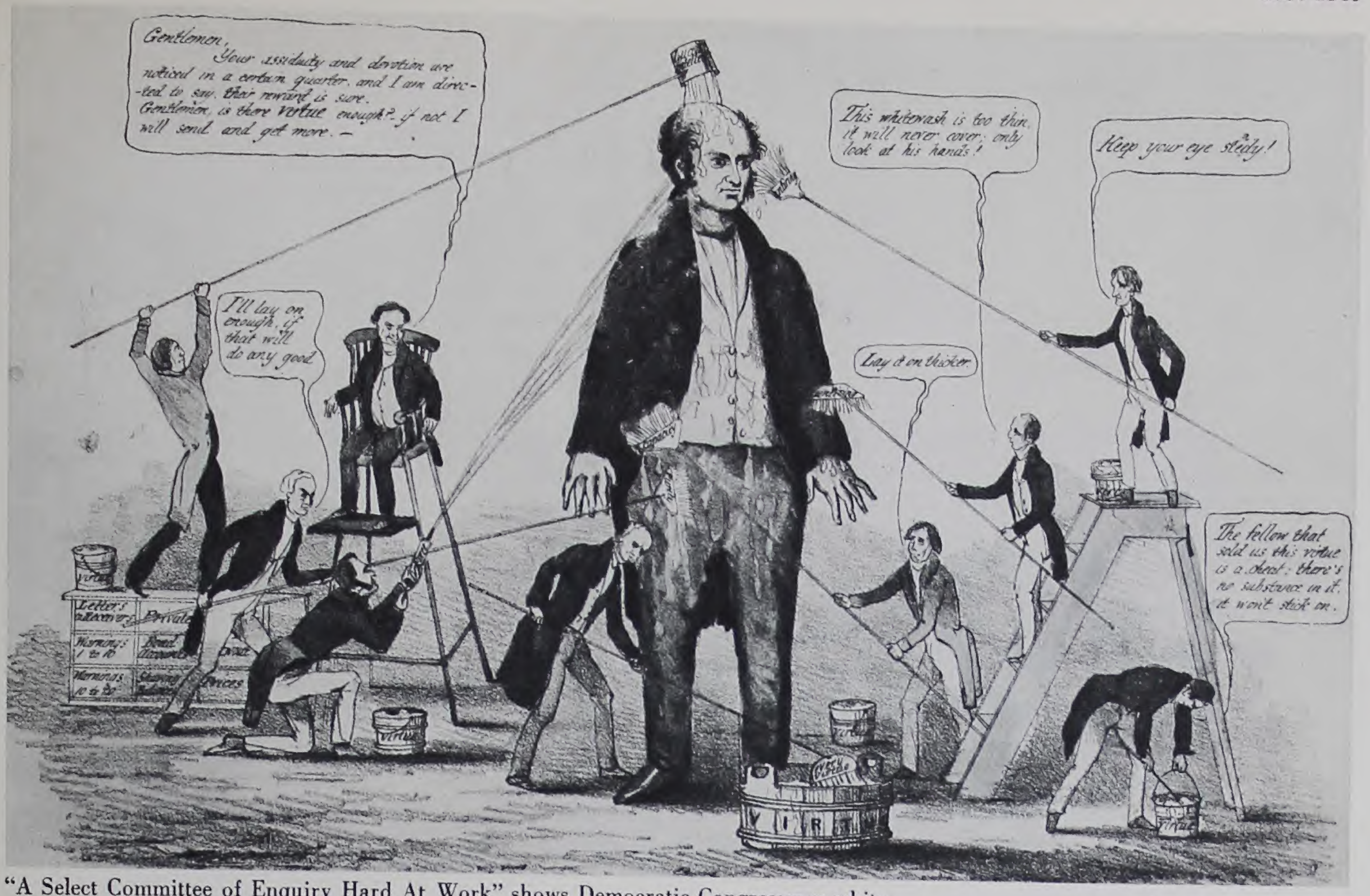
LITTLE VAN AND HIS HARD TIMES

No PRESIDENT ever had so many revealing nicknames as Martin Van Buren—he was the "Flying Dutchman," the "Red Fox of Kinderhook," the "Little Magician," the "American Talleyrand." He "rowed to his object with muffled oars," in the phrase of John Randolph. He was the smartest out-and-out politician of the Democratic party. His enemies said he was so vain that he wore the carpet threadbare in front of his study mirror. In 1837, with Jackson's powerful blessing, he moved into the White House.

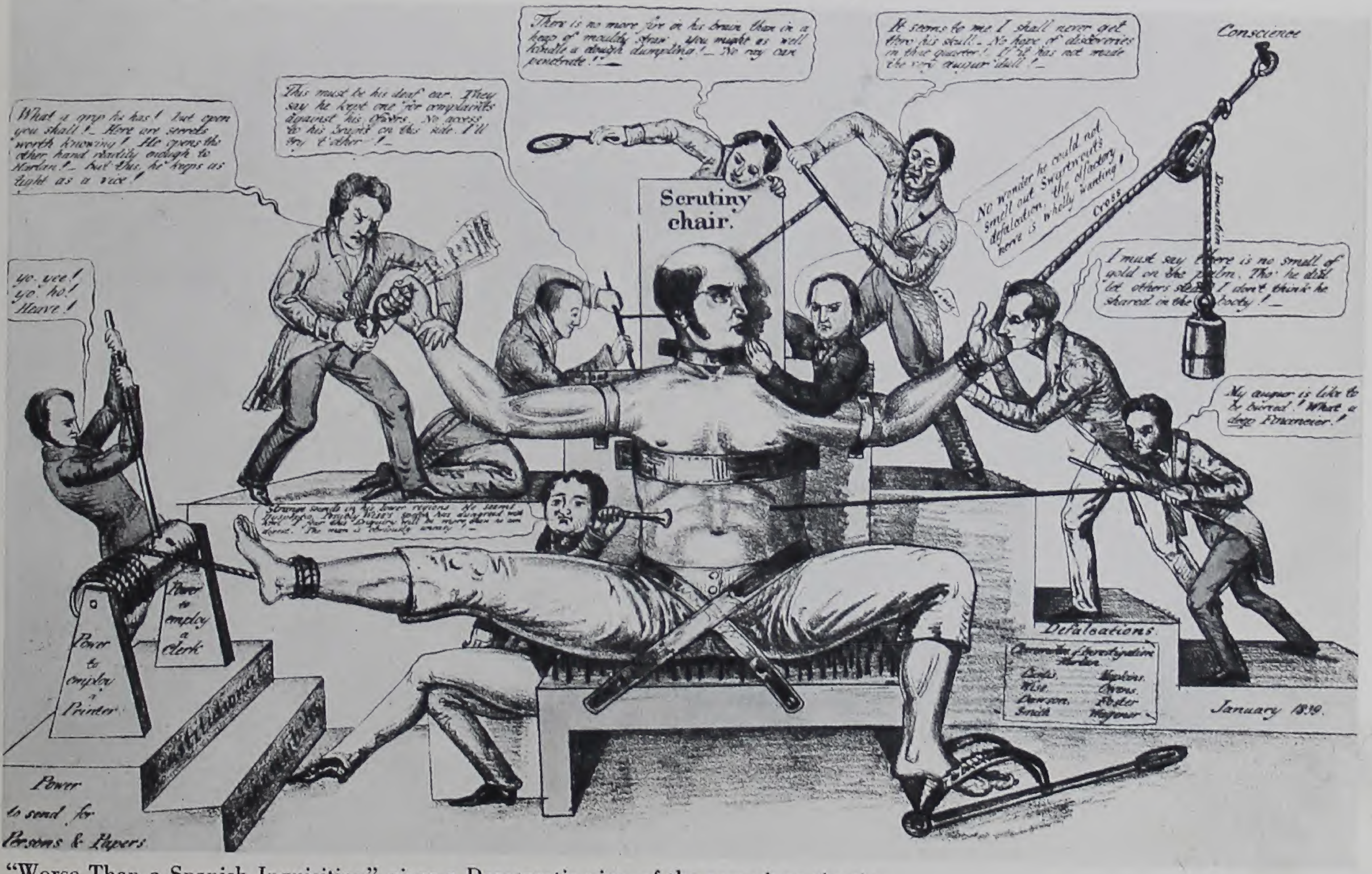
But Little Van was doomed to suffer the full brunt of another financial panic which soon broke loose in Wall Street as the result of a wild land- and stock-speculation boom. The businessmen blamed the depression of 1837-1840 on Jackson's anti-Bank policy, while the Democrats blamed Nick Biddle. The hard times split the Democratic party: one night in Tammany Hall there was a fight in which the conservatives turned off the gaslights and the left-wingers seized control at a meeting lit by locofoco friction matches. Thereafter the radical Democrats, who wanted to abolish banks and the paper-money system, were called "Locofocos."

While the panic was at its peak a fresh disaster struck the administration. Samuel Swartwout, the Tammany collector of the port of New York, ran off to Europe after stealing $1,225,705.69 from the Government. A Congressional committee absolved Van Buren from any personal blame. But the Swartwout affair led to new outbursts against the Democrats and their spoils system.

"The Times" depicts the depression of 1837. Wives are begging and sleeping in the street, jobless workmen go without shoes *(right)*, and a broken bank draws a crowd *(rear)*.



"A Select Committee of Enquiry Hard At Work" shows Democratic Congressmen whitewashing Van Buren in the Swartwout investigation. This was the opposition viewpoint.



"Worse Than a Spanish Inquisition" gives a Democratic view of the same investigation. The committee has Van Buren strapped to a torture seat and is putting the screws to him.

"I had rather be right than be President," said Henry Clay in 1839. But Americans were skeptical. Clay and the rest of Jackson's old foes were trembling with desire to take over the White House and its luxuries, including the 20 East Room spittoons which Old Hickory had bought for $12.50 each.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF THE WHIGS

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN of 1840 began early in the year when Congressman Charles Ogle of Pennsylvania turned the ancient charge of White House extravagance against President Van Buren. Let us, he urged in a famous speech, make a trip to the Executive Mansion and its "Blue Elliptical Saloon"—let us see how Little Van lives in luxury while Americans starve—"Let us survey its spacious courts . . . its sumptuous drawing rooms, its glittering and dazzling salons, with . . . French bronze lamps, gilt framed mirrors of prodigious size . . . gilt and satin settees, sofas, bergeras, divans, tabourets and French comfortables, elegant mahogany gilt eagle mounted French bedsteads, gilt plateaus, gaudy artificial flowers, rich blue and gold bonbons, tambours, compotiers, ice cream vases . . . olive boats . . . silver tureens . . . golden goblets, table spoons, knives and forks. . . ."

Mr. Ogle's speech did credit to his imagination, and to the superior tactics of the new Whig party, whose principal purpose at the moment was to place its own man in the Blue Elliptical Saloon. The Whigs had absorbed almost all the anti-Jackson elements in the country, including Clay's National Republicans, the Anti-Masons, a remnant of old-fashioned Federalists, and some conservative Democrats. They took their party's name from the patriots of the Revolution, and their political technique from the Democrats themselves, improving it as they went along. The Whigs were the new party of business and property, but they carefully suppressed—in public, at least—the old Federalist prejudice against "the people." Since Jackson had won his political battles by appealing to the common man, the Whigs announced that they were common men too, and their campaign posters showed them with their shirt-sleeves rolled up, hammering at a forge or following a plow. In 1840 the Whigs cleverly played both ends against the middle to discomfit Van Buren. First they publicized the golden forks and spoons at the White House until they made the President look like an insufferable snob. Then they turned around and stressed his close connections with the Democratic Locofocos, who were the champions of class war and the proletariat.

The Whigs also played smart politics in their choice of a candidate for President. Of course Henry Clay was their biggest man and should have had the nomination. When the Whig convention met at Harrisburg Clay stayed in Washington, waiting eagerly for the good news. While he waited he made numerous trips to a large decanter on the sideboard. Finally word came that the Whigs had passed him by and chosen General William Henry ("Old Tippecanoe") Harrison, an aged nonentity from North Bend, Ohio. Clay jumped up and stamped back and forth across the room, exclaiming wildly: "My friends are not worth the powder and shot it would take to kill them! . . . I am the most unfortunate man in the history of parties: always run by my friends when sure to be defeated, and now betrayed for a nomination when I, or any one, would be sure of an election."

The lesser Whig politicians had decided on Harrison because he had no ideas that could either interest or infuriate anybody. The pattern of their campaign was set by Nicholas Biddle, who ordered Harrison to say nothing at all to anybody. "Let no Committee, no convention—no town meeting ever extract from him a single word, about what he thinks now, or what he will do hereafter," Biddle had warned, in an earlier campaign, and his instructions were followed to the letter.

The Whigs made a rousing start in 1840, but they had trouble keeping up the pace. Their own ranks were seriously divided by the disagreements of the North and South, especially on slavery. Over the widening sectional chasm the Whig leaders skipped nimbly for a dozen years, contriving newer and more desperate compromises to hold the Union together. "Peace in our time" might have been said to be their motto.

THE LOG CABIN CAMPAIGN

SOON AFTER the Whigs nominated Harrison the Baltimore *Republican* reported that the General was financially embarrassed. "Give him a barrel of Hard Cider," suggested the *Republican*, "and settle a pension of $2,000 a year on him, and my word for it, he will sit the remainder of his days in his Log Cabin." Harrison's real home was a stately white mansion beside the Ohio River which he called the "Log Cabin," in sentimental memory of a cabin that had once stood there. But the Whig publicity experts, including young Horace Greeley, did not bother to explain this. Instead they flooded the country with pictures, stories, and songs *(above)* about Old Tippecanoe and his imaginary cabin. They sang:

> Let Van from his coolers of silver drink wine,
> And lounge on his cushioned settee;
> Our man on his buckeye bench can recline,
> Content with hard cider is he!

When the Democrats tried to mention the "issues" the Whigs drowned them out with their hypnotic marching chant:

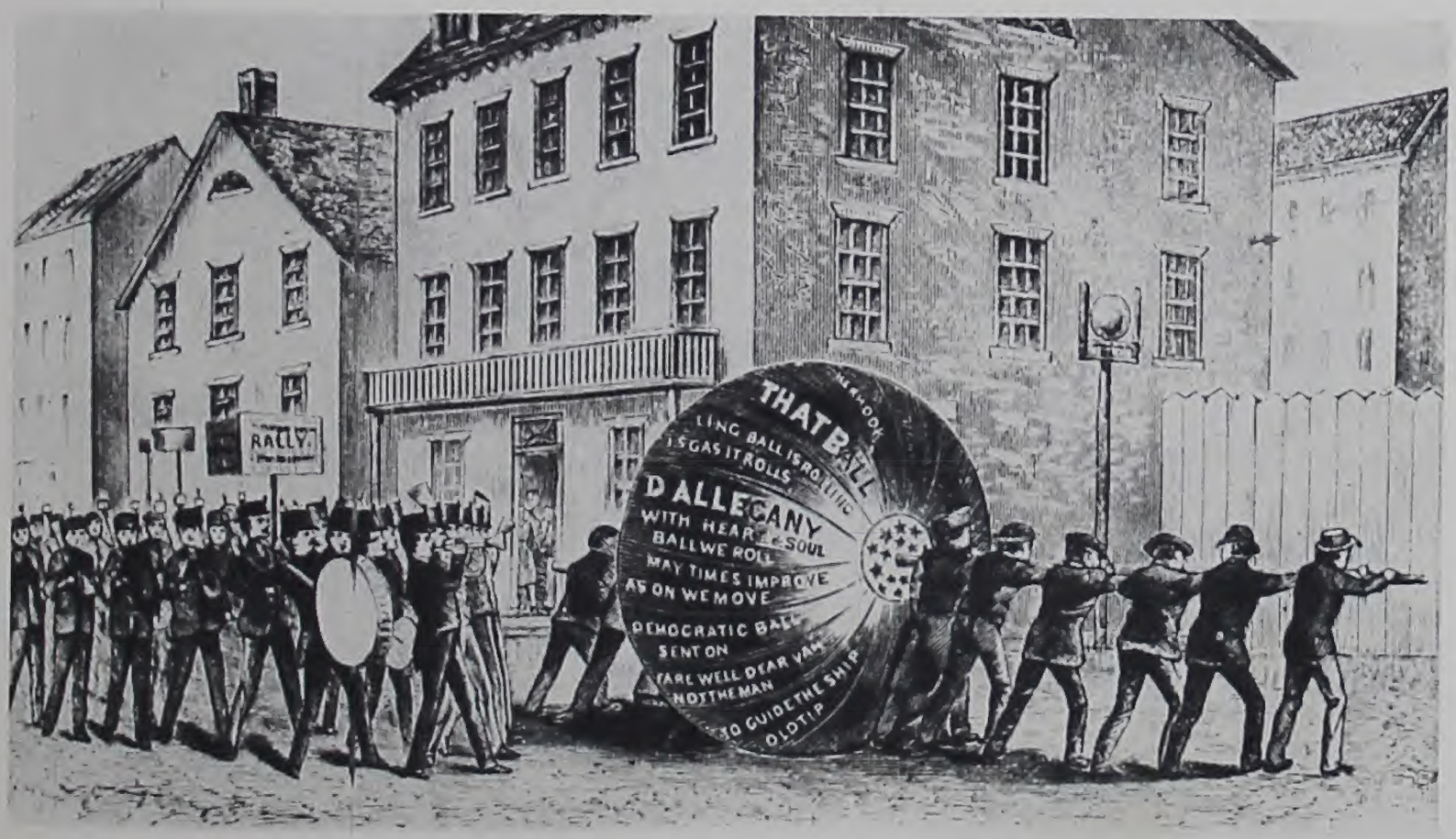
> Tippecanoe—Tippecanoe—
> Tippecanoe and Tyler too.

In some cities the Whigs built log cabins 40 feet long, with real raccoons scrambling on the roofs, and plenty of free cider (hard) inside.

The Whigs won in a landslide: 234 electoral votes to 60. But according to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* the Log Cabin campaign was a "national drunken frolic," and a disgrace. The worst part of it was, said the *Ledger*, that many ladies went to the open-air meetings, strained their voices shouting "Huzza," drank hard cider from gourd shells, and devoured baked beans with their fingers from barrels. "Was this the proper sphere of women?" demanded the editor of the *Ledger*. "Was this appropriate to her elevating, refining influence? Did such things improve men? No. They merely degraded women, and made men still more degraded than they were before. . . ."

A "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" parade gets ready to start from Harrison headquarters in one of Philadelphia's northern wards. The band is riding in a wagon decorated with a log-cabin painting. In 1840 the Whigs even called themselves "Democratic" to get votes.

William Henry Harrison was a simple country gentleman who kept a pet South American macaw on his estate and served his house guests 365 hams a year.



The Whigs rolled a paper ball from city to city and on to Washington, chanting, "As rolls the ball Van's reign doth fall, And he may look to Kinderhook."

John Tyler *(right)* was the first Vice President to win promotion by a death.

—AND TYLER TOO

President Harrison liked to slip out of the White House very early in the morning and buy his own meat and vegetables in the Washington markets. One morning he walked out in the rain and caught cold. His health had already been undermined by the job-hunters who swarmed into the Executive Mansion and thrust their papers into his hands and pockets—they pursued him so closely, he said, that he could not attend to "the necessary functions of nature." Now, at the age of 68, his cold turned into pleurisy. The doctors cupped him, someone read the 103rd Psalm, and on April 4, 1841, after 30 days in office, Old Tippecanoe passed on. His last delirious words were addressed to the office-seekers: "I cannot stand it. . . . Don't trouble me. . . . These applications, will they never cease . . . ?"

The Presidency now went to the other end of the "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" combination. John Tyler was an old-fashioned states' rights Republican-Democrat of the Jeffersonian school. The Whigs had put him on their ticket to draw votes from among the conservative Democrats, but as President, Tyler opposed many things that the Whigs wanted, including a new national bank and government roads. He also looked down his long nose at the Jackson Democrats and the radical Locofocos. During his four years in the White House he tried to build up a middle-of-the-road political party of his own, but with no success. The Whigs drummed him out of their party as an ingrate of the worst sort, and the Democrats would scarcely speak to him. He was the President nobody wanted.

Personally, Tyler was an affable aristocrat who solaced himself with early-morning mint juleps and a pretty White House bride. In February 1844 he was in a cabin of the U.S.S. *Princeton,* talking to Miss Julia Gardiner of New York and some others, when the Navy's biggest gun exploded on the deck above. The Secretary of State, Secretary of the Navy, and three other leading friends of Tyler's, including Miss Gardiner's rich father, were killed. Soon afterward the President and the young lady were married, and in 1845 they retired to "Sherwood Forest," his Virginia estate, and raised a family of seven children.

Explosion of a big navy gun killed two of Tyler's Cabinet but gave him a bride.

John Charles Frémont

Jessie Benton Frémont

Dr. Marcus Whitman

RIDERS ON THE OREGON TRAIL

In 1842 two men, one riding west and one riding east, helped to shape the nation's destiny. The one who rode west wore the blue and gold uniform of a second lieutenant in the United States Army Topographical Corps. His name was John Charles Frémont; he was 29, impulsive and gay, and already a seasoned explorer of America. His father was a French-born dancing master, his mother a young Richmond, Virginia, matron who ran away from her aged husband and bore John Charles without benefit of a marriage ceremony. But young Frémont was so attractive and talented that he had just won as his bride the most gifted girl in Washington—Jessie Benton, the 17-year-old daughter of the veteran Democratic Senator.

Starting from Missouri with a well-equipped party of soldiers and guides, Frémont rode west and north along the Oregon Trail, an old fur-trapper's path which had already been widened and beaten down by covered wagons. He scouted through the Rocky Mountain passes with the help of Kit Carson, climbed a 13,730-foot peak which he named for himself, and returned to Washington burning with enthusiasm for the distant West. During the following winter he and Jessie together wrote a book about his trip which became a national best seller.

Meanwhile the other man had started east from Oregon itself, on a journey that has no equal in history. His name was Marcus Whitman; he was 40 years old, a sober, quiet-spoken doctor and missionary of the Congregational church, who had been born in New York State of Yankee stock. In 1836 he had taken his pregnant wife to the Oregon country in the first wagon that ever crossed the Rockies. He founded a tiny log-cabin settlement called Waiilatpu by the Indians, whom he converted to Christianity and taught to read and write. In 1842 he and the other scattered American settlers in Oregon heard that the British Hudson's Bay Company was about to obtain permanent possession of the whole Oregon Territory—a vast area which then included everything from Mexican California to Russian Alaska. Dr. Whitman was going east anyway to report to his missionary board. He decided to hurry his trip and make an appeal to "save" Oregon.

Starting on horseback late in the year, he was caught by snow in the mountains and floundered through the drifts until he reached the unexplored waters of the Grand River in Colorado. He swam his horse across through broken ice and rode south all the way to Mexican Santa Fe, 1,500 miles from Oregon. Then he turned east and went on for 2,000 more miles, reaching Washington in March 1843. He got no encouragement from Secretary of State Daniel Webster, but he had an important talk with President Tyler, who promised that his administration would not abandon the Americans in Oregon. Then he went on to New York, where he started a backfire of Oregon publicity in Horace Greeley's New York *Tribune*. When he headed west again in the spring he found himself riding alongside the greatest emigrant wagon train that had ever followed the Oregon Trail.

A train of emigrant wagons on the Oregon Trail

WEBSTER IN HIS PRIME

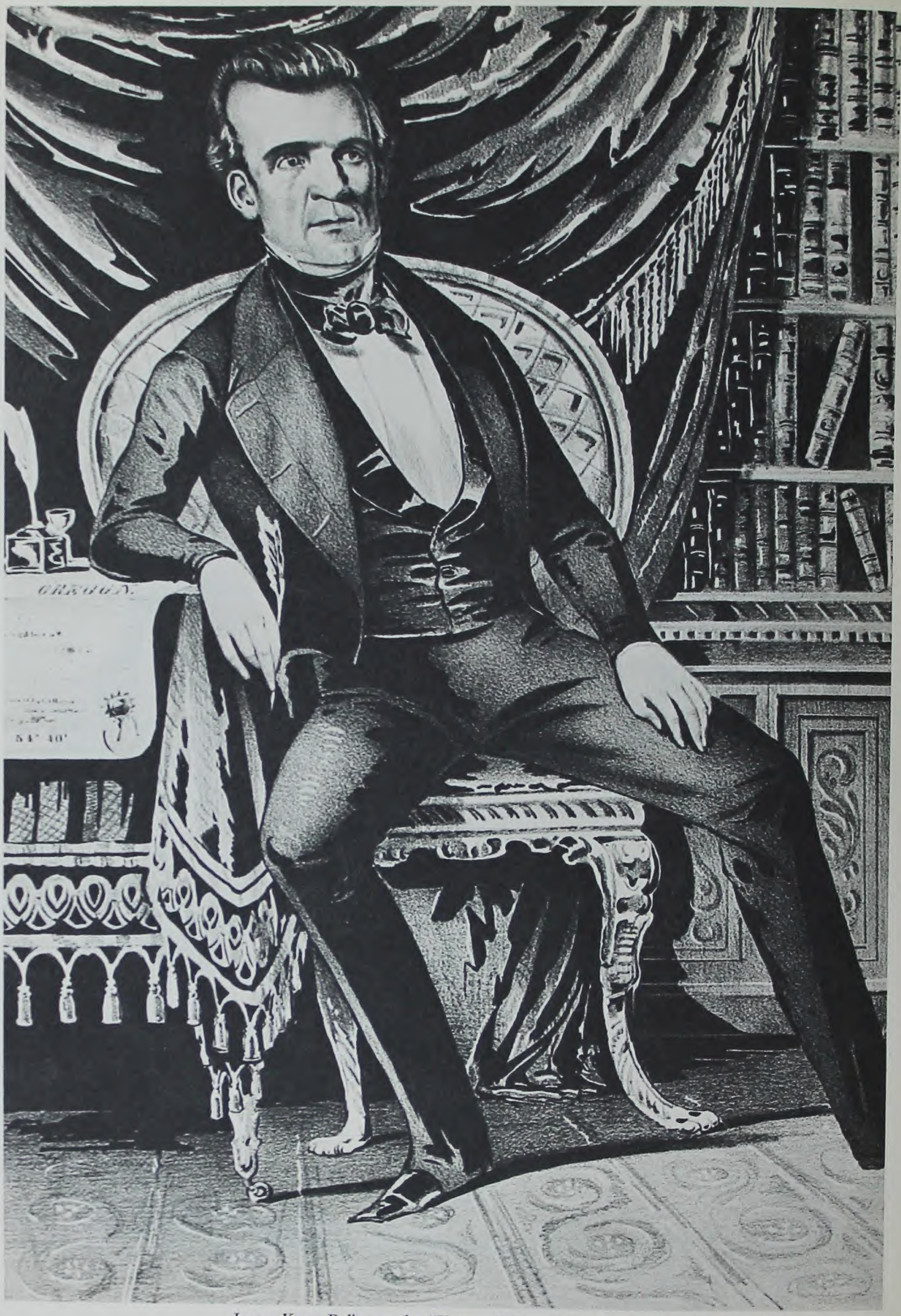
DANIEL WEBSTER was the only big Whig who would associate with President Tyler. He stayed on as Secretary of State after Harrison's death and did some famous work on the Webster-Ashburton Treaty with England in 1842. Lord Ashburton, the British negotiator, was a man of Webster's own mold—portly, solid, and much addicted to the pleasures of the table. The two statesmen engaged in a contest of cooks: one night they had Parisian potages, ragouts, and casseroles at the Englishman's house, and the next night there were New Jersey oysters, Maine salmon, Virginia terrapin, and South Carolina ricebirds at Webster's. The champagne, Madeira, claret, and Burgundy were the finest to be had, and all at the expense of the two Governments.

Webster's treaty ended a number of irritating questions, including a Northeastern boundary dispute which had caused a bloodless "war" between Maine farmers and Canadian lumberjacks in 1838. But the Oregon boundary was left up in the air, for Webster never felt much interest in the voterless Far West. "What do we want with . . . this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs?" he once asked.

He was the most prominent man in the Government, and the most sought-after guest at Washington dinner parties, where even in his cups he could always be roused to a speech. Let someone mention "national debt" and Webster was on his feet: "Gentlemen, there's the national debt—it should be paid [loud cheers]; yes, gentlemen, it should be paid [cheers], and I'll be hanged if it shan't be—[taking out his pocketbook]—I'll pay it myself! How much is it?" Since his pocketbook was notoriously flat, this last always drew laughter and more cheers.

In 1843, having seen his treaty and a new tariff through Congress, the "Great Blue Light" of the Northern Whigs resigned from the Cabinet and retired for an interval to his seaside estate at Marshfield, near Boston, which had been paid for—in part—by the textile manufacturers of New England.

BECKET
Watson



James Knox Polk was the "Young Hickory" from Tennessee who led a Democratic comeback in 1844. Polk was the first "dark horse" candidate, and the first whose election was reported by telegraph. He was a hard-working President who told secrets only to his diary.

COON-SKINNERS OF 1844

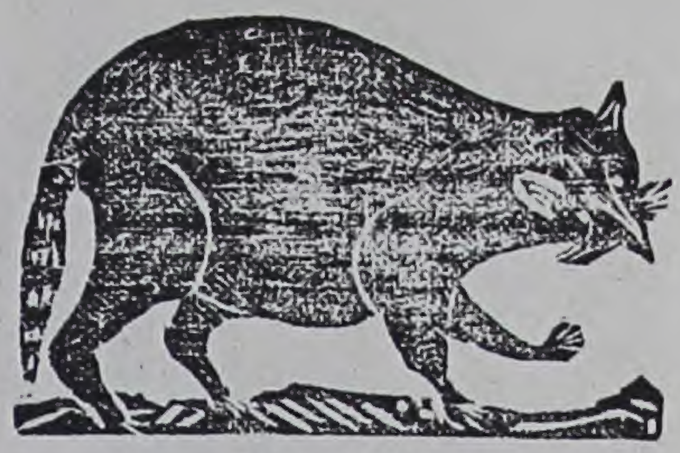
Blow the trumpet, beat the drum,
Run Clay Koons, we come. We come,

sang the resurgent Democrats in the Presidential election of 1844. The Whigs had finally nominated Henry Clay, and adopted as their mascot the raccoon which climbed around their log cabins in 1840. But this time the Democrats were ready for them with tricks of their own: bands of "Koon-Skinners" paraded the streets, blowing the Whig Coon from a cannon's mouth, hanging him, carving out his gizzard, and stripping him down to his bones—all in effigy, of course *(right)*. The Democratic candidate was James K. Polk, a protégé of Andrew Jackson. The big campaign issue was the projected annexation of Texas to the United States: Jackson, Polk, and the South were strongly for it, the Northern Whigs were opposed, and Clay tried to straddle the issue. In this election, abolitionists had their own militant third party—the Liberty party—and nominated James G. Birney, a repentant Alabama slaveholder, for President. Birney took away enough Whig votes in New York State to cost Clay the state, which in turn cost him the election, and his last chance at the White House.

"Times ain't now as they used to was."

This sage and time-honored saying of the "Roman Consul, in the early days of that celebrated

Coon of 1840.



Coon of 1844.

Sic transit gloria coonery!

Well, and truly has the poet said,
"That 'coon is the leane-t of all the lean squad,
And totters a furlong while marching a rod."

"FIFTY-FOUR FORTY OR FIGHT!"

Polk's election forced a quick showdown with England over the Oregon boundary line. During the campaign Senator William Allen, known to reporters as "the Ohio gong," coined the Democratic slogan "Fifty-four Forty or Fight!" This meant the United States insisted on taking everything up to the Alaskan border, including all the Canadian Pacific ports and the whole Western fur trade. Sir Robert Peel, the British Prime Minister, was quite willing to fight over this, as shown by the English cartoon at the left. (The little man with a slave whip in his pocket is Brother Jonathan, the cartoon ancestor of Uncle Sam.) President Polk was not scared either—he told one Congressman that "the only way to treat John Bull is to look him straight in the eye." After doing this for some time, however, Polk calmly arranged a compromise which set the Northwestern boundary of the United States at the 49th degree, where it has remained ever since. Polk never intended to fight for all of Oregon, although he let the Western Democrats shout themselves hoarse for "Fifty-four Forty or Fight!"

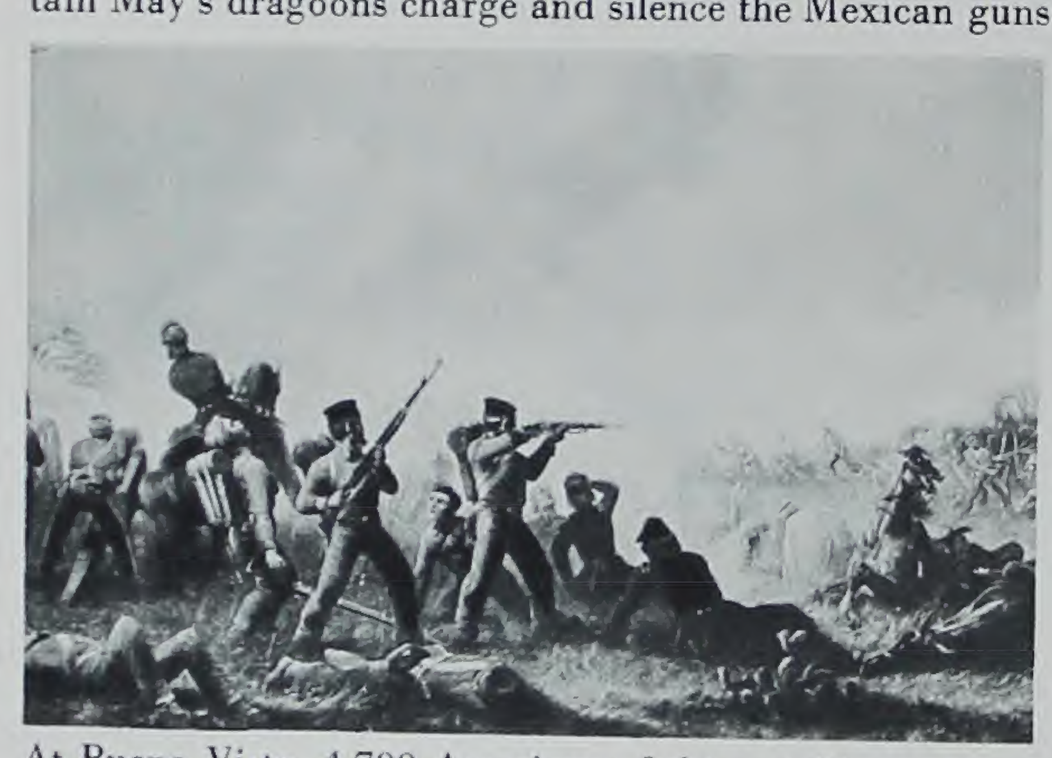
THE WATCH ON THE RIO GRANDE

In 1845 the Democratic editor of the New York *Morning News*, John L. O'Sullivan, gave Americans a dynamic new slogan. It was, he said, "our manifest destiny to overspread and to possess the whole of the continent which Providence has given us for the . . . great experiment of liberty." President Polk was a great believer in Manifest Destiny, and he also believed in helping it along by every possible means. The outgoing Tyler administration had robbed him of some glory by annexing Texas two weeks before he was inaugurated. But Polk had his cool gray eyes fixed on California, an even greater prize. The Mexican Republic still had California. In order to get it, Polk was prepared to buy it for cash, or to start a revolution there, or to take it away in a war. An old unsettled argument over the Texas-Mexico border line gave him an opening. Early in 1846 he ordered General Zachary Taylor *(right)* and 3,900 troops (including the Texas Rangers) to enter the disputed territory. Taylor promptly marched to the north bank of the Rio Grande and trained his cannon on the Mexican town of Matamoras, on the other side of the river. And soon the war was on.

THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA

At Resaca de la Palma, second skirmish of the war, Captain May's dragoons charge and silence the Mexican guns.

At Churubusco, just outside Mexico City, American infantrymen swarm over a stone fort defending a key bridge.



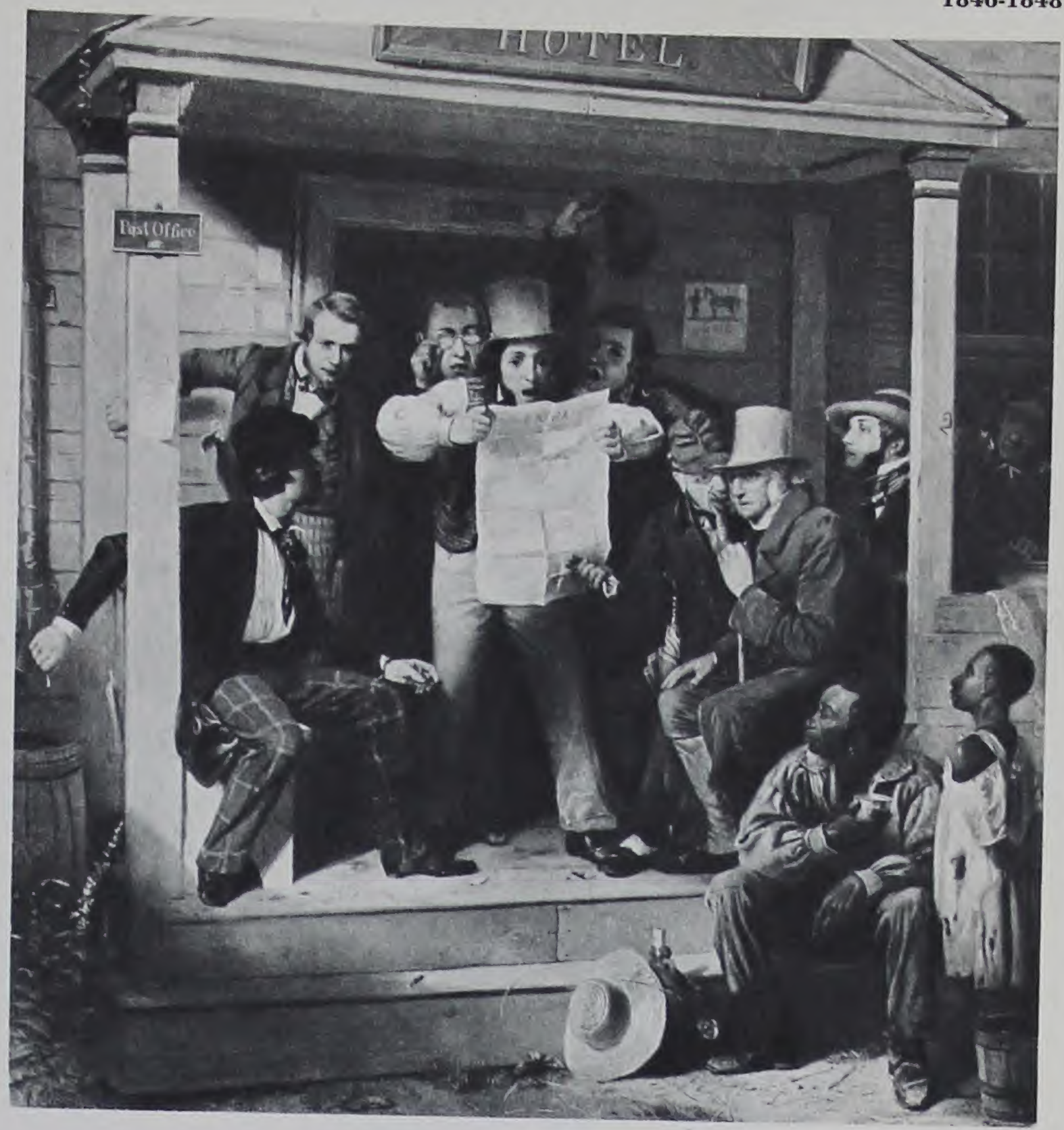
At Buena Vista, 4,700 Americans fight a stubborn defensive battle against 20,000 Mexicans, and drive them back.

General Scott, in gold epaulets and a helmet with a snow-white plume, enters Mexico City September 17, 1847.

A navy squadron under Commodore Sloat takes California July 7, 1846. Bluejackets are landing in a stream of boats.

Wolves prowl among the dead. Of 80,000 Americans who invaded Mexico, 12,830 died. Mexicans lost many more.

War news from Mexico was speeded to the excited home front *(right)* by the newly invented "electro-magnetic telegraph." Reporters who visited the Army were especially fond of sending back anecdotes about General Taylor, who slept in the sand, like his men, and rarely wore a proper uniform. General Scott, on the other hand, was always dressed to kill. The newspapers called Scott "Old Fuss and Feathers," while Taylor was "Old Rough and Ready."



MEXICO was no military pushover in 1846. She was, in population and in territory, the second-largest republic in the world. Her special pride was her regular Army, which was twice as big as ours. On the Rio Grande the Mexican commander had 5,700 confident troops against Taylor's isolated 3,900.

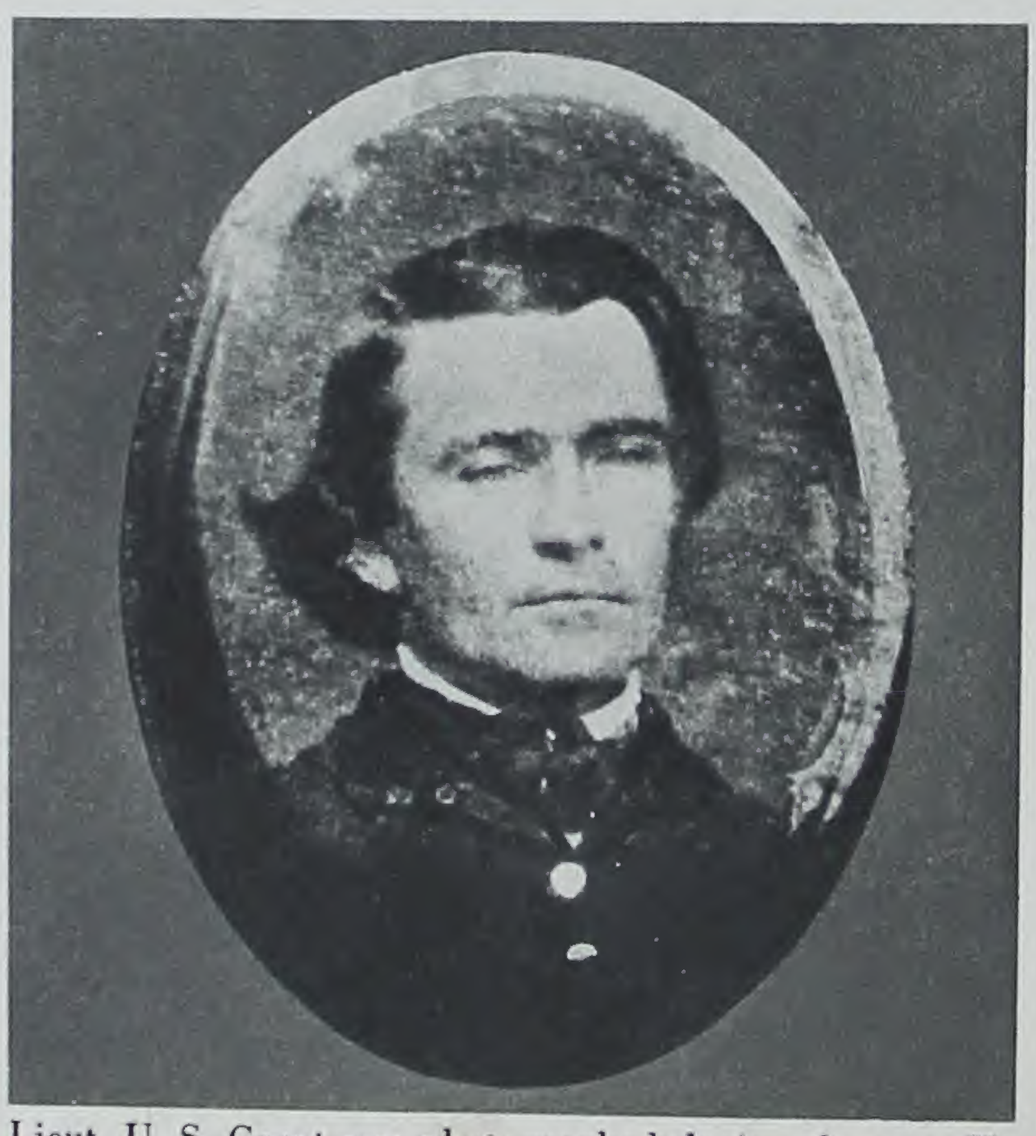
There the Mexican cavalry made the first attack, surrounding a scouting party of 60 American dragoons, killing ten and capturing the rest. The incident was a godsend to President Polk, who was planning to make war anyway. Now he solemnly told Congress that "the cup of forbearance has been exhausted," that Mexico "has invaded our territory and shed American blood upon the American soil." Congress declared war May 13, 1846, and appropriated $10 million to pay the initial expense. A call for 50,000 volunteer soldiers was issued, and quickly met. (Women were allowed to join the Army as laundresses, at the rate of one laundress to every twenty men.)

General Taylor had already crossed the Rio Grande and won revenge in two small skirmishes. After receiving large reinforcements he pushed on across 500 miles of semidesert, took the important town of Monterey in three days of hard street fighting, and defeated the main Mexican armies at the Battle of Buena Vista. These solid victories were due in large part to the superiority of American ordnance, which included Colt revolving pistols and long-range howitzers. The Mexicans' smooth copper cannon balls were so ineffective that our troops often watched them come bouncing across the ground and then dodged them.

In March 1847 General Winfield Scott was sent by sea with another American army to pierce the heart of Mexico. Landing near Vera Cruz under the protection of the Navy's big guns, Scott's forces hacked their way into Mexico City in six months of tough fighting. Two young West Point graduates, Captain Robert E. Lee and Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant, were with Scott, and Grant also saw some hot fighting under Taylor.

Meanwhile California, which was the real American goal, was seized by John Charles Frémont, the Navy, and 100 dragoons, who made an epic overland trek from Kansas by way of Santa Fe.

The daguerreotype above is one of the first photographs of American military men in wartime. It shows Brigadier General John E. Wool and his staff at Saltillo, which Wool captured in 1846 after a 900-mile march from San Antonio.



Lieut. U. S. Grant was photographed during the war. He wrote home that he saw a shell "nock one man's head off."

DAGUERREOTYPE HISTORY

THE FIRST photographs of American soldiers and statesmen were made in the 1840's, by the process invented by Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre of France. In politics this new art of "painting with sunbeams" had an important effect: for the first time everyone could see what the great men of the nation really looked like. Andrew Jackson was 78 years old when the daguerreotype on the opposite page was made, April 15, 1845. But even as he sat propped up in his chair, almost suffocated by tuberculosis, his unbeatable spirit was mirrored and perfectly preserved on the photographer's plate. In June Old Hickory died, after telling his weeping slaves, "I hope and trust to meet you all in Heaven, both white and black—both white and black."

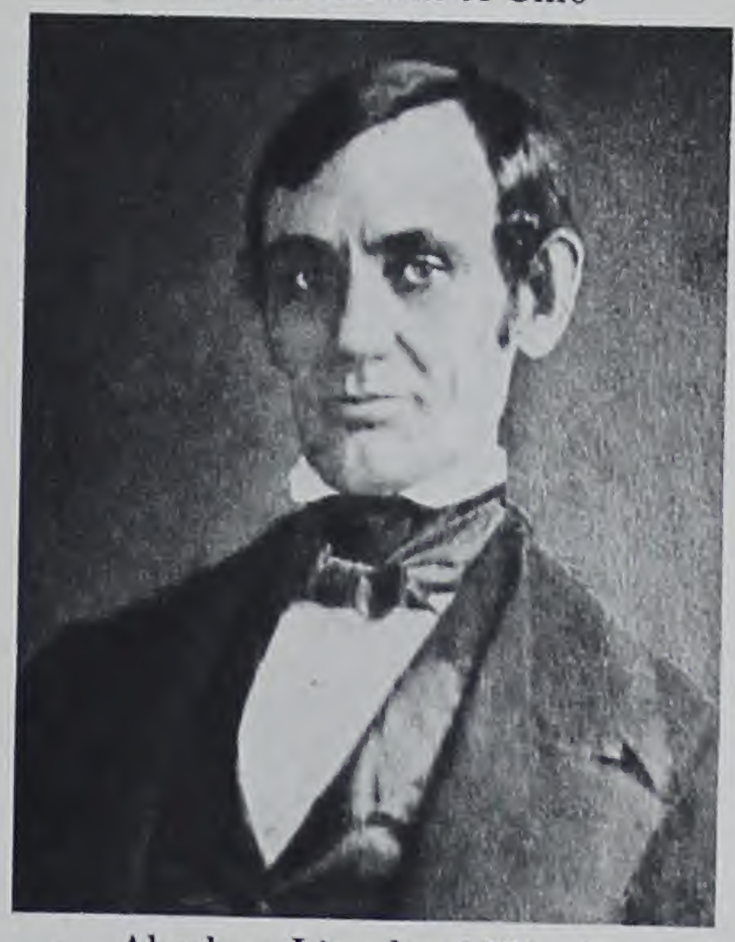
CONSCIENCE WHIGS

To THE Northern Whigs and the enemies of slavery generally, the war against Mexico was the most monstrous, guilty, oppressive conflict ever fought. They called it a bloody Southern junket to steal territory and find "bigger pens to cram with slaves." In the Senate "Black Tom" Corwin of Ohio compared President Polk to Tamerlane sitting on a throne of 70,000 skulls. "If I were a Mexican," he shouted, "I would tell you, 'Have you not room in your country to bury your dead men? If you come into mine we will greet you with bloody hands, and welcome you to hospitable graves!' " These debates widened the intraparty split between the Northern "Conscience Whigs" and the Southern "Cotton Whigs," who stood by slavery to the end. President Polk himself never admitted that slavery had anything to do with the war. "I put my face alike against Southern agitators and Northern fanatics," he noted primly in his diary.

Thomas Corwin of Ohio

LINCOLN PUTS POLK ON THE SPOT

In December 1847 Congressman Abraham Lincoln, aged 38, a Conscience Whig from Illinois, introduced his "spot resolutions" in the House of Representatives. These asked President Polk to describe the exact spot where American blood was first shed, and to say whether or not that spot was on soil rightfully claimed by Mexico. Lincoln's resolutions had little effect on the war, but they provided more embarrassment for the Democratic administration. The House had already passed the famous Wilmot Proviso, which prohibited the introduction of slavery into any new territory acquired by the war. This measure was sponsored by David Wilmot, an antislavery Democrat from Pennsylvania, and was the first important rider ever attached to a routine Congressional bill. The Democratic Senate tried to bury the proviso but it became a big political issue in later years.

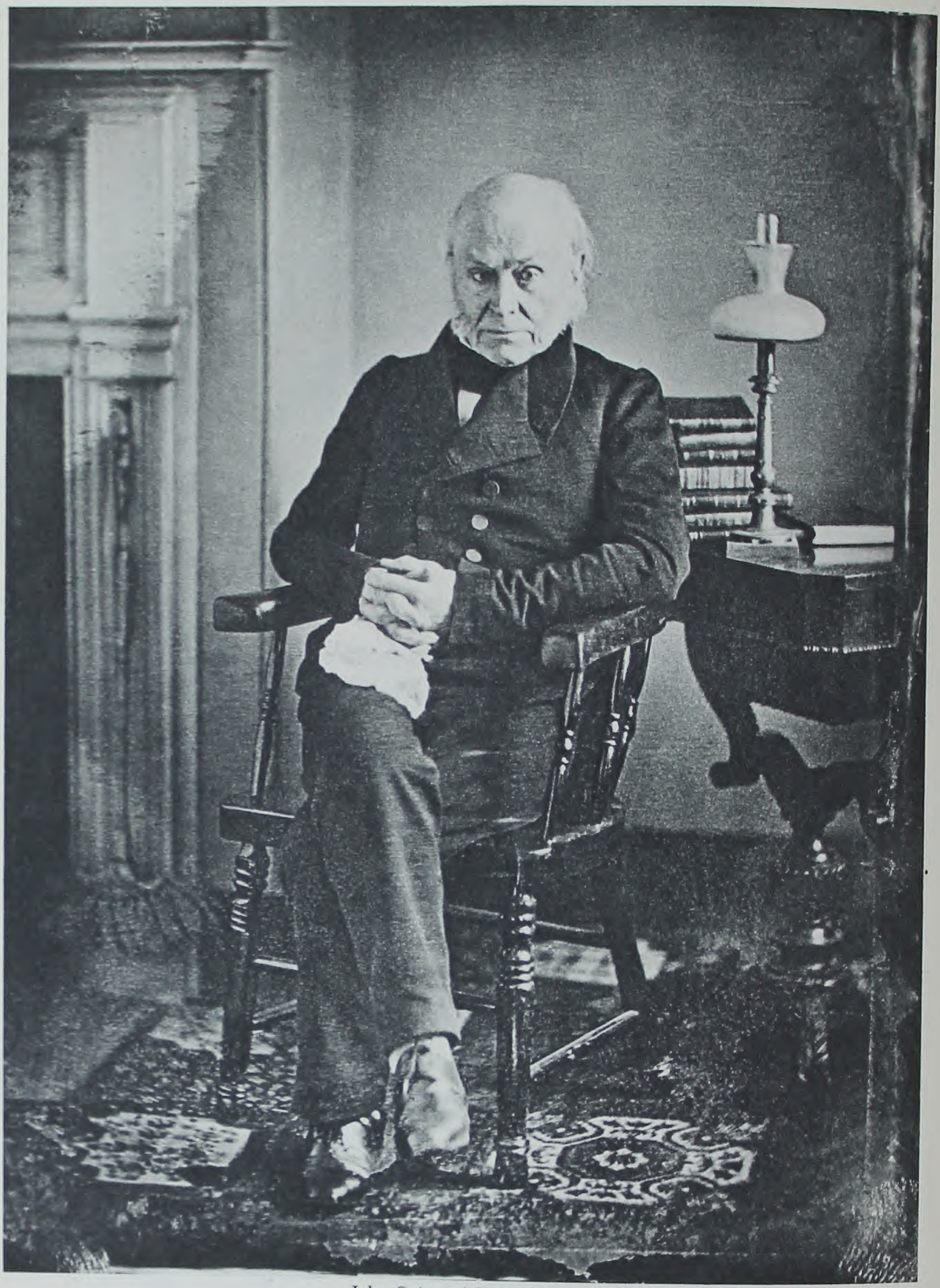


Abraham Lincoln of Illinois

THOREAU GOES TO JAIL

Henry Thoreau, the literary recluse of Walden Pond, did not approve of slavery or the Mexican War. So in 1846 he refused to pay his one-dollar poll tax in the town of Concord, because the money might go eventually to buy "a man or a musket to shoot one with." For this wartime act of defiance Thoreau was arrested, locked up in a whitewashed jail cell, and released the next day when Ralph Waldo Emerson paid his tax. The experience helped to produce Thoreau's essay on "Civil Disobedience," which opened up a new line of attack on the American system of majority government. "There will never be a really free and enlightened State," he wrote, "until the State comes to recognize the individual as a higher and independent power . . . and treats him accordingly." This was an American form of anarchy, which Thoreau and his disciples continued to practice, sometimes quietly, and sometimes with violence.

Henry Thoreau of Walden Pond



John Quincy Adams, the grand old man of the Whig party, sat for this daguerreotype portrait in 1847. After leaving the Presidency, Adams served for 17 years as a Congressman from Quincy, Massachusetts. For eight years he fought, and finally overthrew, the "gag rule" which Southerners had imposed to prevent Congress from receiving petitions against slavery. In 1848, aged 80, he collapsed at his desk and died on a couch in the Speaker's office.

George Caleb Bingham, a self-portrait

BINGHAM PAINTS WESTERN POLITICS

GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM of Missouri painted these great political scenes out of his own personal experience. In 1840 Bingham broke into politics as an enthusiastic young orator for "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too." When the Whigs went to Washington, Bingham set up his studio in the Capitol itself and painted portraits of Whig celebrities. In 1846, when he was 35, the Whigs in his home county nominated him for the Missouri House of Representatives. He was elected by a plurality of three votes, according to the Whigs, but the Democrats in the legislature charged fraud and refused to seat him. Two years later Bingham ran again and won by 26 votes. This time there was no complaint, and he took his place at Jefferson City. During his term he wrote a legislative report which upheld slavery and states' rights, but promised to stand by the Union, "come what may, whether prosperity or adversity, weal or woe."

But eventually Bingham became disgusted with elections and politicians, though he continued to paint the most charming pictures of them. "It will be a glorious time for the country when the present party organizations shall be broken up entirely," he wrote. "We need not expect until then to have a revival of the good old times, when honesty and capacity, rather than party servility, will be the qualifications for office."

Bingham's "Canvassing for a Vote" shows a campaigner with a saddlebag full of literature *(right)* setting forth his arguments to a skeptical group outside a highway tavern.

"Verdict of the People" shows a clerk reading election results aloud from the steps of a Missouri courthouse. In the center a man is jotting down figures on the top of his hat.

Courtesy of the Boatmen's National Bank of St. Louis

"County Election" shows voters lined to cast spoken ballots in a Western town. The candidates stand on the steps and tip their hats politely. At left is the inevitable cider barrel.

"STUMP SPEAKING"

BINGHAM'S MASTERPIECE shows a rural Missouri crowd listening to a speaker in the long white alpaca coat and black silk tie which were frequently worn by frontier statesmen in the 1840's and '50's. Bingham described this painting as follows: "In my orator I have endeavored to personify a wiry politician grown gray in the pursuit of office and the service of party. His influence upon the crowd is quite

Courtesy of the Boatmen's National Bank of St. Louis

manifest, but I have placed behind him a shrewd clear-headed opponent who is busy taking notes, and who will, when his turn comes make sophisms fly like cobwebs before the housekeeper's broom." The fat man at the far left is a portrait of a former Governor of Missouri, the Hon. Meredith Miles Marmaduke. He was so incensed when he saw this picture that he challenged Bingham to a duel.

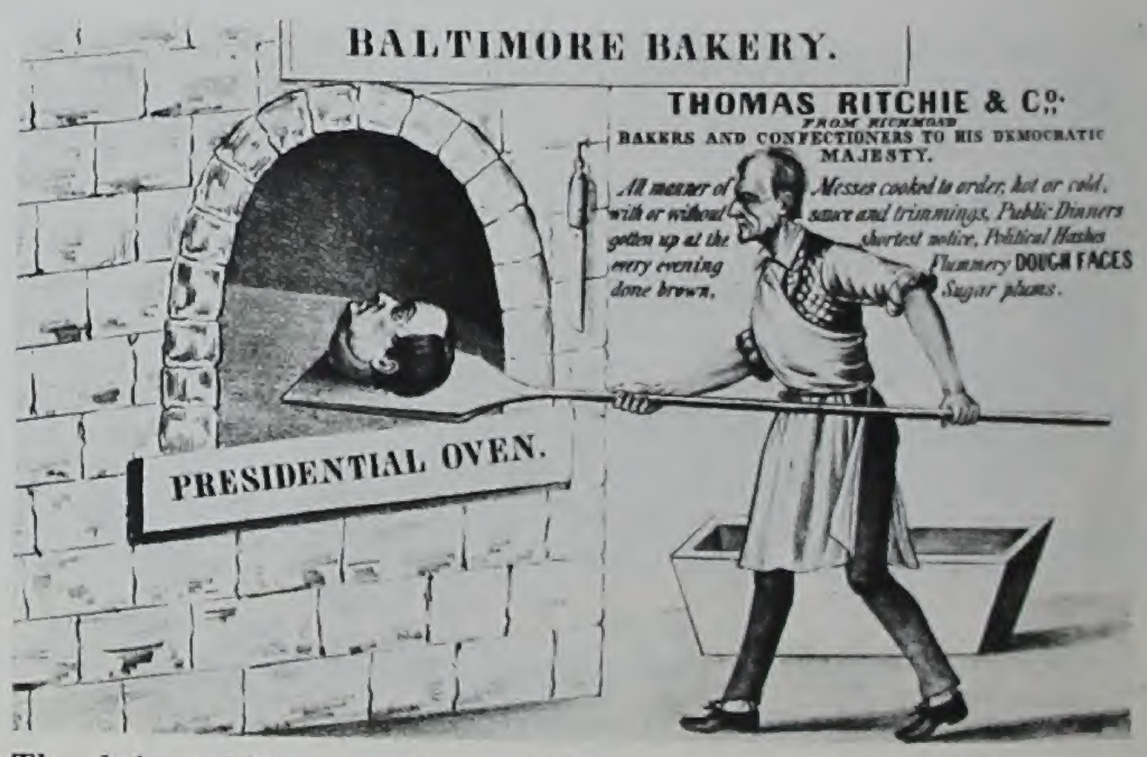
The Whigs wrote no platform in 1848, and Taylor declined to discuss any issues *(right)*. "I am a Whig, *but not an ultra Whig,*" was about all he would say.

ROUGH AND READY

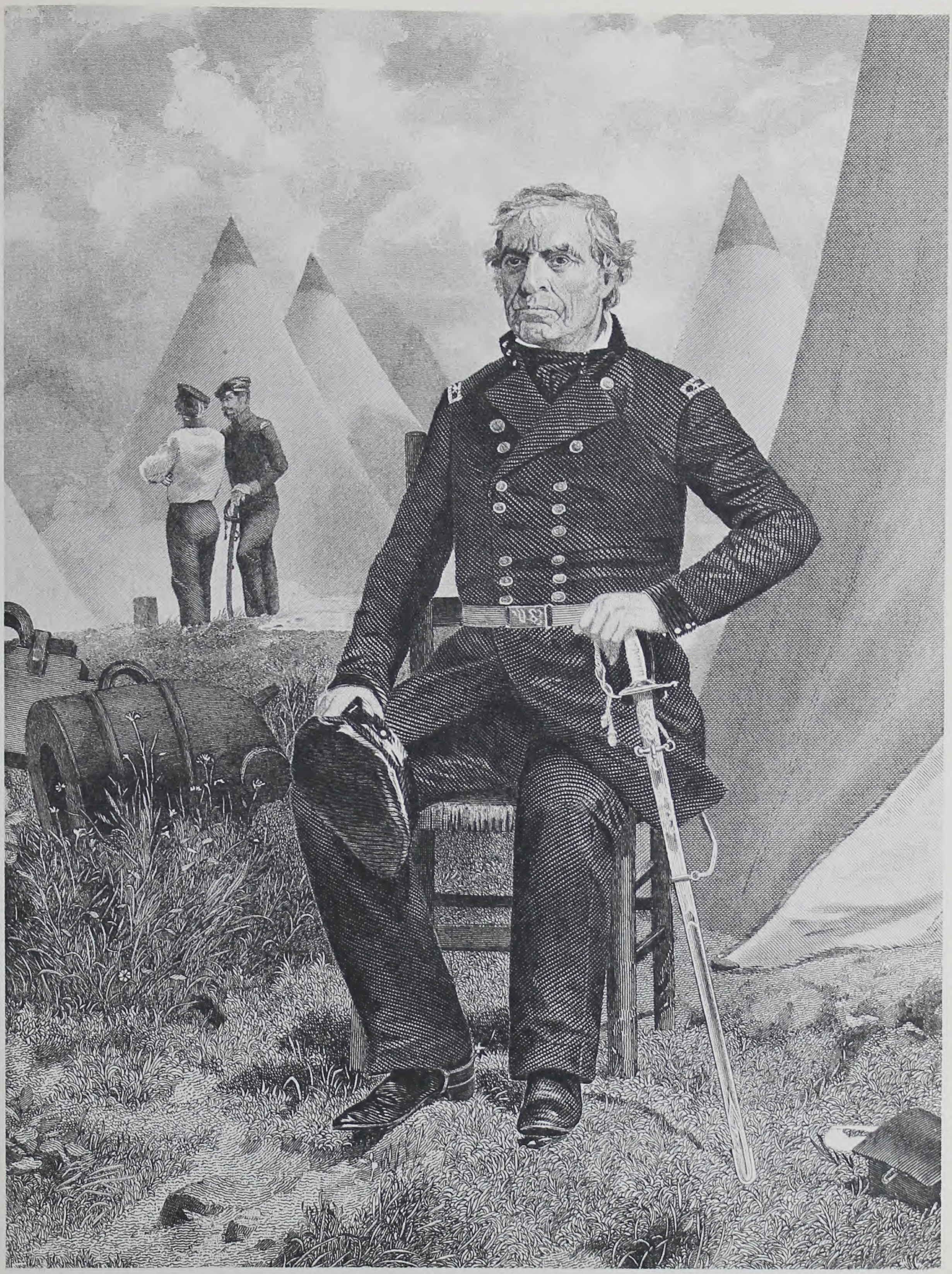
THE SPECIAL Whig talent for playing both ends against the political middle was beautifully displayed in the 1848 election. After attacking the Mexican War from every possible angle they turned around and nominated its most popular hero, General Zachary Taylor *(opposite page)*, for President. The campaign was a noisy repetition of 1840, with "Old Rough and Ready" in place of "Old Tippecanoe," and battle pictures of Buena Vista and Monterey substituting for log cabins. General Taylor was the crudest specimen yet of a Presidential candidate. His soldiers in Mexico adored him because he rode around the front lines wearing a battered straw hat and a blue-checked gingham coat, chewing and spitting, and getting into the thick of every fight. At Buena Vista a bullet cut through the sleeve of his shirt and another ripped his coat lining. A few minutes later he pulled up beside an artillery crew and casually ordered, "Double-shot your guns and give 'em hell."

Among his qualifications was the fact that he had never cast a vote in his life. When the Whigs mailed their nomination to him he refused to pay ten cents postage due, and sent the letter back unopened. But the people were in the mood for a rough-and-ready President, and "Old Zack" Taylor was their man.

Antislavery votes in 1848 went to a Free Soil party ticket headed by old Martin Van Buren, shown about to fall in Salt River.



The defeated Democratic candidate was Lewis Cass of Michigan, a "doughface" whose head is being baked in this Whig cartoon.



THE CHEERFUL FORTIES

American couples danced the foreign polka with gusto in 1848, to show their sympathy with the revolutionists in Europe.

This happy family is ready for an evening of culture. More books were read in the forties than ever before.

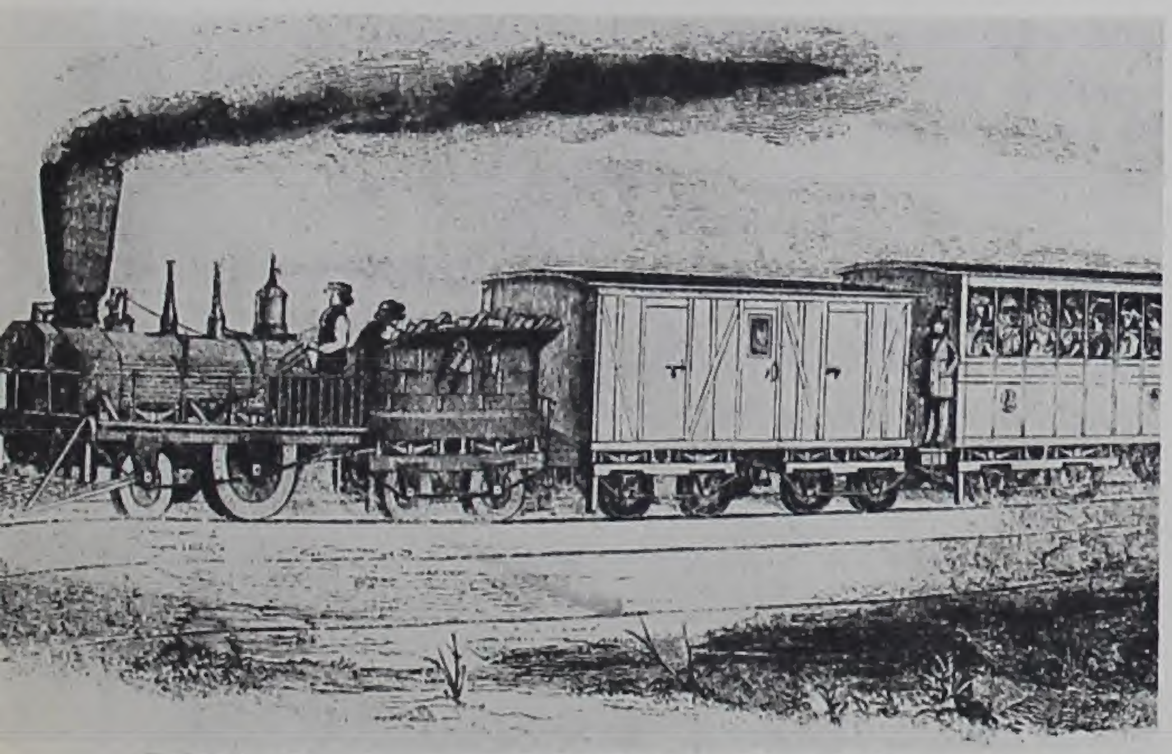
To THE 17 million Americans of the 1840's politics was by no means all-important. Only a small number took seriously the elections and the debates in Congress. Nor did they worry about such things as wars. "The world has become stale and insipid," cried a respectable New York newspaper in 1845, "the ships ought to be all captured, and the cities battered down, and the world burned up, so that we can start again. There would be fun in that."

And so, while they fought with Mexico and pushed back the Western frontier again, they also danced the European polka and sang the latest hit tunes

The persecuted Mormons took their wagons far to the West in the forties, and founded a polygamous empire in Utah.

These rural New York Shakers were pledged to a life of religious celibacy, but they enjoyed a good rousing barn dance.

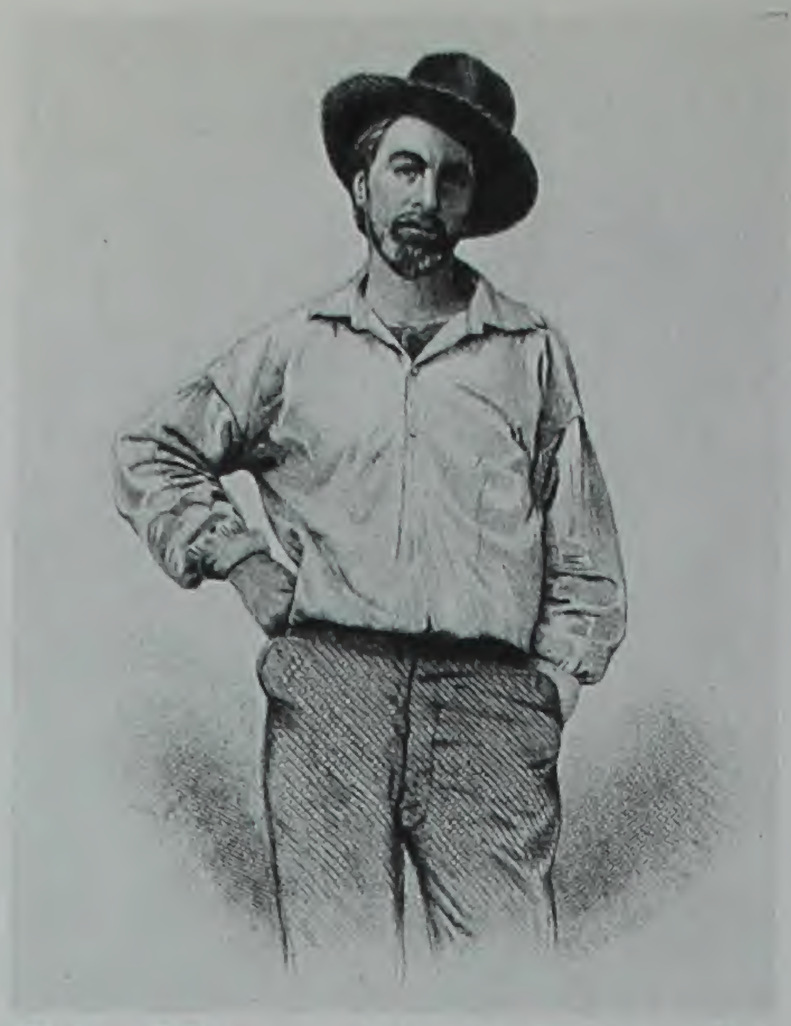
from the minstrel shows. "Humbug" and "reform" were among their favorite words. They laughed and called it "humbug" when P. T. Barnum made suckers out of them with the fakes in his New York City Museum. But they invented the telegraph, ether anesthesia, rubber-soled shoes, periscopic spectacles, spiritualism, envelopes, air-conditioning, and the Eccaleobion, or automatic egg-hatching machine. They were bursting with energy and self-esteem, these Americans of the forties, and they felt that their future was bright despite anything the politicians might—or might not—do.



Railroads crisscrossed the East and headed toward the Mississippi River. Horse-drawn omnibuses invaded the cities.

In Seneca Falls, New York. Mrs. Amelia Bloomer furthered the woman's rights cause by inventing these female pants.

Bennett of the *Herald* was a canny Scot who tirelessly tooted his own bagpipe.



Walter Whitman of the *Eagle* advised his fellow Democrats to be bold and "radical."

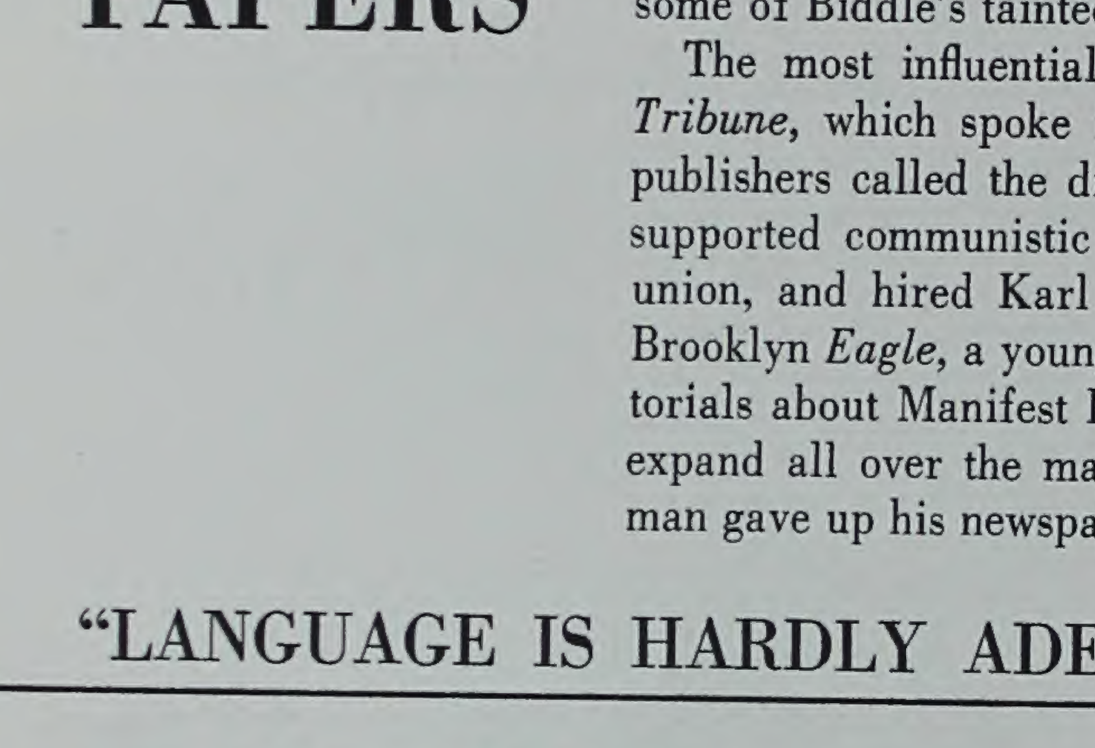
Greeley of the *Tribune* wanted to give every poor citizen a piece of public land.

THE PENNY PAPERS

In the 1840's the biggest and richest newspaper in the country was James Gordon Bennett's one-cent New York *Herald*, which had reached a daily circulation of 50,000 by sensational reporting of sexy murders, Wall Street panics, and cross-eyed Publisher Bennett himself. When another newspaper editor beat him up one day Bennett hastened to describe the fracas in his own paper, adding, I "may have knocked down his throat some of his infernal teeth for anything I know." Bennett was "neutral" in politics, although he once accepted some of Biddle's tainted Bank money.

The most influential paper, politically, was Horace Greeley's New York *Tribune*, which spoke for the Conscience Whigs and antislavery men. Rival publishers called the disheveled, absent-minded Greeley a crackpot because he supported communistic societies in the United States, belonged to a printers' union, and hired Karl Marx as a foreign correspondent. Meanwhile, for the Brooklyn *Eagle*, a young Democrat named Walter Whitman wrote dreamy editorials about Manifest Destiny and the sacred right of "Yankeedoodledom" to expand all over the map. In 1848, disgusted by doughface Democrats, Whitman gave up his newspaper job and began writing free verse.

"LANGUAGE IS HARDLY ADEQUATE . . ."



THE GREAT FIRE.

The first woodcut news pictures appeared in the penny papers of the late 1830's and '40's. The example at the left was printed in the Philadelphia *Spirit of the Times* on the day the fire occurred, an achievement which led the editor to boast as follows: "We reached the scene about 9 o'clock, this morning—drew a hasty picture of it, and by 12 o'clock, Johnson, the artist, had the representation ready for the press. So much for enterprize!"

Bennett's *Herald* printed the first pictures of murder victims and murder trials, which was denounced by the conservative press as "A VILE PRACTICE." But when the *Herald* ran a picture of Sarah Mercer, whose brother was on trial for killing her lover on a ferryboat, the opposition editors really let loose. "And she must bear all this, to enable such vile prostitutes of the press to put a few pence in their purses!" raged one. "Language is hardly adequate to express our scorn of such creatures and their detestable practices."

Many other developments helped the penny papers out-

THE KNOW-NOTHINGS

In 1844 an anti-Catholic political party called the "Native Americans" provoked a series of riots in Philadelphia and elected James Harper, of the famous publishing firm, Mayor of New York. The lithograph above shows a "Native" mob wearing tall beaver hats fighting the state militia in Philadelphia. Twenty-four persons were killed and two famous old Catholic churches burned in these riots. The Natives wanted to bar all naturalized citizens from office and extend the waiting time for citizenship to 21 years. By 1850 they were absorbed in a much larger antiforeign movement which took the form of a secret society. Members were pledged to vote exactly as their leaders told them to, and to answer "I know nothing" to all questions about their organization. The "Know-Nothings" elected governors in Kentucky, Maryland, Delaware, and four New England states. Vice President Millard Fillmore later became one of them.

strip their predecessors: the electro-magnetic telegraph, which spread news faster and farther; the cylindrical Hoe presses, which printed it more quickly; a better-educated population, in which, for the first time, a majority of Americans had gone to school. A great increase in advertising made the newspapers financially secure and produced "singing commercials" like this one of 1849:

Where'er Consumption's victims are,
In palaces or halls,
Or in the rural cottages,
With neatly white-washed walls,
Sink not into despondency,
There's naught for you to fear,
By the pale and flickering taper,
Or the brilliant chandelier;
But drink the draught, 'twil save you,
That bids Consumption fly,
Take DR. SWAYNE'S WILD CHERRY,
And do not, do not die!

The Know-Nothings charged that Irish and German immigrants were stealing American elections and running the big city political machines.

Leading New Yorkers, including Mayor Fernando Wood *(shaking hands, right)*, frequented the Gem Saloon at Broadway and Worth Street, which had the city's largest mirror.

"TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM"

"I MUST TRY old Morrison's remedy for cold weather," remarked James Latimer, a hard-working mechanic, as he finished dinner one night in 1842. He drew a cork, poured out a glass of cordial, and drank it off. "It does warm—that's a fact. Come try some of it, Polly." And he filled the glass again and handed it to his wife. . . . And so began the sad story of "The Bottle and the Pledge," by Timothy Shay Arthur, who also wrote the best-selling *Ten Nights in a Bar-Room* and hundreds of other temperance tales. The moral war against drinking was at its peak in the forties. President Zachary Taylor was a "teetotal" temperance man, as were Abraham Lincoln and Horace Greeley. Even Walter Whitman, who loved the "foaming ale" in the Pewter Mug tavern in New York, picked up some easy money writing a temperance yarn called *Franklin Evans; or, The Inebriate*. Meanwhile, bands of reformed drunkards traveled

Illustrations from "The Bottle and the Pledge" show how liquor ruined a happy home. James Latimer persuades his wife to drink.

Too many bottles of cordial and brandy have lost Latimer his job. Now Mrs. Latimer pawns her clothes to buy more bottles.

Representative Felix G. McConnell of Alabama *(center)* makes a drunken spectacle of himself on a Washington hotel porch. Six days later he committed suicide with a bowie knife.

from one mass meeting to another, exhorting their colleagues to take the pledge; angry wives smashed up grogshops, and the children's "Cold Water Army" was on the march. After four years of such activity, boasted one newspaper, the number of American drunkards was reduced from 200,000 to 125,000, and the moderate drinkers dropped from 6 to 3 million.

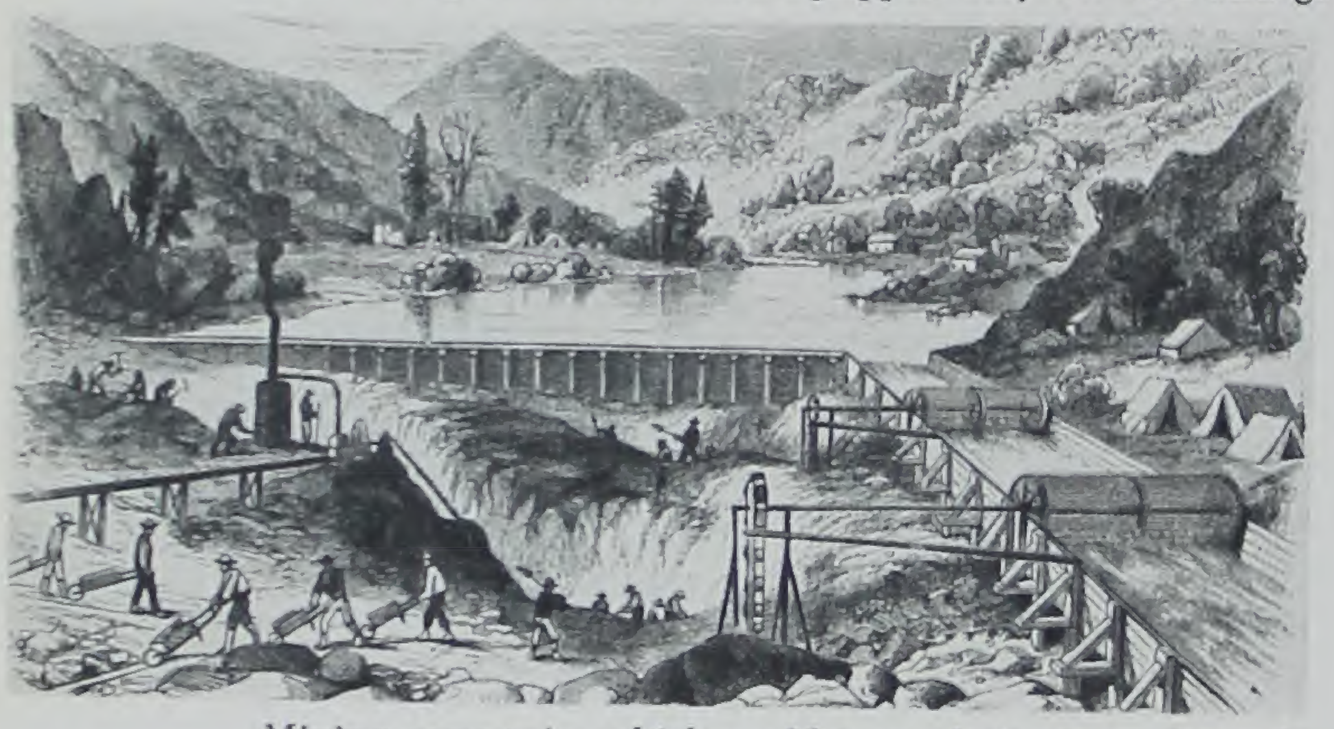
But this was not enough for the temperance forces, who turned from persuasion to force. The first state-wide prohibition law was passed in 1838 in Tennessee, and repealed eight years later. In 1851 a much stricter one took effect in Maine, through the efforts of Neal Dow, the crusading Mayor of Portland. Although Portland's sailors and shipwrights rioted to get back their rum, and bootlegged wagonloads across the border, prohibition became an institution in Maine and a continuing threat to drinkers all over the country.

Neal Dow, the "Cold Water Mayor"

Latimer kills his wife in a drunken quarrel in their fireless apartment. Almost all their belongings are gone by this time.

Latimer is locked up in a madhouse, where he is visited by his delinquent children. When they leave he will suffer further torment.

The first gold hunters were equipped only for dirt and gravel digging. Some made $750 a week, some made $10 in all.



Mining companies which could turn whole rivers through their sluiceways soon took over the most valuable claims.

Chinese diggers stuck together in little groups, eating rice with chopsticks and cutting each other's hair for relaxation.

San Francisco in 1848 was a village of 50 adobe huts. In 1849 it was the makeshift city shown above, with a floating population of 20,000, and a harbor full of deserted ships which sometimes caught fire *(right)* and sank uncared for.

THE GOLD DIGGERS

On the rainy afternoon of January 28, 1848, a workman in a stained serape rode into Sutter's Fort near Sacramento and unwound a wet cotton rag, out of which fell shiny dust and flakes. "I believe it is gold!" the man whispered to Captain John Sutter. "But the people at the mill laughed at me—said I was crazy!" Sutter peered closely at the particles. "Yes, it looks like gold," he said. "Come, let us test it. . . ."

It was gold, and a large part of the world went wild at the news. Soon a bigger army of Americans than ever marched on Mexico was heading west by ship and prairie schooner—

> Oh! California,
> That's the land for me;
> I'm off for Sacramento
> With my washbowl on my knee.

To meet them at the diggings came Russians, Mexicans, Hawaiians, "Sydney ducks" from Australia, and thousands of pigtail-wearing Chinese. California's new army and navy posts were stripped bare as all ranks left to dig gold; ships deserted by their crews rotted and sank to the bottom of San Francisco Bay. From the East Yankee traders sent out barrels of cheap metal spelter on the same ships with the gold diggers; when this stuff was dumped into a stream by a California promoter, it formed flakes like gold and started a stampede for claims.

The first big rush for gold gave California a rough, predominantly masculine population of 250,000 or more, which lived turbulently under the rule of the disorganized United States Army.

A California gold digger, from an on-the-spot sketch

CALIFORNIA GOES FREE SOIL

For more than two years Congress was deadlocked over the Wilmot Proviso and could not organize California or any other new states in the territory wrested from Mexico. So in September 1849 the Californians took matters in their own hands. They elected a governor and legislature, adopted a free-soil (no slavery) constitution, and announced they were ready to become a state at once. When this news reached Washington it provoked another great political tug of war between the Northern and Southern members of Congress. But meanwhile the Californians went on ruling and improving themselves. The jack-boot miners of '49 quickly gave way to multimillion dollar mining corporations. Handsome stagecoaches *(left)* dashed through the mountains. San Francisco grew into a roaring boom town where ham and eggs cost $3 a plate and a gambling tent on the Plaza rented for $40,000 a year. But Jim Marshall, who found the first gold flakes, died poor—and crazy.

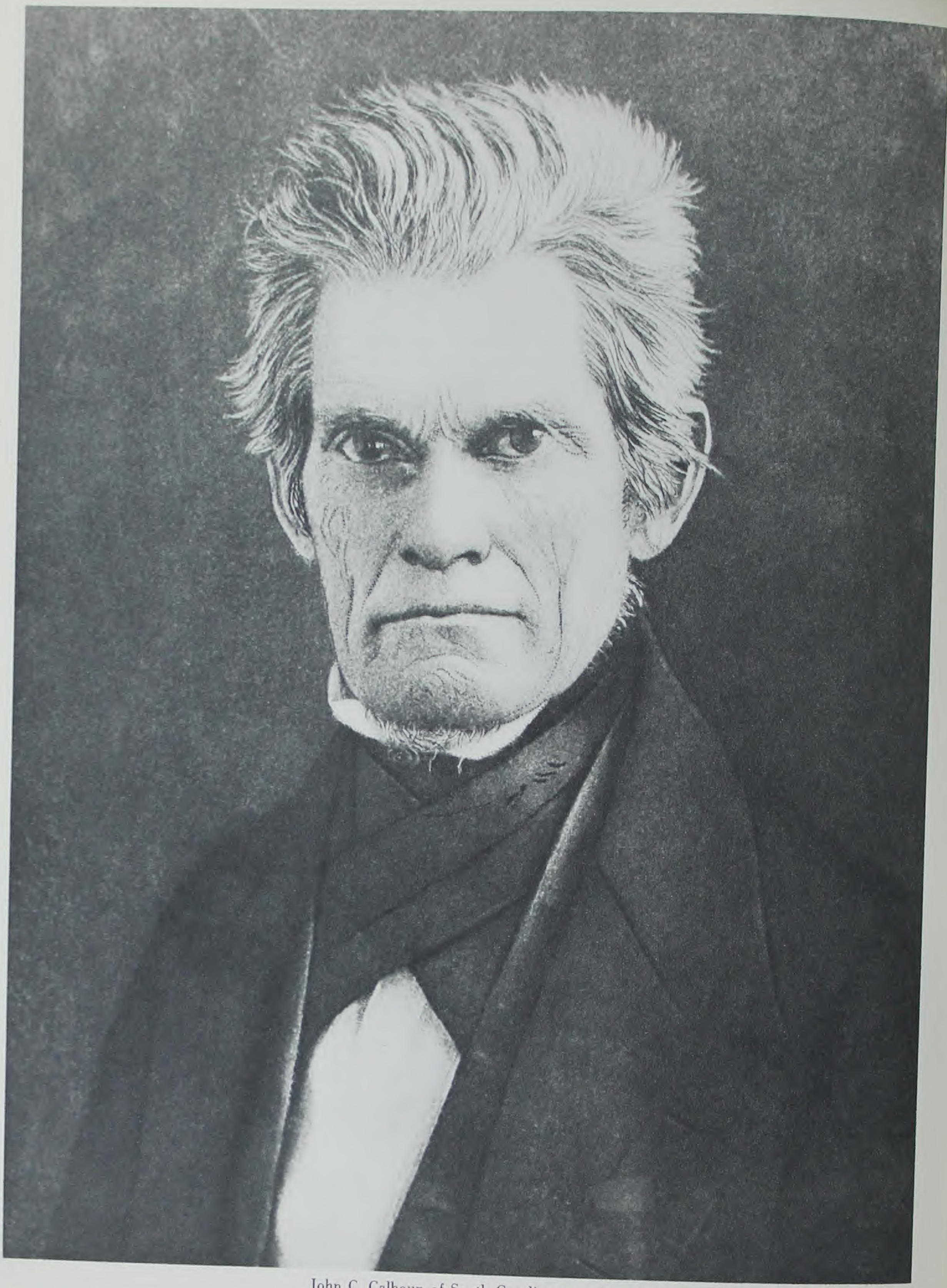
THE CALIFORNIA COMPROMISE

THE SCENE at the left, painted by Peter Frederick Rothermel, shows the start of the greatest Senate debate since 1830. All the old giants are still there. Henry Clay, the Great Pacificator, has the floor. Two rows behind him sits Daniel Webster, with his head resting on his left hand. Calhoun is standing *(third from right)*, his iron-gray hair falling down about his ears. Tom Benton appears with his nose realistically portrayed *(seated, second from right)*.

The battle was precipitated by California's request to enter the Union as a free-soil state. To the South this seemed to be the most dangerous attack on slavery since the Missouri Compromise. The Northern Free Soilers, both Democrats and Conscience Whigs, were again demanding that the Wilmot Proviso be passed. If this were done, said the Southerners, their states would band together and resist its enforcement "to any extremity."

On the morning of February 5, 1850, the 72-year-old Clay walked up the Capitol steps to offer his last compromise. "Will you lend me your arm?" he asked a friend. "I feel myself quite weak and exhausted this morning." But when he began to speak his old-time fire and charm were strong as ever. Let California enter as a free state, he argued, since her people had already made this choice. Let two more future states, New Mexico and Utah, be formed into territories without any restrictions as to slavery. Let the slave trade (but not slaveholding) be abolished in the District of Columbia, as the abolitionists had long demanded. And finally, let the North agree to enforce a drastic new fugitive slave act, to return all runaway slaves to their owners.

This was the Compromise of 1850: a middle-of-the-road solution which would at least hold the Union together for a while. Calhoun attacked it bitterly; Webster supported it in a sensational speech which was widely denounced in the North. By September it had all been passed, and the newspapers were headlining their Washington reports: "Most Glorious News"—"The Country Saved"—"The Closing of the Drama."



John C. Calhoun of South Carolina waged a relentless battle against the Declaration of Independence during the closing years of his life. "Nothing can be more unfounded and false," he declared, than "the prevalent opinion that all men are born free and equal . . . [for] it rests upon the assumption of a fact which is contrary to universal observation."

THE SOUTH IN SULLEN FURY

On March 4, 1850, John C. Calhoun sat in an armchair on the Senate floor, his neck swathed in flannels. His voice was stifled by catarrh, but he had written one last speech to oppose Clay's California Compromise. While his words were read by Mason of Virginia the old nullifier glared proudly around the Senate: in his eyes there burned the implacable resentment and defiance of the South.

It was not enough, Calhoun warned, to pass a more stringent fugitive slave act—every Northern citizen must cease to agitate the slavery question forthwith. The admission of California or any other free-soil state was clearly illegal, for it interfered with the personal right to hold slaves, which had been granted by the Federal Constitution. The North was going ahead of the South too fast in population and resources, and Congress must act to restore the "equilibrium" between the two sections. Calhoun's plan for doing this was to pass a constitutional amendment dividing the executive power between two Presidents, one from the South and one from the North!

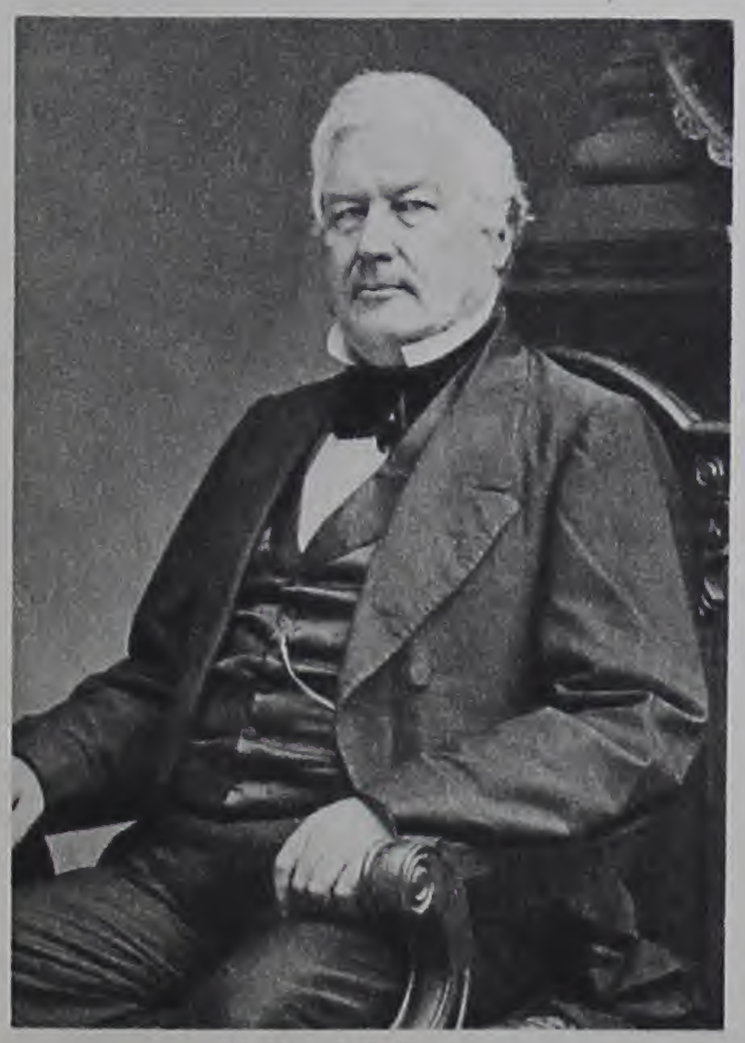
Calhoun had long since lost interest in compromises. He was convinced the Union must break up soon, and he had prepared for that event a rigid political creed which exalted slavery as "a positive good" and a practical necessity. There has never existed, he said, a "civilized society in which one portion of the community did not, in point of fact, live on the labor of the other." Was it not better, then, to have the inferior blacks labor in paternalistic slavery for the Southern whites, than to imitate the factory "wage slavery" of the North, with its capital-labor strife and seasonal starvation? The abolitionists, he warned, would not stop at freeing the slaves: they would also try "to raise the Negroes to a social and political equality with the whites, and, that being effected, we would soon see the present condition of the two races reversed. They, and their Northern allies, would be the masters, and we the slaves."

Four weeks after his last speech Calhoun died of lung disease in a Washington lodginghouse.

"The South, the poor South," he murmured toward the end.

Jefferson Davis of Mississippi (photographed with his youthful second wife) inherited Calhoun's Southern leadership.

THE DOUGHFACE PRESIDENTS



Millard Fillmore

It was John Randolph who coined the word "doughface" to describe a Northern politician with Southern ideas about slavery. In 1850 the Presidency suddenly fell under doughface control when Zachary Taylor died. Old Rough and Ready had survived many a hard campaign, but a series of Fourth of July speeches at the Washington Monument was too much for him. After sitting all afternoon in a broiling sun, he returned to the White House and tried to cool off by eating cherries and drinking iced milk. Five days later he was dead of cholera morbus.

The pliable Millard Fillmore from Buffalo, New York, succeeded him, and soon ordered a rigorous enforcement of the new Fugitive Slave Act. In 1852, in a listless campaign, the Democrats elected as President Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, a classic specimen of a doughface. The South ran Pierce's administration, through Jefferson Davis, his strong-willed Secretary of War.

Franklin Pierce

Eliza's race across the Ohio River, shown in an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* theater poster, was often duplicated in real life. One Negro woman who was caught on the Ohio side cut her baby's throat as they were carried back to slavery.

"LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY"

In June 1851 the *National Era* of Washington, D. C., began publishing a 36-part serial story called *Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life Among the Lowly*, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. No American novel ever had such far-reaching political effects. "It penetrated the walls of Congress," wrote a contemporary, "and made the politicians tremble. It startled statesmen, who scented danger near." Senator William H. Seward of New York urged his Southern colleagues to read it and learn the error of their ways. But Southern critics thought the book was a "criminal prostitution of the high functions of the imagination." Its authoress, they said, "must be either a very bad or a very fanatical person."

Yet as propaganda *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was not all one-sided. Early scenes in the story depicted Colonel Shelby and Augustine St. Clare as kind-hearted Southern gentlemen who took good care of their slaves. But it was Simon Legree, with his whips and bloodhounds, who made the most lasting impression. When he stalked, black-mustached and villainous, across a thousand theater stages of the North, he became the very personification of the Fugitive Slave Act and all its hated results.

The martyrdom of gentle Uncle Tom, the sad death of little Eva, and Eliza's dash for life across the ice, with baying bloodhounds close behind her, became fixed in millions of Northern minds as true pictures of life in the slave-holding South.

Harriet Beecher Stowe was the first professional author since Tom Paine to strongly influence American history.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

These fugitive slaves are fleeing from the Maryland Eastern Shore to an Underground Railroad depot in Delaware.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE ACT of 1850 rubbed the unsavory aspects of slavery into Northern nostrils in a very vigorous way. An alleged runaway could be seized and shackled wherever found, could not have a trial by jury, could not testify or summon witnesses for himself, and could be shipped south to his master no matter how long he had been free. James Hamlet, a peaceable resident of New York City, was the first to feel the law's effect. He was taken at his work by a federal officer and sent to Baltimore in irons.

Methods of escape were many. One woman slave simply put on her master's suit and hat and took a train north.

In 1850 there were at least 20,000 Negroes in the North who had escaped through an abolitionist network known as the "Underground Railroad." These people now started a wild stampede for Canada, and many Northerners did all they could to help them, and to block the enforcement of the law. "This filthy enactment," wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson, "was made in the nineteenth century, by people who could read and write. I will not obey it, by God!"

At Christiana, Pennsylvania, in 1851, local Negroes fought off a party of slave-hunters from Maryland and killed one.

Henry Brown escaped from Richmond to Philadelphia via Adams' Express, in a box labeled "This side up with care."

Two accredited artists accompanied Perry to Japan and their sketches were published in his official report to Congress. The one above shows Perry and his staff arriving at an imperial tent during the 1854 negotiations. The one below, which shows Japanese men and women bathing together, caused a Congressional furor and was later suppressed. According to Perry, the lower-class people of Japan had lax morals and enjoyed looking at obscene pictures.

PERRY OPENS JAPAN

In 1852 Commodore Matthew Calbraith ("Old Bruin") Perry sailed with a squadron of United States warships on a ticklish mission to Japan. The Japanese had opened their country for a while in the sixteenth century, but they were so annoyed by foreign missionaries and cheated by foreign traders that they slammed the door again. Perry's delicate job was to pry it open without starting a war.

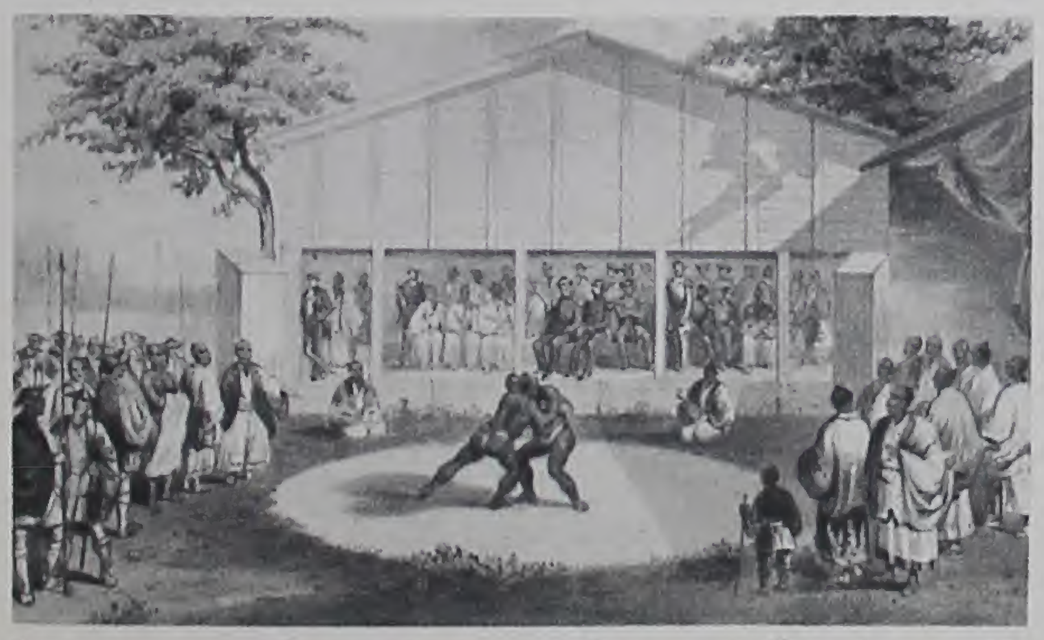
His four steam-propelled men-of-war entered Yedo Bay July 8, 1853, belching black smoke as they moved steadily against a strong head wind. The Japanese had never seen ships of this type before. An old and ominous folk song came to their minds as they watched:

> Thro' a black night of cloud and rain,
> The Black Ship plies her way—
> An alien thing of evil mien—
> Across the waters gray.

The local officials ordered Perry to get out of the Bay, but he put up a stiff diplomatic front and disobeyed. He announced he was carrying a letter from President Millard Fillmore to the Emperor, and that the United States would be insulted if the letter was not received. A Japanese dignitary finally accepted it, and Perry sailed away, leaving word he would be back the next year for an answer.

He returned in February 1854, this time with seven powerfully armed "Black Ships." Meanwhile, the Japanese had completely reversed their policy. They greeted Perry warmly, agreed to sign a trade treaty, and happily accepted such gifts as a telegraph instrument and a miniature American locomotive which traveled along the shore at 20 miles an hour. The high spot was reached at a banquet on the U.S.S. *Powhatan,* when a tipsy Japanese official threw his arms around Perry, crushing a pair of gold epaulets and repeating in Japanese, "Nippon and America, all the same heart!" Perry's door-opening mission was a spectacular success. But as Mr. Dooley later remarked, "We didn't go in; they came out."

Commodore Perry treated the Japanese with stern, gold-braided dignity. A brother of the hero of Lake Erie, Perry had already seen service on American ships off Norway, Liberia, Cuba, Naples, Greece, Smyrna, and Vera Cruz.



Japanese wrestlers entertained Perry at Yokohama. He responded by staging a banquet under American big guns.

Japanese soldiers at Yokohama had expensive saddles but were armed with old-fashioned matchlock rifles and spears.

THE END OF THE WHIGS

No American party leader was ever more frantically loved by his followers than Henry Clay, shown at left in a daguerreotype with his wife Lucretia. In 1844, when he lost his last chance at the Presidency, Clay sobbed in his wife's arms.

THE WHIG PARTY died three times in 1852—first with Henry Clay, then with Daniel Webster, and finally in the November election for President. The Whig candidate was General Winfield Scott, another Mexican War hero. But the country had almost forgotten the Mexican War, and the attempt to popularize Old Fuss and Feathers was a dismal failure.

In June the noise made by the Whig convention delegates disturbed the dying moments of Henry Clay, who succumbed to a racking cough in the National Hotel at Washington. Webster, who had hoped to get the nomination himself, lingered glumly at his Massachusetts seaside home until October. A remarkable story was printed of his passing:

On his last afternoon he heard the doctor say, "Give him a spoonful of brandy in fifteen minutes, another in half an hour, and another in three quarters of an hour, if he still lives." These directions were followed until the time came for the third spoonful, when the attendants could not decide whether he was alive. While they deliberated the dying statesman suddenly raised his head and said feebly, "I still live." The brandy was given to him, and he sank into his final sleep.

Daniel Webster died disgraced in the eyes of the Conscience Whigs and his own New England. He had supported the Fugitive Slave Act, and had told Massachusetts to conquer her "prejudices" to preserve the Union. So far as the abolitionists were concerned he was an "apostate," a "falling star," "Lucifer descending from Heaven!"

On February 2, 1856, a Massachusetts Free Soiler was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives over a South Carolina slaveowner, after a nine-week, 133-ballot deadlock. This was the first naked test of strength between North and South. Below, Northerners in the gallery cheer wildly as their man wins.

THE FREE SOIL REPUBLICANS

THE PASSING of the Whigs left behind a whirlpool of sectional rivalry and political hate. Senator Ben Wade, a fierce Free Soiler from Ohio, described it accurately when he said: "There is really no Union now between the North and the South. . . . No two nations upon earth entertain feelings of more bitter rancor toward each other. . . ."

This feeling was not based solely on slavery and its extension into the territories—although these had become the dominant issues. It went back to the ancient struggle between the two sections for economic and political supremacy. The North, with its factory system based on free labor, was already far ahead in the 1850's. The South was so involved in its slave and cotton-growing investments that it could not change peaceably if it wanted to. So it tried every political trick to hem in and restrain the North, while extending slavery as fast and far as possible.

The logic of the situation called for the formation of two new political parties: one for the South and one for the North. Calhoun's successors almost achieved this by tightening the historic Southern grip on the Democratic party machinery. But although they found many Northern doughfaces to do their bidding, they did not succeed in converting Andrew Jackson's Democracy into a 100-per-cent proslavery party.

It was the North which produced the first truly sectional party in American politics. Its beginnings were so widespread and spontaneous that no one man can be called its founder. But in February 1854 Alvan Bovay, a young lawyer in Ripon, Wisconsin, wrote a letter to Editor Horace Greeley of the New York *Tribune,* asking for help in organizing the opponents of slavery extension in a new party. "Urge them to forget previous political names and organizations, and to band together under the name I suggested to you in 1852," Bovay wrote. "I mean the name REPUBLICAN."

Greeley responded without much enthusiasm. "I am a beaten, broken-down, used-up politician, and have the soreness of many defeats in my bones," he wrote. "However, I am ready to follow any lead that promises to hasten the day of Northern emancipation."

Bovay and his neighbors went ahead. In March they held a meeting in the Ripon schoolhouse and appointed a committee to organize the new party in their own home town. The committee was composed of three Conscience Whigs, one antislavery Democrat, and one man who had voted for Van Buren in 1848 on the Free Soil (third party) ticket. This little group was typical of hundreds of others which sprang up in the Northern states during the next few months.

The new party snowballed into power with unprecedented speed. In May 1854 thirty Congressman members met in Washington and officially adopted "Republican" as its name. By thus reviving the name of Jefferson's original party, they announced, they were asserting again the pro-Union and antislavery views of the founders of the Republic. In July the first state Republican convention was held in Jackson, Michigan, followed shortly by one at Saratoga Springs, New York. When the next Congress convened the Republicans elected the Speaker, Nathaniel P. Banks of Massachusetts, after a bitter contest which blocked all other House business for two months. Banks was a former bobbin boy in a New England cotton mill; his Democratic opponent, William Aiken of South Carolina, was the owner of 1,100 slaves.

Seasoned politicians like Lincoln and William H. Seward stayed aloof from the new party for a while. They thought it contained too many radicals, socialists, and outright abolitionists, whose motto, "Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Labor, and Free Men," it quickly took for its own. But the Republican movement gathered so much strength in the North that the "practical" leaders were soon forced to join it, and take the party helm themselves, to prevent the rank and file from steering straight into civil war.

Senator Stephen Arnold Douglas of Illinois was a fountain of tobacco juice and spread-eagle oratory and the last of the great compromisers. He spoke for a large number of "Go Ahead" Americans who wanted to forget about the slavery problem and continue expanding all over the Western Hemisphere. "I do not care whether slavery is voted up or voted down," he said.

DOUGLAS AND THE ANTI-NEBRASKANS

IN THE SENATE a shaggy, thick-necked, miniature bull of a man fought with bluster and cunning to hold the North and the South together. Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant," was a Vermont-born Democrat who married the daughter of a North Carolina slaveholder. But his opinions were formed on the Western frontier, where he had made good as a lawyer, judge, and rough-and-tumble politician. In private life he was deeply involved with Chicago capitalists in a scheme to build a railroad to the Pacific coast from Chicago through Council Bluffs. This project had been stalled by Jefferson Davis and other Democrats, who wanted to build a rival line from Memphis, through Texas and Santa Fe.

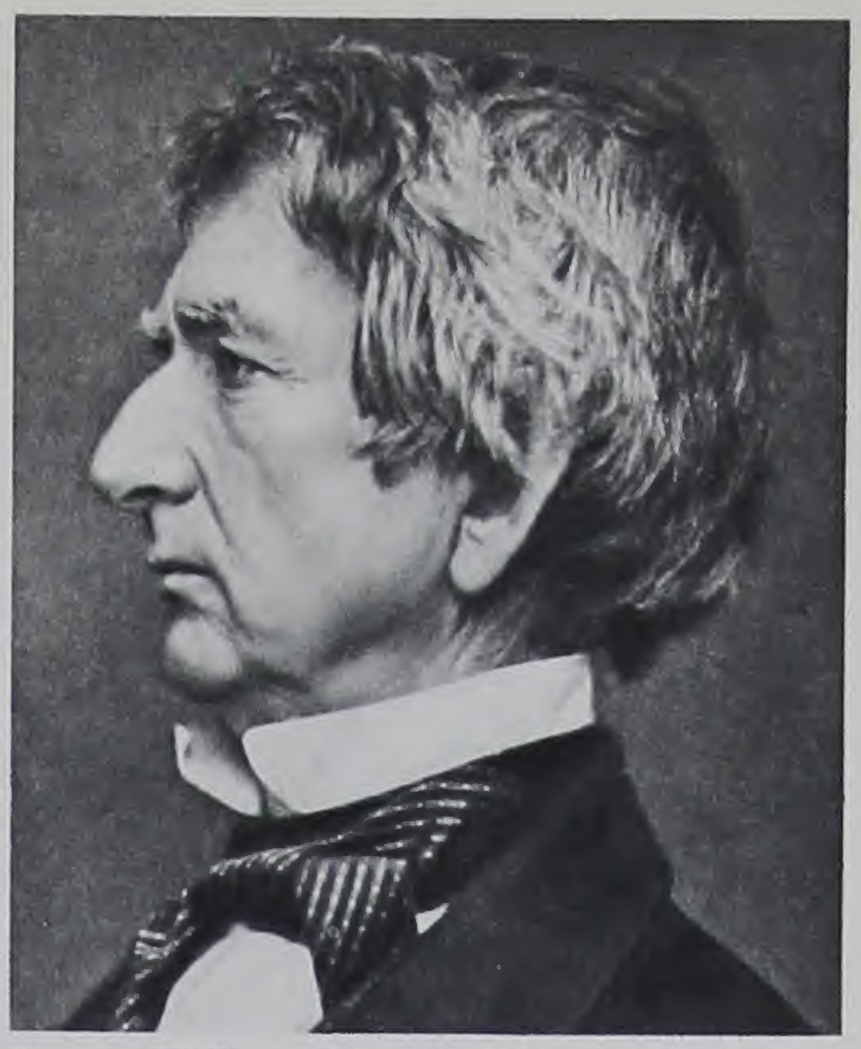
Douglas had a simple but explosive plan for ending the slavery crisis. Let the country forget all the old compromises, and write a new one: let the people of each territory decide for themselves whether they would have slavery, and let Congress accept their decision. This was really nothing more than the squatter law of the pioneers, but Douglas dressed it up under the title of "Popular Sovereignty." In January 1854 he introduced his famous Nebraska bill, which led to the creation of two new territories, Nebraska and Kansas, and gave the inhabitants of each the privilege of deciding on slavery.

Douglas was eager to get these territory governments started to speed his railroad plans, and he was perfectly willing to conciliate his business rivals in the South by opening up a new outlet for slavery. After a sharp debate his bill was passed and signed by the doughface President, Franklin Pierce.

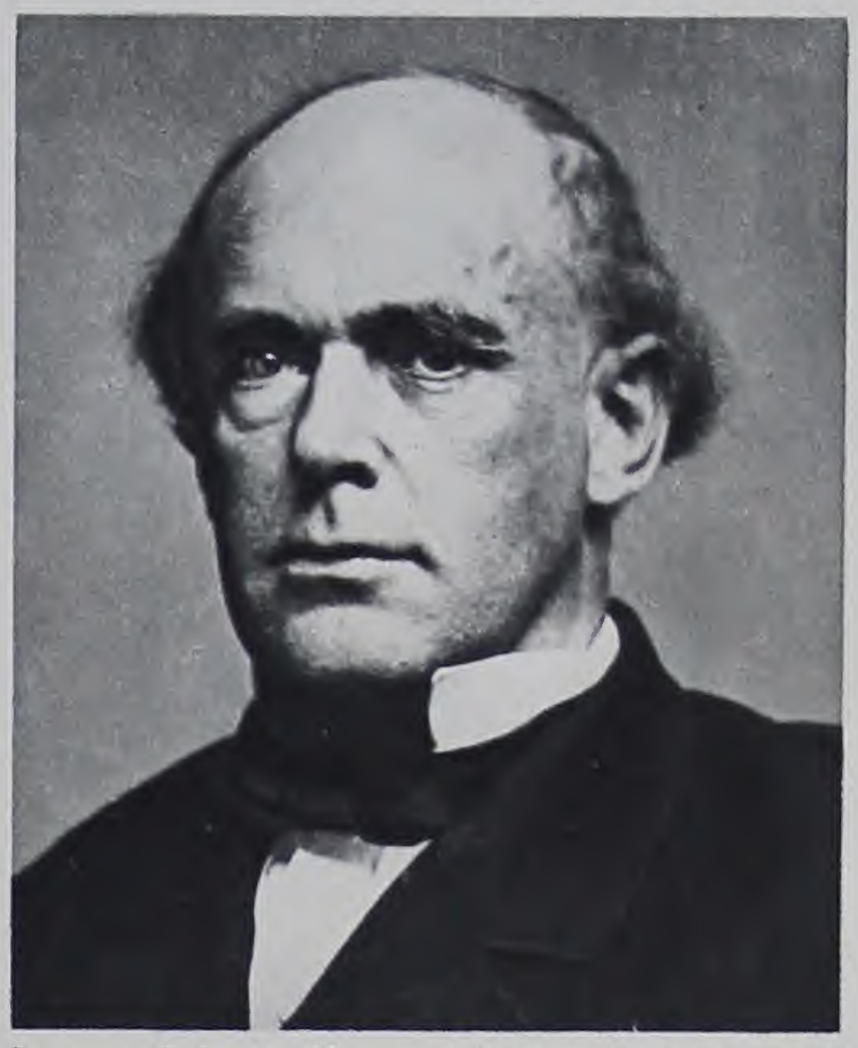
In the North Douglas' bill meant just one thing: the deliberate, final betrayal of the promises made in the Missouri Compromise, which had stood for 34 years against the westward spread of the "slave power." It was to protest against the "wicked" Nebraska bill that Alvan Bovay and his neighbors held their first meeting in the Ripon schoolhouse, in a movement that spread like wildfire, and led directly to the rapid rise of the Free Soil Republicans. The protesting Northerners called themselves "Anti-Nebraska men" before they adopted the name "Republican." The three Senators at the right were "Anti-Nebraska men" who flung hot words of scorn and hate at Stephen Douglas.

During one of the debates Senator George E. Badger of North Carolina was bemoaning the fact that, if the North had its way, he could never take his "old black mammy" to Nebraska. He loved his "old black mammy," he said, and she loved him. Turning to Senator Wade of Ohio, he exclaimed, "Surely you will not prevent me from taking my old black mammy with me?"

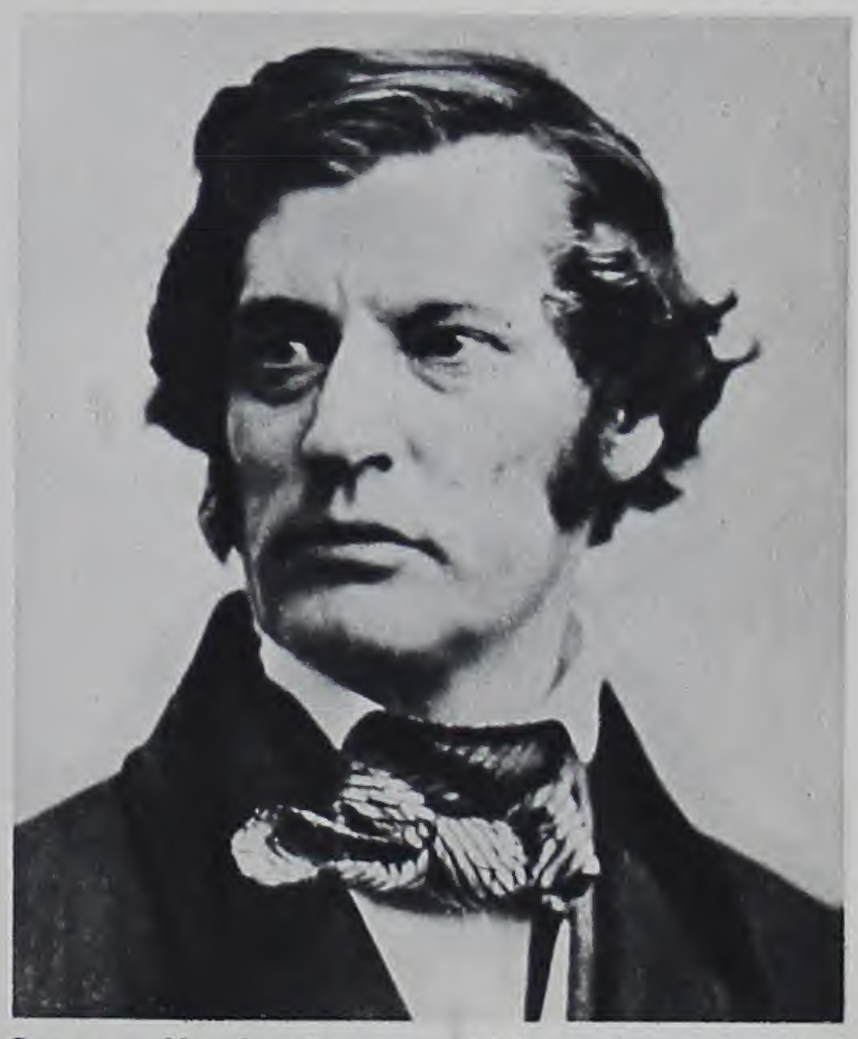
"It is not that he cannot take his old black mammy with him that troubles the mind of the Senator," sneered hard-boiled Ben Wade, "but that if we make the territories free, he cannot sell the old black mammy when he gets her there."



Senator William Seward of New York charged the South was forcing "an irrepressible conflict."



Senator Salmon Chase of Ohio called Douglas' bill "a criminal betrayal of precious rights."



Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts called Douglas a skunk and slavery a Southern harlot.

Missouri "Border Ruffians" on their way to "vote" in Kansas. Their leader was Missouri's ex-Senator David Atchison.

BLEEDING KANSAS . . .

In March 1855 the new territory of Kansas held an election under the "Popular Sovereignty" plan. Across the border from Missouri rode 5,000 slavery men armed with bowie knives and revolvers. These "Border Ruffians," as the Northern newspapers called them, took charge of the Kansas polls, barred Free Soil men from voting, and elected a proslavery legislature. Then they rode back to Missouri.

The ruins of the Free State Hotel at Lawrence, Kansas, after the Missourians burned and looted the town in 1856.

The North replied to this by sending to Kansas organized colonies of tough, determined abolitionists. With them came wagonloads of Sharp's breech-loading rifles, paid for by collections taken up in Northern churches. Soon a small-scale civil war was flaming along the Kansas frontier. On May 21, 1856, an invading force of Missourians plundered and burned the Free Soil capital of Lawrence. On May 25 a band of Free Soil fighters led by John Brown dragged five proslavery settlers from their cabins on the Pottawatomie and killed them in cold blood.

The "Kansas War" cost only a few hundred lives, but the whole country watched it with breathless excitement, for almost everyone realized it was a rehearsal for something bigger. On May 19, 1856, Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts delivered a powerful Republican philippic on "The Crime

"Southern Chivalry" shows Congressman Preston Brooks trying to kill Senator Sumner. Democratic Senators are laughing.

. . . AND "BULLY" BROOKS

Against Kansas," in which he sought to place all blame on the South. In his speech he made some coarse remarks about the elderly Senator Butler of South Carolina, suggesting that Butler must have chosen "the harlot, Slavery," to be his "mistress."

Three days later, Butler's nephew, Congressman Preston Brooks of South Carolina, walked into the Senate chamber and tried to murder Sumner. The Senator, a tall man with long legs, was sitting at his desk writing when Brooks approached. As he looked up Brooks brought his heavy gutta-percha cane crashing down on Sumner's bare head. Sumner's desk was fastened to the floor and his legs were tangled underneath; in his agonized struggle to rise he tore the desk loose from the floor and then fell over on his back. Brooks continued to batter his skull until the cane broke. Senators Douglas and Robert Toombs of Georgia were standing near by but did not interfere.

Sumner's injuries disabled him for three years and almost blinded one eye. But "Bully" Brooks became the hero of the South. Admirers sent him scores of canes and a gold-handled cowhide whip to use on other abolitionists. And a Washington magistrate let him off with a $300 fine.

South Carolina militia in a Missouri camp in 1856. They were sent west to fight for slavery in the "Kansas War."

FREE SPEECH, FREE SOIL, FREE MEN —AND FRÉMONT!

BUCHANAN AND FREMONT.

Tune---Villikins and his Dinah.

As Buchanan was walking by the White House one day,
His eyes did roll upward, and thus he did say—
"I am looking for lodgings, and this is the thing;
So I guess I will take it quite early next spring."
Chorus—Singing, to lal, lal la, ral la, to ral lal la.

Then bowing quite lowly to the people around,
He called them the bravest he ever had found,
The South was his darling, the North was his pride,
And in speaking of Kansas he tenderly sighed—
Chorus—Singing, to la, &c.

"I am yours, my dear people," he fervently said.
"And 'tis for that reason I never shall wed.
I'll be your protector—yours truly alone—
Your joys and your sorrows shall all be my own."
Chorus—Singing, to la, &c.

'Twas thus he was talking sweet things to the crowd,
When the voice of the People rose up very loud—
"Here come John and Jessie, so clear out the way,
'Tis too late in the season for you to make hay."
Chorus—Singing, to la, &c.

"We go for Free Kansas, Free Press and Free Speech,
And many great things that Freedom doth teach,
We want no old fogies to crush us with wrong,
So clear out the way for Jessie and John."
Chorus—Singing, to la, &c.

Then Buchanan, with weeping, looked round on the crowd,
But alas for his "feelinks," they cried very loud—
"Make way for brave Fremont—our hero—make way,
You can ride up Salt River for ten cents a day."
Chorus—Singing, to la, &c.

MORAL.

Now all wire-pullers, take warning by this.
Ere dreaming of gaining political bliss;
Don't knock at the White House on Uncle Sam's Farm,
Unless Freedom and Jessie do hang on your arm.
Chorus—Singing, to la, &c.

Andrews, Printer, 38 Chatham St. N. Y., Songs, Games Toy Books, Motto Verses, &c., Wholesale and Retail.

Republican song of 1856 featured Jessie along with John. Republicans also claimed that Buchanan would reduce Northern wages to 10 cents a day.

John Charles Frémont at 43 was the youngest-looking man who had yet run for President.

Frémont *(holding flag)* proclaimed a California revolution against Mexico in 1846. In 1849 he was elected one of California's first Senators.

In 1856 the Republicans made their first attempt to capture the Presidency. "Bleeding Kansas" was their principal issue, and John Charles Frémont, the California glamour boy who had become a red-hot Free Soiler, was their candidate. For the first time sex appeal was brought directly into a Presidential campaign when Frémont and his pretty wife Jessie appeared side by side on campaign banners and cartoons. "Frémont and Jessie" seemed to be the Republican ticket, instead of Frémont and William L. Dayton. "We go for our country and Union, and for brave little Jessie forever," ran one Republican ditty.

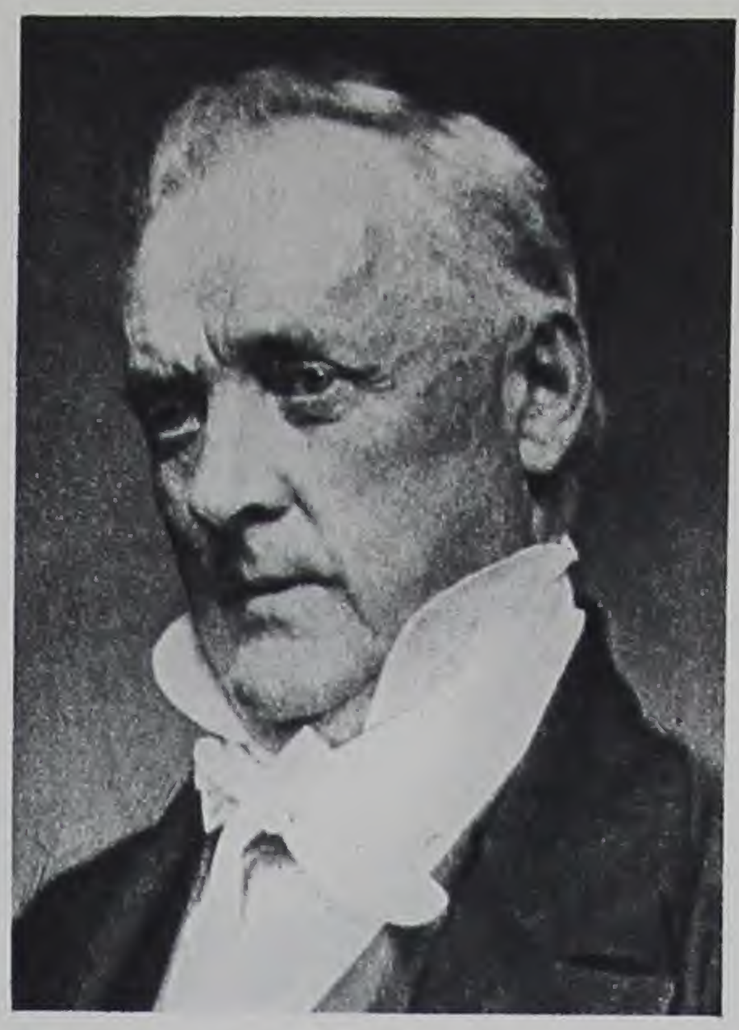
In the North and Middle West the Frémont campaign became a moral crusade against slavery, with preachers, professors, poets, and young people in the lead:

> Arise, arise, ye braves,
> And let our war-cry be,
> Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,
> Fre-mont and Victory!

But the solid banking and industrial interests of the Eastern cities did not join this idealistic stampede. Wall Street was frightened by Southern threats to secede from a Republican government; August Belmont and other conservative financiers poured out money until the Democrats had $10 to spend for every dollar the Republicans could raise. The Know-Nothing vote was turned against Frémont by false whispers that he was a practicing Catholic; Democratic orators raked over the old scandal of his illegitimate birth. The sneering term "Black Republicans" was invented by the opposition to describe the aggregation of "nigger-lovers," "red" radicals, prohibitionists, cigar-smoking women, and free-lovers who were supposed to make up the Republican party.

The unkindest cut of all came when old Tom Benton, Jessie's father, turned against them and supported the Democratic ticket in Missouri. On the morning after the election, as the telegraph ticked out the news of their defeat, Jessie remarked, with a wry smile, "Colonel Benton, I perceive, has the best of the family argument."

Yet the Republicans took 42 per cent of the major-party vote of the nation, a fact which made James Buchanan, the incoming Democratic President, look even older and more depressed than usual. The cartoon below emphasizes the contrast between the wrinkled "Old Buck" and the blooming "Young America" represented by the Frémonts.



THE LAST DOUGHFACE

to occupy the White House was James Buchanan *(above)* of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, a rich, worldly-wise gentleman of 65 who habitually carried his head cocked to one side like a listening parrot. Old Buck was the first and only bachelor President—a lover's quarrel in his youth had robbed him of the only girl he ever wanted to marry. His official hostess and constant companion was his niece, Harriet Lane, a beautiful blonde with auburn hair and violet eyes.

Buchanan's bland exterior and half-baked thinking on slavery made him a perfect example of a doughface statesman. Early in his career he had been a Middle States Federalist. When Missouri was admitted as a slave state he called a meeting in his home town to protest. But when the Federalists disappeared in the 1820's Buchanan slipped over to the Jackson side and became a Democrat. By 1830 he was saying that slavery was wrong but nothing could be done about it. He despised the Yankee abolitionists for their crudeness and fanaticism, and thoroughly enjoyed the aristocratic Southern flavor of Washington social life. In the 1840's and '50's he was an expansionist diplomat and Secretary of State, who schemed to conquer Cuba and Central America for slavery.

He was a minority President—he got 1,800,000 votes to Frémont's 1,300,000 and 900,000 for the Know-Nothing candidate, ex-President Fillmore. In his Inaugural Address he let slip a hint that he had been tipped off in advance on a Supreme Court decision which was supposed to settle the vexing slavery question forever—a decision to which, as he said, "all good citizens" should cheerfully submit.

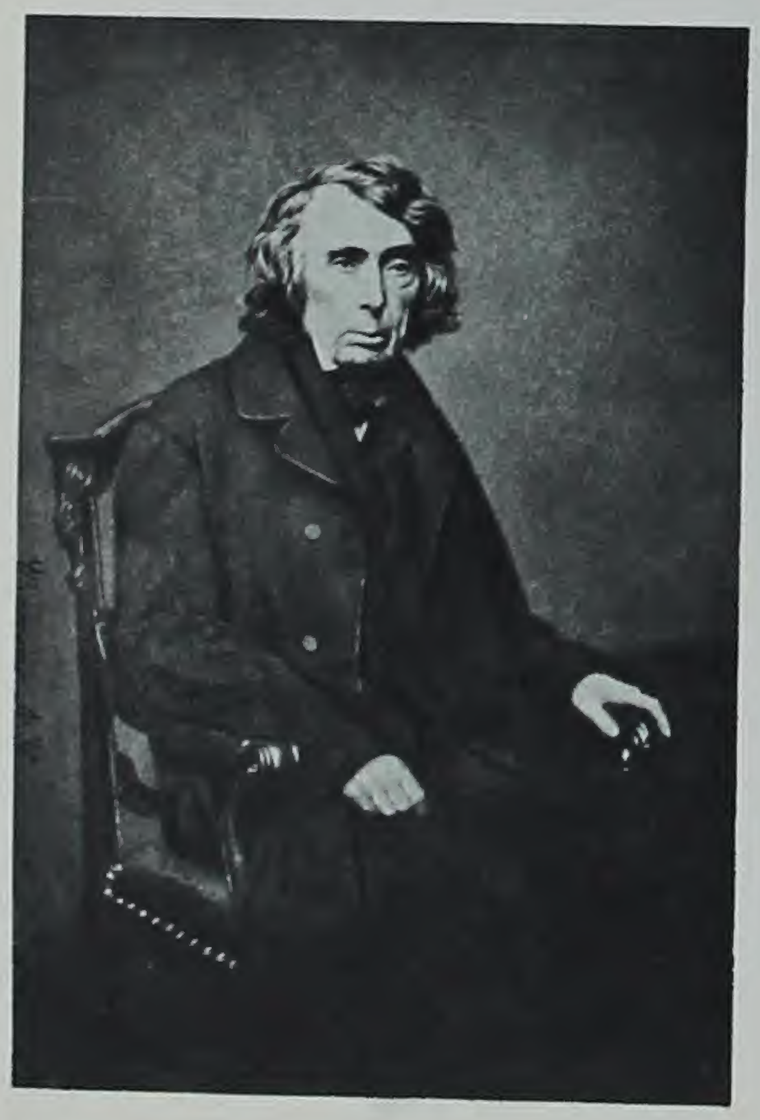
THE SLAVE AND THE OLD CHIEF JUSTICE

In 1857 the most famous slave in America was Dred Scott, who did odd jobs and part-time janitor work around St. Louis. Dred was born on a Virginia plantation about 1795 and taken in 1827 to Missouri, where he was sold to Dr. John Emerson, an army surgeon, who used him as a valet and barber. Dr. Emerson took Dred to Rock Island, Illinois, for two years and Fort Snelling, Minnesota, for two more; in both these places slavery was illegal by state law or by act of Congress. Dr. Emerson died and Dred passed to his widow, who moved to the free state of Massachusetts and remarried. (Her second husband was an abolitionist Congressman.) She left Dred and his family in St. Louis, where an agent hired him out for five dollars a month. Like many slaves who had passed their prime, Dred was not a hard worker and the demand for his services was small. He was also afraid that he might be sold away from his wife and daughters.

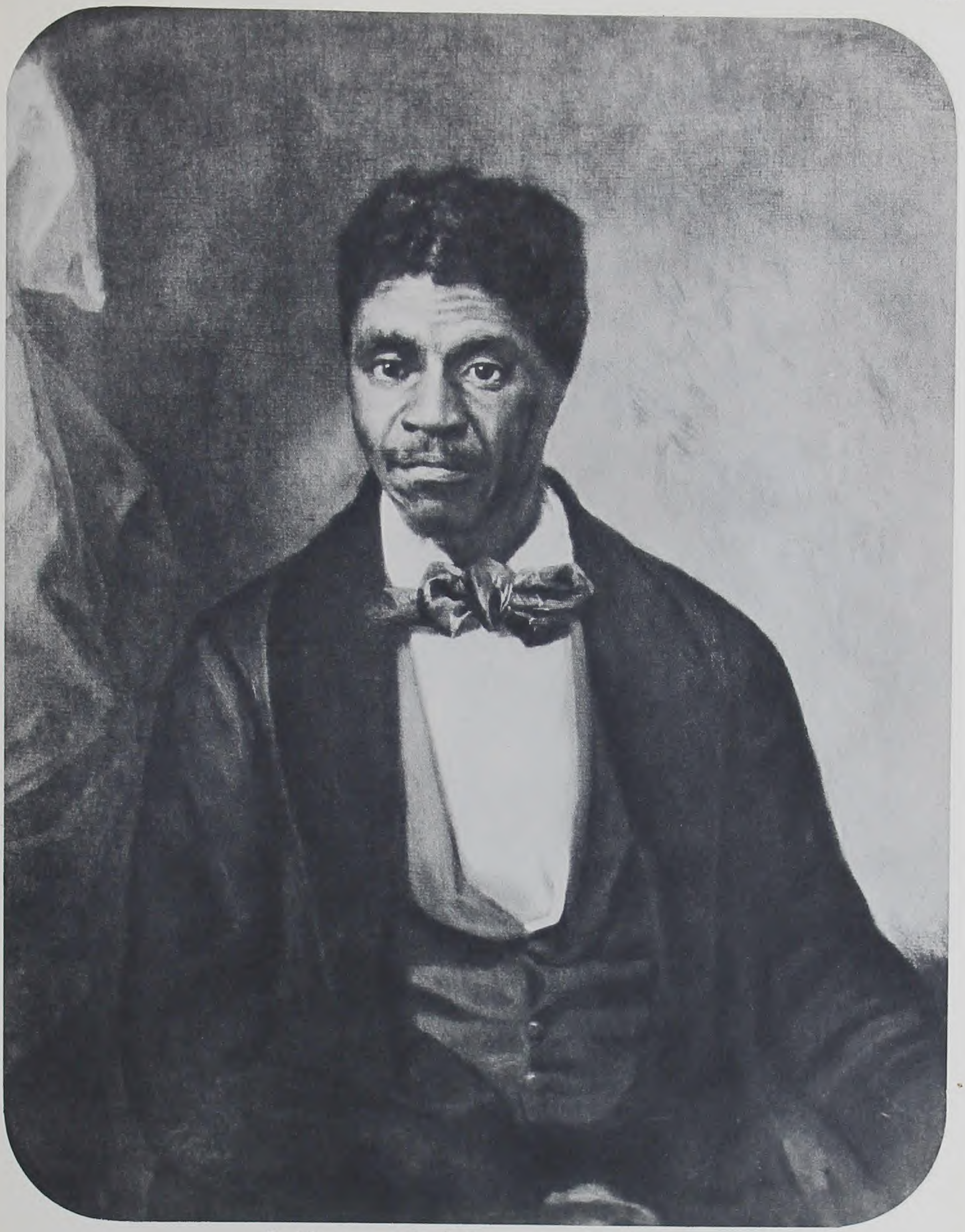
In 1846 Henry T. Blow, the son of his first owner, persuaded Dred to sue for his freedom on the ground that he had lived for four years on free soil. At that time there was general reciprocity between free and slave states, and the lower Missouri court quickly gave Dred his liberty. But the Missouri Supreme Court reversed this decision and turned Dred back into a slave. The case was then taken to the Federal Circuit Court, which declined to interfere. All of this ran through several years, during which the Republican party appeared in Missouri and decided to make Dred a test case. Late in 1856 the case of "Dred Scott, *Plaintiff in error . . .*" reached the Supreme Court of the United States. Dred Scott would never have become famous if Chief Justice Roger B. Taney could have left his case alone. But after a short routine ruling was written, denying Dred's appeal, the Southern members of the Court persuaded Taney to rewrite it into something much broader. Taney was an old-line Democrat and Maryland slaveholder who was greatly disturbed by the political debates over slavery. His Dred Scott opinion threw the whole weight of the federal courts onto the Southern side of the question.

It is useless and mischievous, wrote the 79-year-old Chief Justice, for the opponents of slavery to quote the Declaration of Independence, for its great words were never intended to include Negroes. In 1776 the "unhappy black race" was excluded from civilized governments "by common consent," and "had no rights which the white man was bound to respect." This condition was carried over into the United States Constitution, and must stand as long as the Constitution stands. Congress has never had any right to legislate against slavery; the Northwest Ordinance of 1787, the Missouri Compromise, and all other federal restrictions on slavery are therefore null and void. Of course no slave can ever become a citizen of the United States, or sue in a federal court. Slaves are "articles of merchandise" and their owners can take them into any state and keep them there, or take them out, as they please.

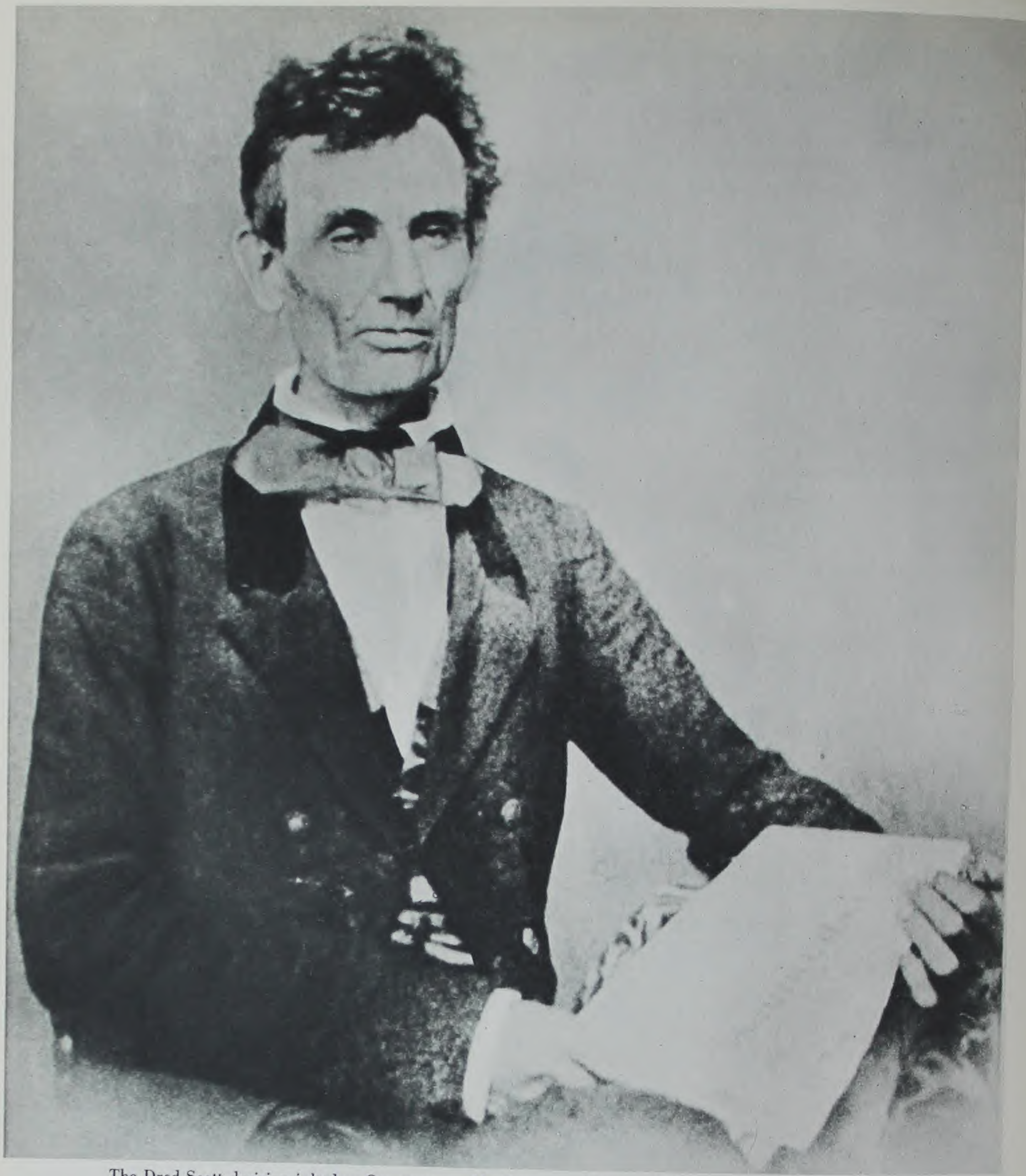
Aside from its faulty history and reactionary tone, Taney's judicial manifesto was a political blunder of the first magnitude. Up to this time many voters in the North and West were not deeply excited over the issue of slavery extension in the territories. But now they began to believe that the federal courts would force slavery down their throats, in states that were already free. That was certainly what Taney's decision seemed to threaten. The Dred Scott decision was, in fact, a lifesaver to the Republicans.



Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney handed down his Dred Scott decision March 6, 1857, but obligingly "leaked" its important contents in advance to President-elect Buchanan.



Dred Scott was set free by his owner soon after the Supreme Court decision. He got a job as porter in Barnum's Hotel, St. Louis, but died of tuberculosis the next year.



The Dred Scott decision jolted ex-Congressman Abraham Lincoln out of the political doldrums and into the active leadership of the Illinois Republicans. In 1858 he accepted the Republican nomination for Senator in Illinois in a speech that became famous. "A house divided against itself cannot stand," he said, and the words "House Divided" made headlines all over the country. Lincoln's Democratic opponent was Senator Stephen A. Douglas of Nebraska bill fame. The redoubtable "Little Giant" and the gawky "Rail Splitter" barnstormed across the state in a series of debates which covered every angle of the slavery question. Douglas won the election by shameless appeals to "white supremacy," and by labeling Lincoln a warmonger. But in their debate at Freeport Lincoln trapped Douglas into saying that the voters of a territory could, if they wanted to, invalidate the Supreme Court decision in the Dred Scott case by their local police powers. This bit of backtracking became widely known as Douglas' "Freeport Doctrine." It enraged the Southern "fire-eaters," split the Democratic party, and probably cost Douglas the Presidency in 1860.

THE ILLINOIS DEBATES

The debates began when Lincoln made his "House Divided" speech at Springfield June 17, 1858. Douglas answered him at Chicago July 9. At Ottawa, on August 21, they began their joint debates, which closed at Alton October 15. Some highlights follow:

Lincoln, at Springfield: "A house divided against itself cannot stand." I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. . . . I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other.

Douglas, at Chicago: Mr. Lincoln advocates boldly and clearly a war of sections, a war of the North against the South, of the Free States against the Slave States. . . . He objects to the Dred Scott decision because it does not put the Negro in the possession of citizenship on an equality with the white man. I am opposed to Negro equality. . . . I am in favor of preserving, not only the purity of the blood, but the purity of the government from any mixture or amalgamation with inferior races.

Lincoln, at Chicago: I protest, now and forever, against that counterfeit logic which presumes that because I do not want a Negro woman for a slave, I do necessarily want her for a wife. My understanding is that I need not have her for either, but, as God made us separate, we can leave one another alone, and do one another much good thereby. . . . The Judge regales us with the terrible enormities that take place by the mixture of races. . . . Why, Judge, if we do not let them get together in the Territories, they won't mix there.

Douglas, at Freeport: The last time I came here to make a speech . . . I saw a carriage—and a magnificent one it was—drive up and take a position on the outside of the crowd; a beautiful young lady was sitting on the box-seat, whilst Fred Douglass *(a celebrated ex-slave)* and her mother reclined inside, and the owner of the carriage acted as driver. I saw this in your own town.

A Voice: What of it?

Douglas: All I have to say of it is this, that if you, Black Republicans, think that the Negro ought to be on a social equality with your wives and daughters, and ride in a carriage with your wife, whilst you drive the team, you have a perfect right to do so.

Lincoln, at Quincy: I suggest that the difference of opinion, reduced to its lowest of terms, is no other than the difference between the men who think slavery a wrong, and those who do not think it wrong. The Republican party think it wrong; we think it is a moral, a social, and a political wrong. . . . We propose a . . . policy that shall deal with it as a wrong.

Douglas, at Quincy: I hold that, under the Constitution of the United States, each State of this Union has a right to do as it pleases on the subject of slavery. . . . It is none of our business whether slavery exists in Missouri or not.

Lincoln, at Freeport: I now proceed to propound to the Judge the interrogatory. . . . Can the people of a United States Territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a state constitution?

Douglas, at Freeport: I answer emphatically . . . slavery cannot exist a day or an hour anywhere, unless it is supported by local police regulations. . . . Hence, no matter what the decision of the Supreme Court may be on that abstract question, still the right of the people to make a Slave Territory or a Free Territory is perfect and complete. . . .

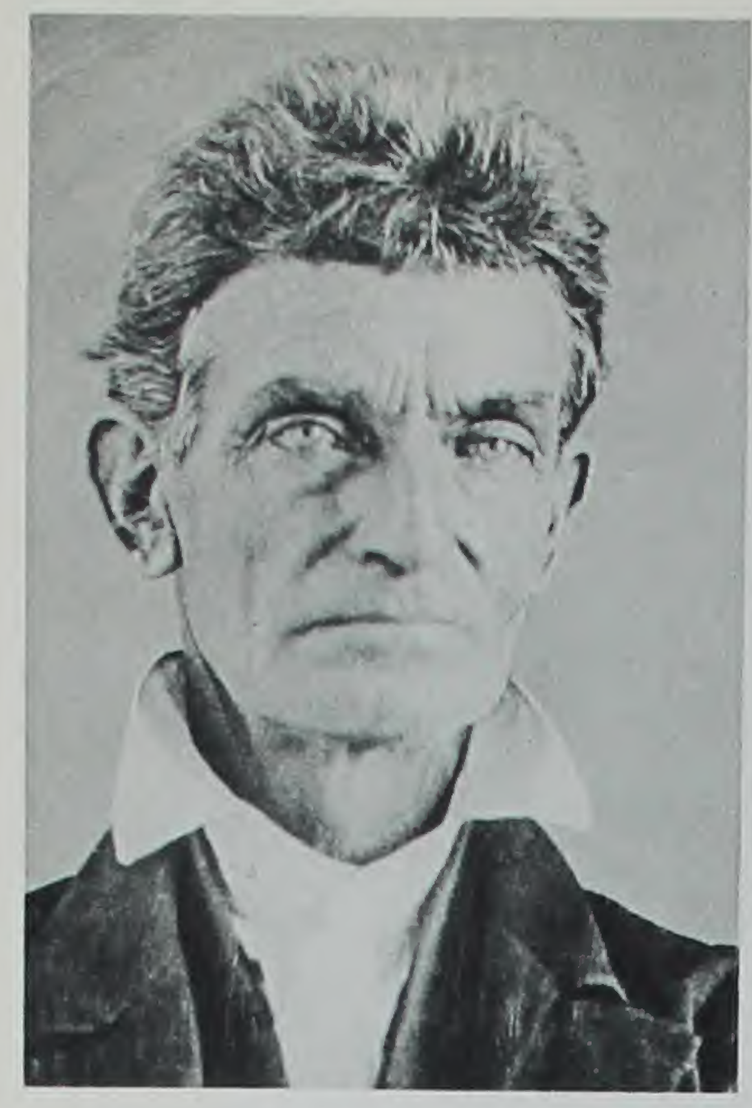
At Ottawa some of Lincoln's admirers carried him off the platform on their shoulders. This was referred to as follows:

Douglas, at Jonesboro: I wish to say to you that whenever I degrade my friends and myself by allowing them to carry me on their backs along through the public streets . . . I am willing to be deemed crazy.

Lincoln, at Jonesboro: Let the Judge go on; and after he is done . . . I want you all, if I can't go home myself, to let me stay and rot here; and if anything happens to the Judge, if I cannot carry him to the hotel and put him to bed, let him stay here and rot. . . .

Lincoln speaks while Douglas waits his turn behind.

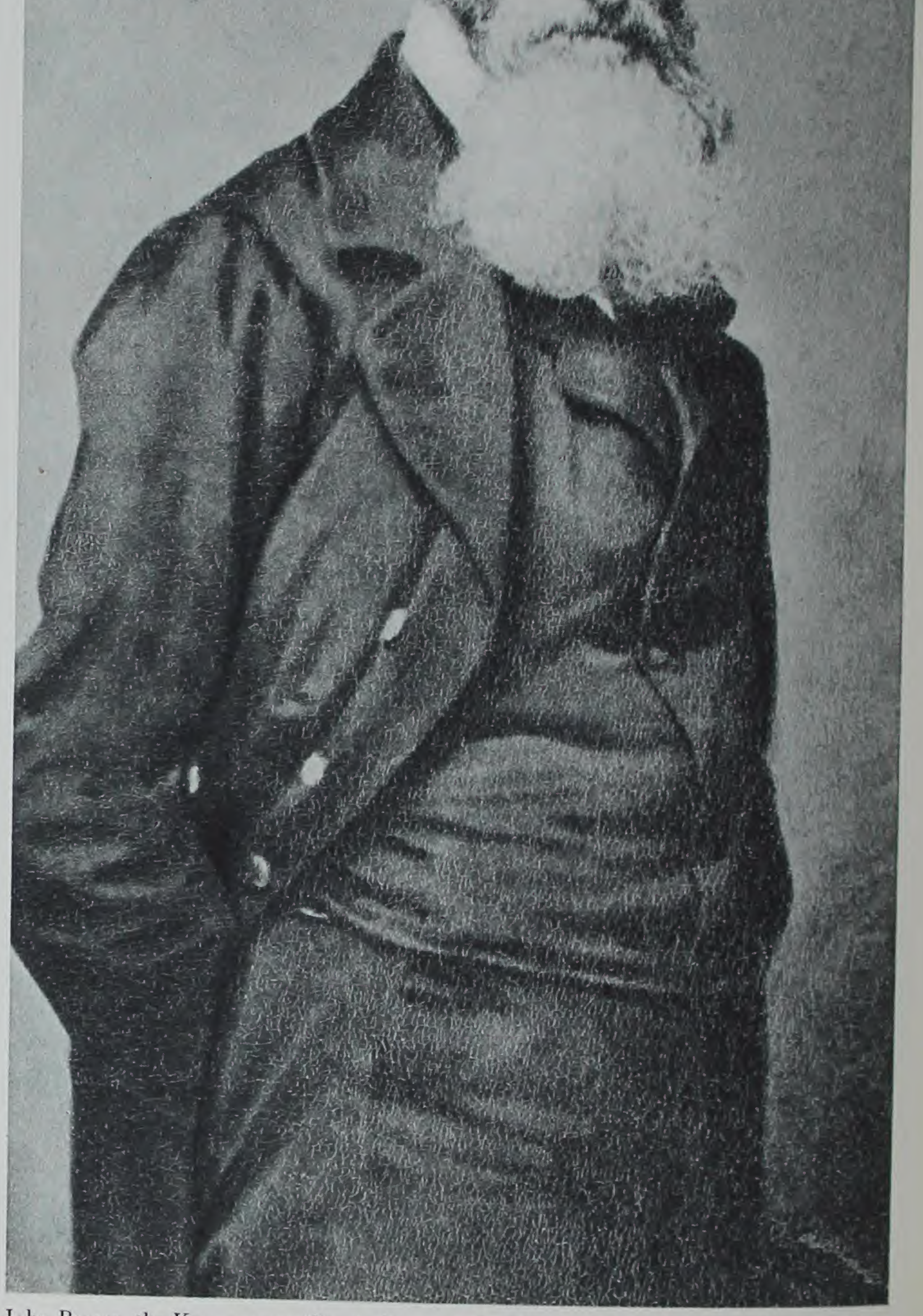
JOHN BROWN'S BODY



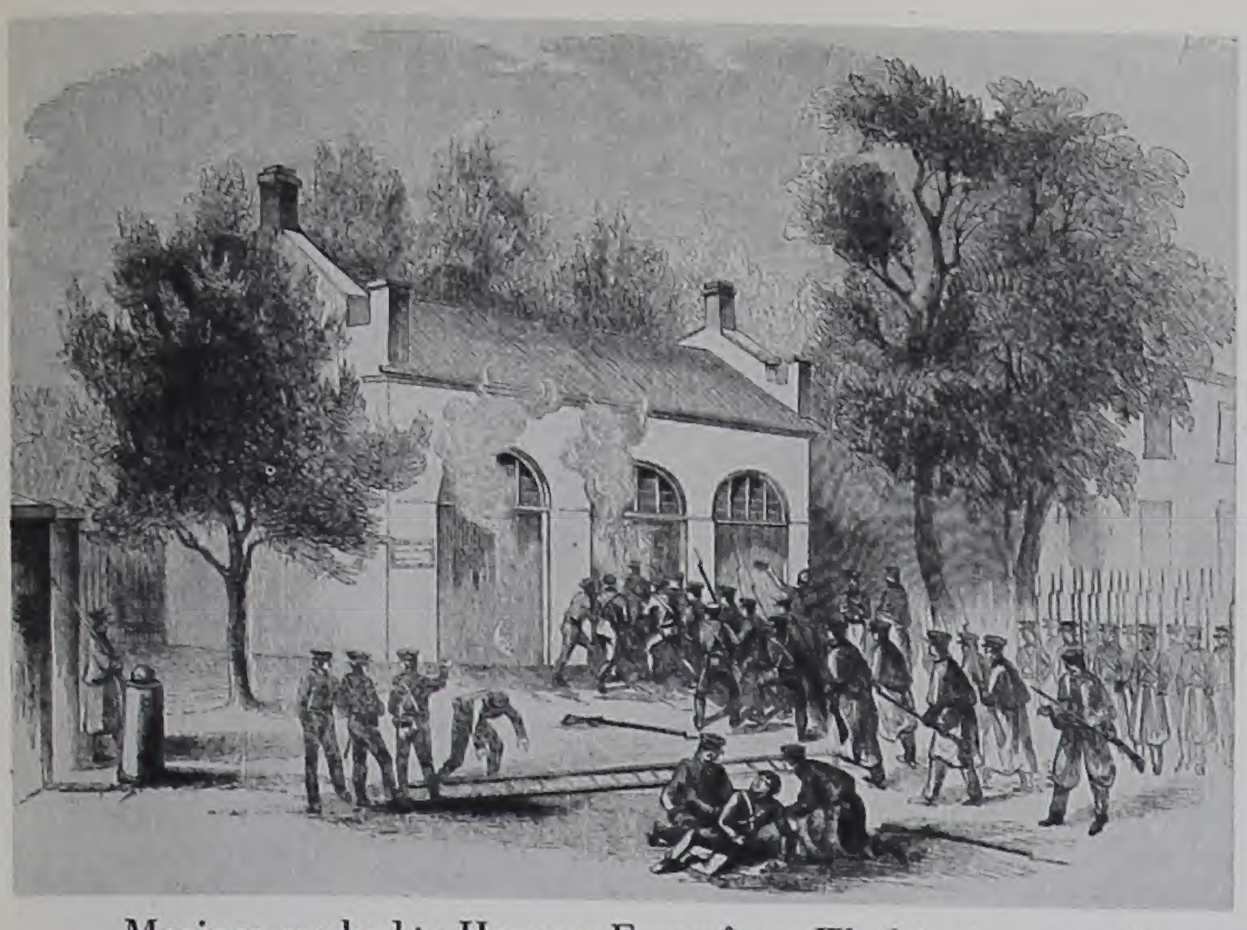
WHILE OTHER men debated slavery the experienced guerrilla fighter John Brown invaded the South and provoked a state of war.

John Brown was a Connecticut Yankee, born in 1800. He had been a drover, tanner, and traveling salesman before he went to Kansas in 1855 and organized a band of abolitionist irregulars. He directed the famous massacre of proslavery settlers on Pottawatomie Creek, in Kansas, and also raided into Missouri, stealing horses and slaves, and killing one slaveholder. In 1858 he led a few followers into Canada and organized a revolutionary "government" for the South, with himself as Commander in Chief.

On the night of October 16, 1859, after a long period of planning and spying, he rode into Harpers Ferry, Virginia, with a wagonload of pikes and an "army" of 18 men. A local Negro and an Irish railroad hand were killed in an early exchange of shots. Brown then set up headquarters in the United States armory, which his men had captured, and waited for the near-by slaves to revolt and join him. Instead he was surrounded by swarms of militia and a company of marines under Colonel Robert E. Lee. On the morning of the eighteenth a marine lieutenant pushed into the armory and beat Brown to the floor with his sword. By that time ten of his men, including two of his sons, were dead or dying.



John Brown, the Kansas guerrilla, is shown in the photograph at the top of the page. John Brown of Harpers Ferry is shown directly above. He grew his huge beard as a disguise.



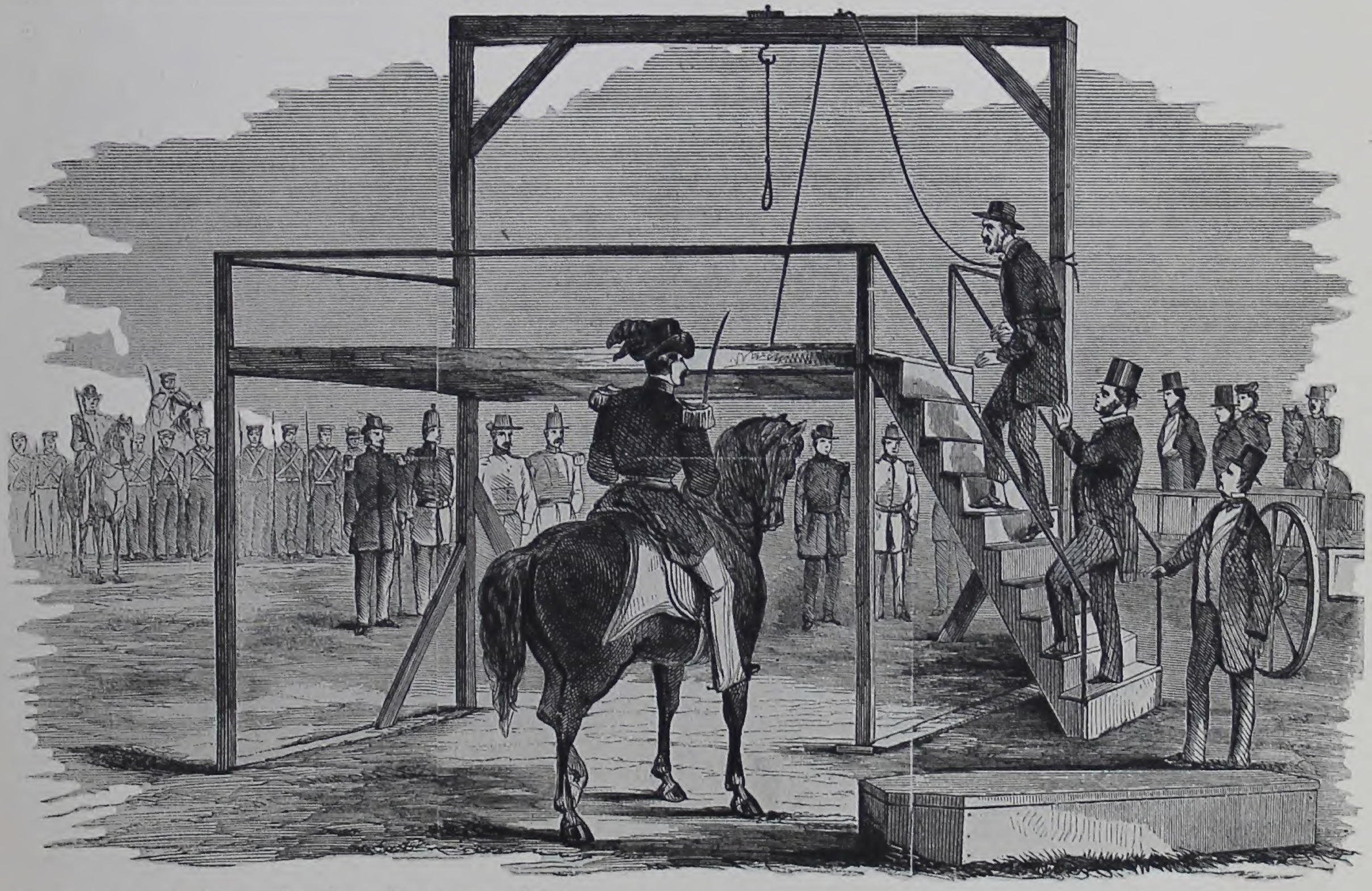
Marines, rushed to Harpers Ferry from Washington, smash the enginehouse door behind which Brown is trapped.

Brown lies wounded on the floor. He reminded the Virginia Governor of "a broken-winged hawk with talons set."

JOHN BROWN'S FINISH

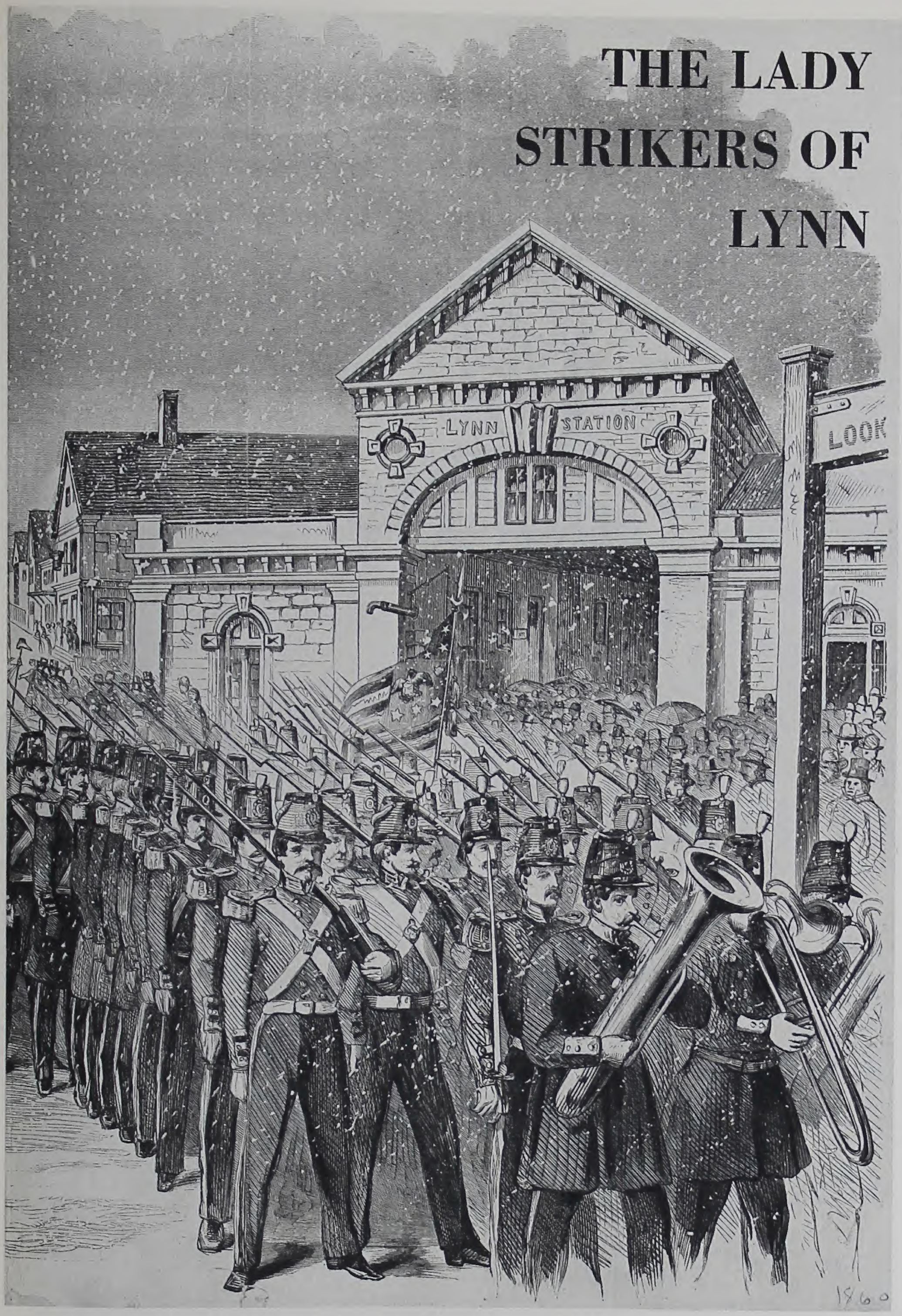
was vividly reported by the newspapers, and by sketch artists from the new picture weeklies. After his capture Brown was left lying on the floor, his hair and clothes smeared with blood, while various persons badgered him with questions. The following exchange was reported by the New York *Herald: "Bystander:* Upon what principle do you justify your acts? *Mr. Brown:* Upon the golden rule. I pity the poor in bondage that have none to help them. . . . *Bystander:* To set them free would sacrifice the life of every man in this community. *Mr. Brown:* I do not think so. *Bystander:* I know it. I think you are fanatical. *Mr. Brown:* And I think you are fanatical."

This steady courage and moral certainty accompanied Brown to the gallows, to which he was quickly condemned for murder and treason. He welcomed his execution as good publicity for the antislavery cause. "I have been whiped . . .," he wrote in one of his last letters to his wife, "but am sure I can recover all the lost capital occasioned by that disaster; by only hanging a few moments by the neck."



An artist from *Leslie's* weekly drew this picture of John Brown ascending the gallows December 2, 1859. As the body dropped through the trap the commanding colonel exclaimed, "So perish all such enemies of Virginia!"

On March 7, 1860, eight hundred women shoemakers of Lynn, Massachusetts, went on strike for an increase in pay. Carrying parasols and wearing their best hoop skirts, they paraded through a snowstorm behind the Lynn City Guards, while an artist for *Leslie's* sketched the picture which appears above. Two weeks later the strike was still on, and the ladies all went to an outdoor chowder party, which was followed by dancing and kissing games. A riot almost occurred when a boss machinist named Piper boasted that he had persuaded two girls to go back to work. A committee of strikers escorted Piper



off the grounds, while the band played the "Rogue's March."

Labor unions had existed in Eastern cities since before the Revolution, but their right to strike was first established in 1842, by a decision of Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw of Massachusetts. Yankee mill girls like those shown above were famous for their fighting spirit during strikes. At Lowell they captured their mill superintendent and ducked him under a pump. At Dover, New Hampshire, when asked to take a wage cut, they pelted their boss with wads of cotton and walked off the job.

HONEST ABE TAKING THEM ON THE HALF SHELL.

Republican campaign cartoon of 1860 shows Lincoln ready to gulp his Soft Shell and Hard Shell Democratic opponents.

THE REPUBLICANS passed over their best-known men in 1860 and nominated Abraham Lincoln of Illinois for President. "Honest Abe" is his nickname, said the Republican newspapers, and he has won it by a lifetime of fair dealing—he is just what this sorely swindled nation needs—born in a log cabin, springing fresh from the people, his life and character should touch the popular heart. The Republican publicity machine played down Lincoln's "House Divided" speech and played up his youthful exploits as a fence-rail splitter.

Southerners sneered that Lincoln looked like an African gorilla and talked like a third-rate slang-whanging lawyer. "We know old Abe does not look very handsome," replied a Republican, "but if all the ugly men in the United States vote for him, he will surely be elected!" Thousands of Lincoln voters organized Wide Awake Clubs and tramped the

Rail splitting was the favorite cartoon theme in 1860. Here Rail Splitter Lincoln heedlessly splits the Union.

"The 'Nigger' in the Woodpile" shows Greeley and Lincoln trying to hide the Negro problem under a pile of rails.

HONEST ABE, THE RAIL SPLITTER

Democratic cartoon shows Lincoln riding one of his own rails, supported by radical Editor Horace Greeley and a Negro.

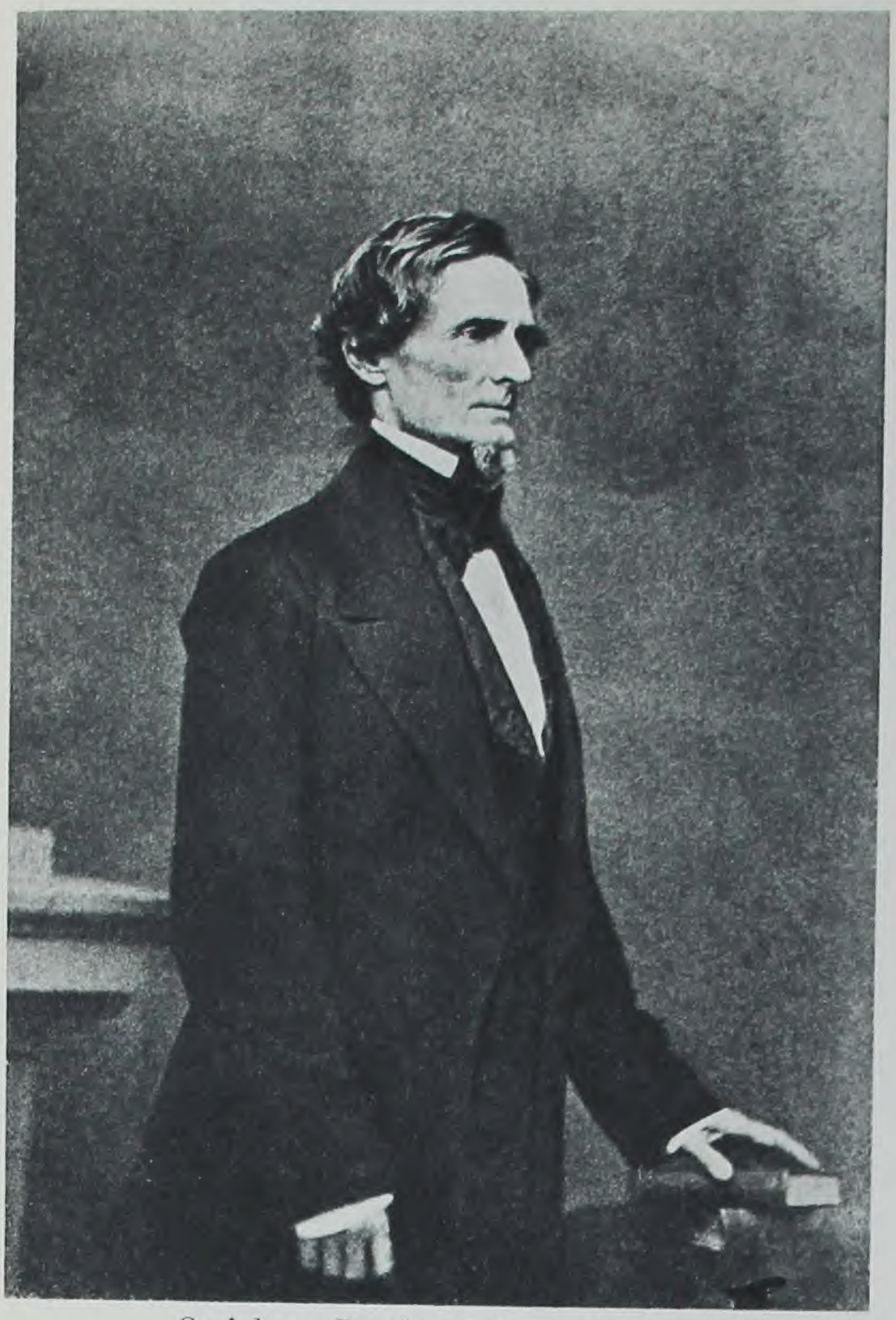
streets at night, wearing military caps and capes, and carrying torches over their shoulders like guns.

Northern big business was still against the "radical" Republicans, but Northern workers flocked to the party. Lincoln himself went out of his way to address a meeting of striking shoemakers. "I am glad," he said, "to see that a system of labor prevails in New England under which laborers can strike when they want to . . . and wish it might prevail everywhere."

Meanwhile the Democrats split wide open on slavery. The moderate, "Soft Shell" branch of the party nominated Stephen A. Douglas for President. The proslavery "Hard Shells" repudiated Douglas and his Freeport Doctrine and put up John Breckinridge of Kentucky. The two Democrats together polled 2,226,738 votes to Lincoln's 1,866,452. But Lincoln carried the Solid North and won the Electoral College.

"Storming the Castle" shows Lincoln in Wide Awake costume, rushing to bar his rivals from the White House.

"The Political Gymnasium" shows Lincoln, Douglas *(boxing)*, and other politicians performing in a maze of rails.

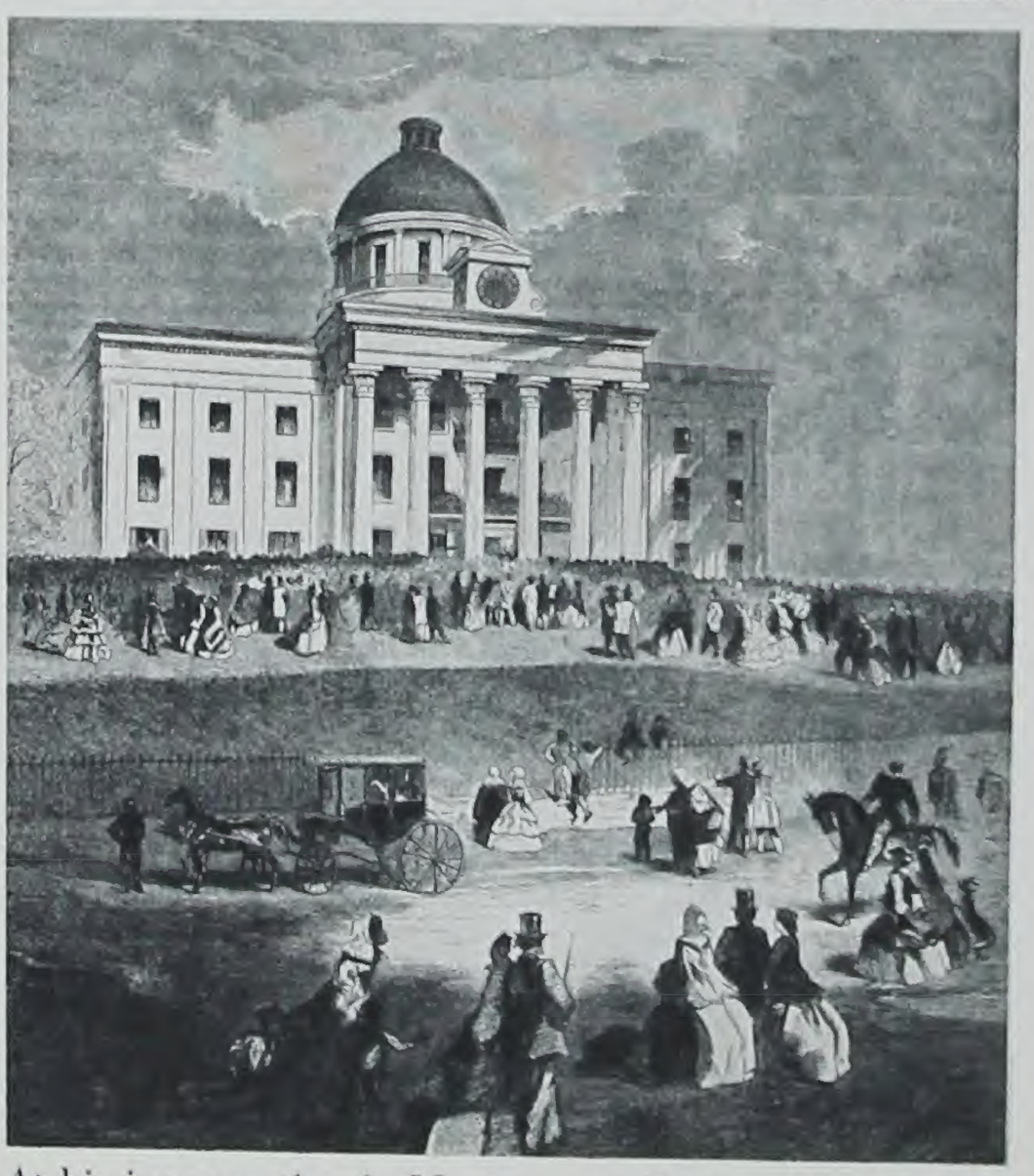


Confederate President Jefferson Davis disliked his job. He would have preferred to command the Southern armies.

THE SOUTH

LINCOLN'S ELECTION set the nightmare in motion. The Union began to break up. South Carolina, where the dead Calhoun still reigned, was the first to go. On December 20, 1860, her people in convention assembled declared "that the union . . . between South Carolina and other States under the name of the United States of America is hereby dissolved." By February 1 six other cotton states—Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas—had seceded. As they went they flung charges at the people of the North: "They have enticed our slaves from us . . . insulted and outraged our citizens . . . encouraged a hostile invasion of a Southern State to excite insurrection, murder and rapine." Seasoned Southern statesmen like Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, and Georgia's "Little Wizard," Alexander H. Stephens, tried to block outright secession. "The people are run mad," complained Stephens. "They are wild with passion and frenzy, doing they know not what."

The planters and courthouse politicians of the Deep South were indeed intoxicated by visions of a new "Manifest Destiny." Now that they were free, they said, they would build a slaveholding empire all the way down to the Amazon Valley. Eventually the moderate Northern states might rejoin them, and Washington could be the capital again. But they would never take back the "nigger-loving" Yankees!



At his inauguration in Montgomery Davis said the South would not shirk "the final arbitrament of the sword."

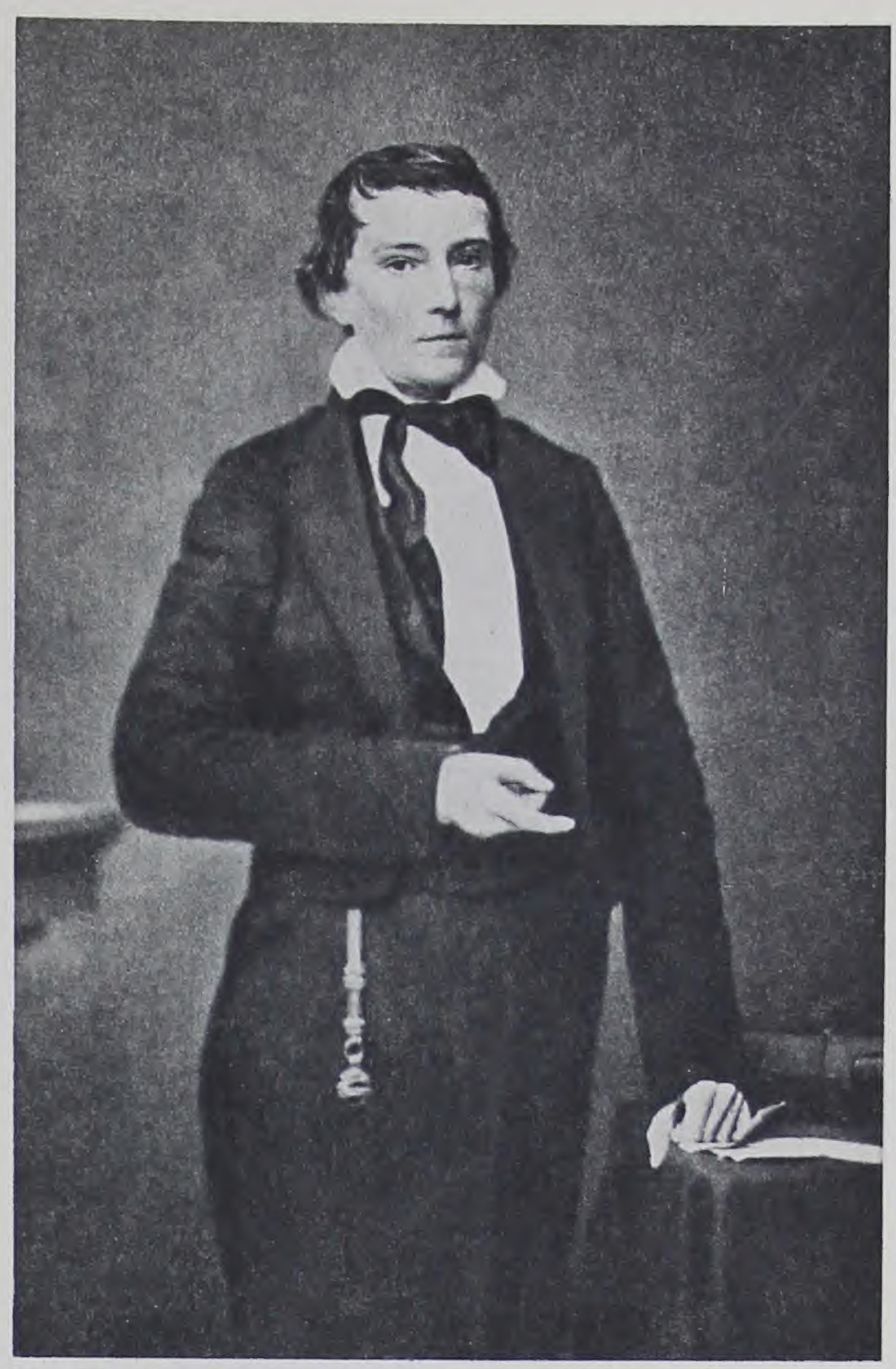
South Carolina militia captured this federal post, Castle Pinckney, from one U. S. Army officer December 27.

WALKS OUT

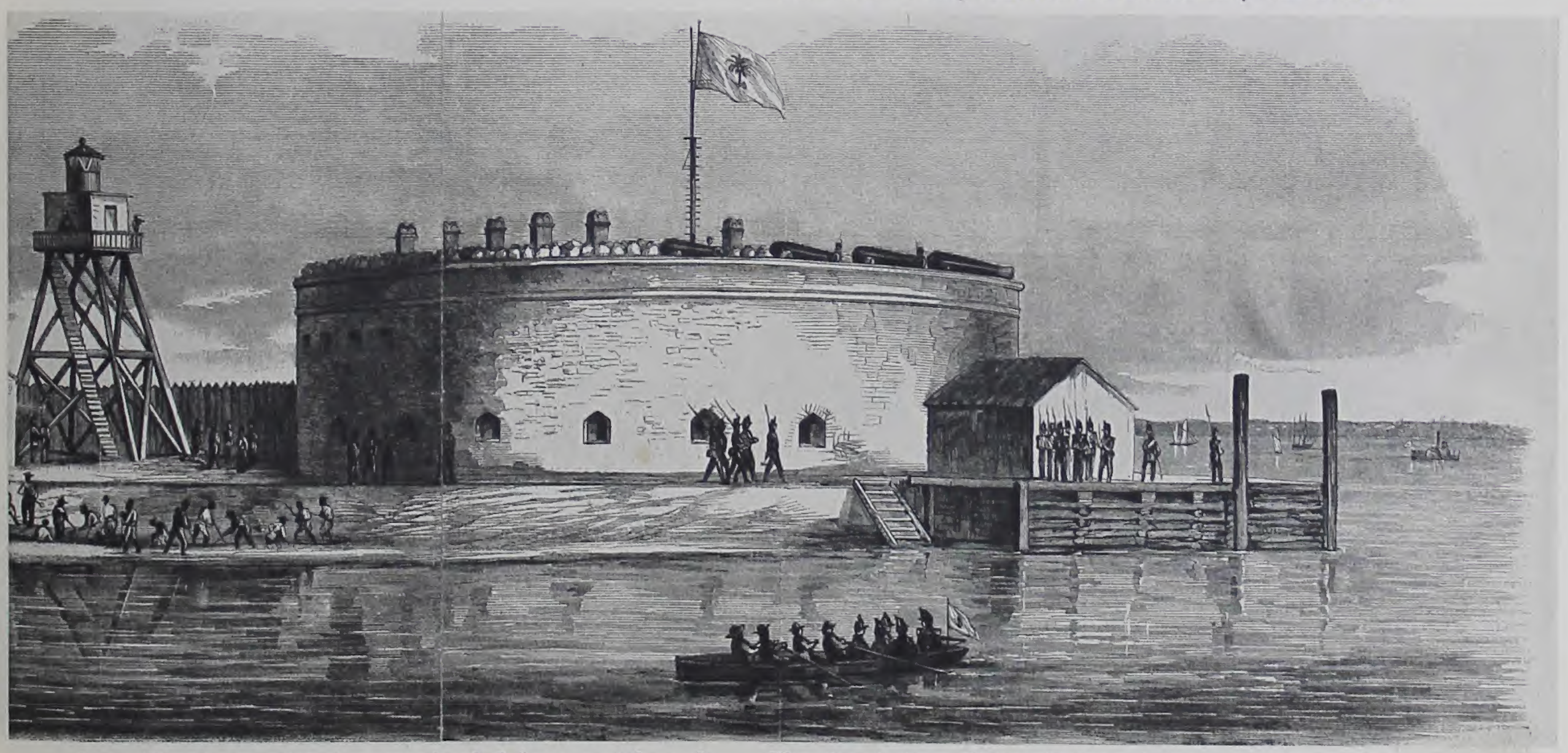
The first step toward this dream was taken February 8, 1861, at Montgomery, Alabama, when the seven seceded states formed a new union—the Confederate States of America—with a constitution guaranteeing the perpetual existence of slavery. Jeff Davis was elected President and Stephens was named Vice President, both somewhat against their will.

In Washington a weird state of confusion and treachery prevailed. A Senator from seceded Florida, still drawing his federal pay, stayed at the capital and sent home advice for capturing the United States forts near Pensacola. Secretary of War Floyd, a Virginian, withdrew 115,000 army rifles and muskets from Northern arsenals and sent them to various Southern cities. President Buchanan, a lame duck in the White House, could only weep and wring his hands. When South Carolina demanded the federal forts in Charleston Harbor Buchanan started to yield, then changed his mind and did nothing.

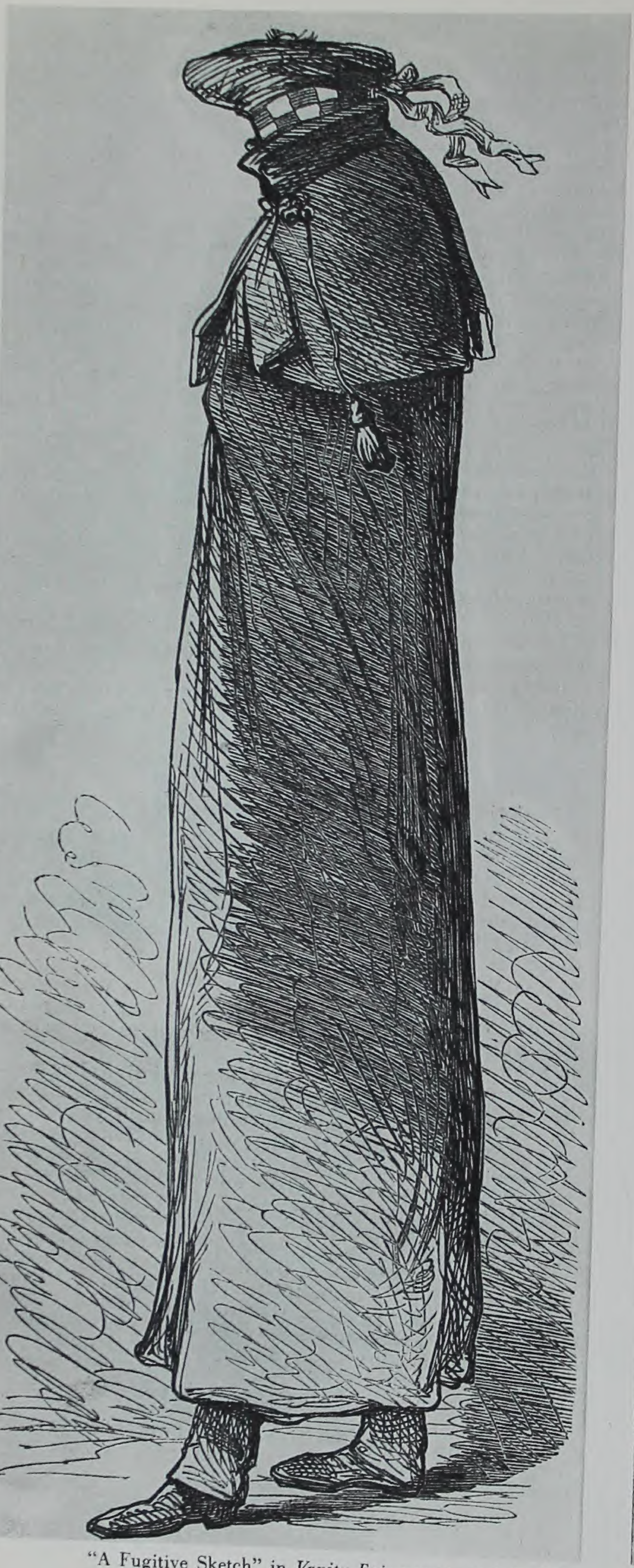
Meanwhile a federal steamship, the *Star of the West*, tried to enter the harbor with food and reinforcements for the 75 United States soldiers who were marooned on the island Fort Sumter. South Carolina shore guns opened fire and drove the ship away. On the Senate floor Louis Wigfall of Texas, whose state had already seceded, flung this taunt at the North: "Your flag has been insulted; redress it if you dare. You have submitted to it for two months, and you will submit forever."



Vice President Alexander H. Stephens, an old friend of Lincoln's, secretly believed the Confederacy was doomed.



1860. The Stars and Stripes was hauled down and the red palmetto flag of South Carolina was run up in its place. The day before, Major Robert Anderson withdrew his tiny federal force to the heavily armed island Fort Sumter.



"A Fugitive Sketch" in *Vanity Fair* perpetuated the false rumor that Lincoln disguised himself in Scotch costume.

Another *Vanity Fair* cartoon shows President Abe doing the Highland fling while waiting for a train to Washington.

Confederate cartoon by Adalbert Volck shows Lincoln arriving in a boxcar and being greeted by a scared cat.

LINCOLN GOES TO WASHINGTON

In Springfield, Illinois, Abraham Lincoln sat and thought and grew the first beard ever seen on a President. Lincoln and the whole North seemed weak and uncertain in the face of the South's bold action. Lincoln was making no commitments or statements, and definitely stalling for time. Virginia and seven more slave states were still in the Union—the Republican strategy was to keep them in, at least until Lincoln could get to Washington and be inaugurated.

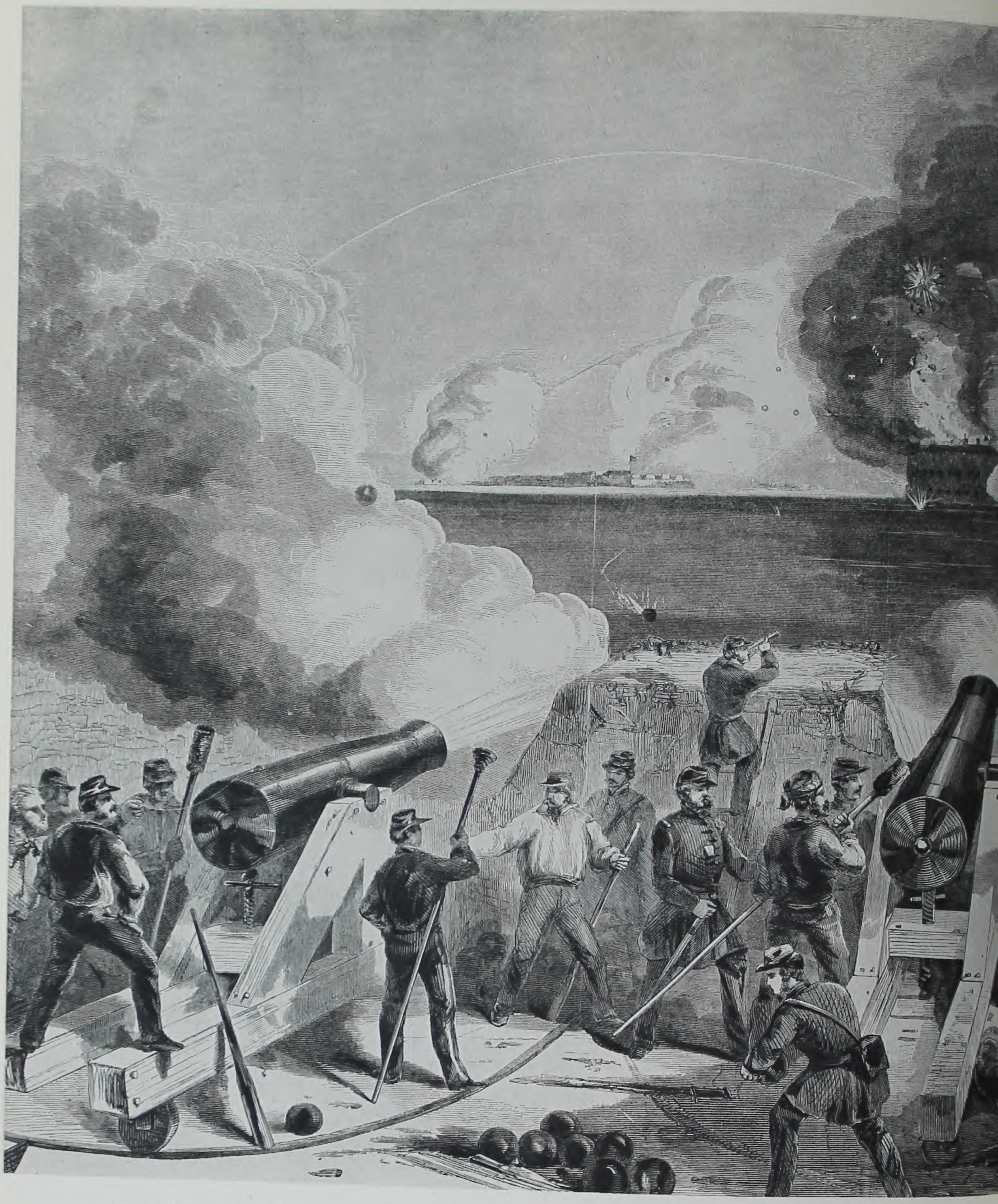
On February 11, 1861, "Old Abe" left Springfield for a long roundabout railroad trip which would end at the capital. In speeches along the way he gave expression not so much to his own views as to the alternating fears and hopes of the North. At Indianapolis he asked a simple question: Would it be "invasion" or "coercion" (as Jeff Davis had charged) if the Federal Government should try to hold and retake its own forts and other property? At Cleveland he told a laughing throng that the crisis was all artificial—"Let it alone and it will go down of itself." In Philadelphia, in a more serious tone, he pledged himself to uphold the promise of the Declaration of Independence—that "the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance." That night, after going to Harrisburg, he suddenly dropped out of sight. Telegraph wires along his route were cut and nothing was heard of him until he turned up at Willard's Hotel in Washington 24 hours later. The New York *Times* printed a false rumor that he had sneaked into the capital disguised in a Scotch plaid cap and a long military cloak. Actually he arrived in an ordinary sleeping car, wearing a soft wool hat and his usual shawl around his shoulders. The fears of some prominent officials that he might be murdered by proslavery mobs in Baltimore were responsible for the 24 hours of secrecy.

On March 4 Lincoln delivered an Inaugural Address which was conciliatory but perfectly firm. "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. . . ," he told the seceded South. "You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. . . . We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies."

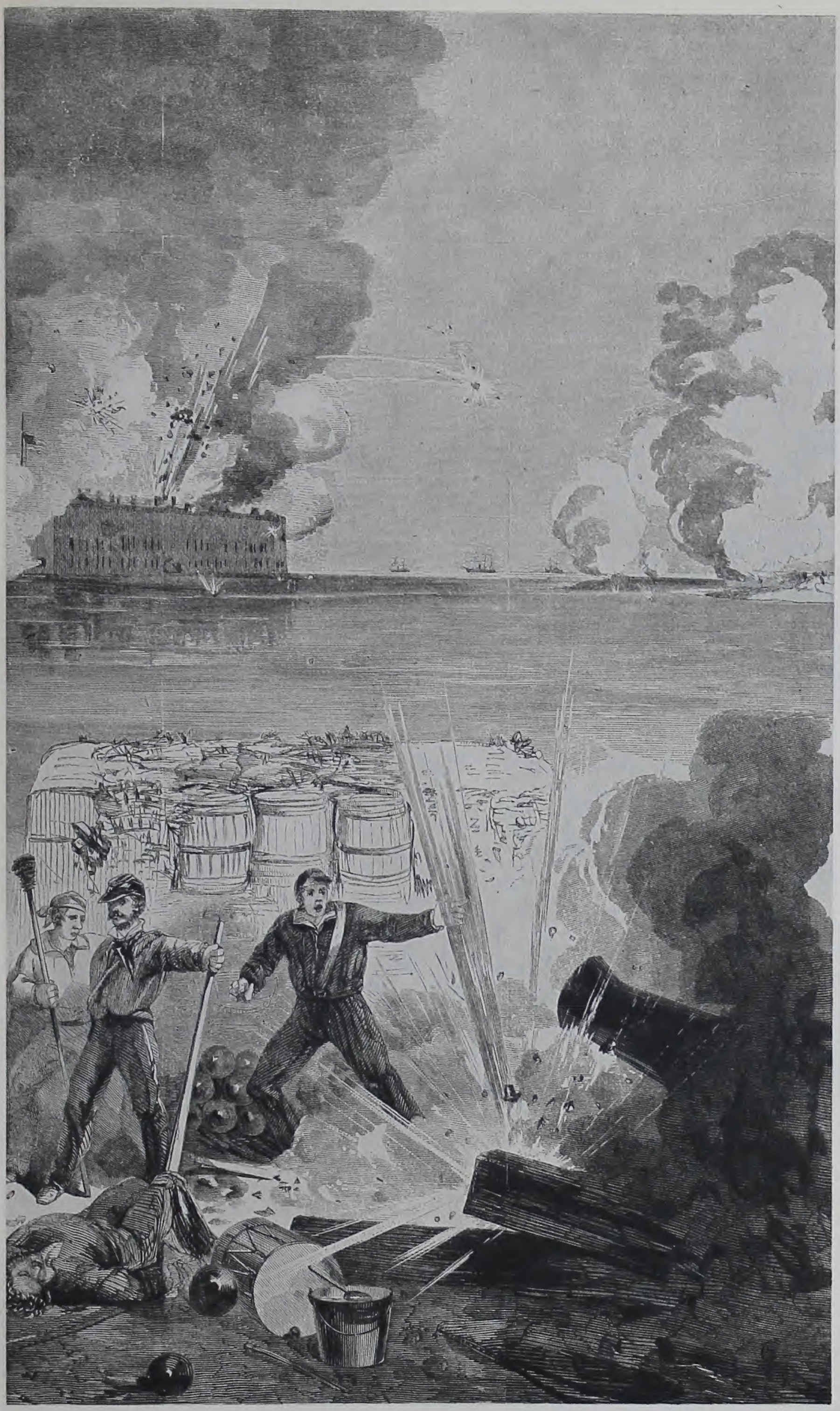
Two days later President Davis called for 100,000 Confederate volunteers.

This photograph, taken the day Lincoln arrived in Washington, shows how he really looked—tired and dignified.

Early arrivals gather at the Capitol to hear Lincoln's Inaugural Address. The great dome was still being built.



AT 4:30 A.M. April 12, 1861, a dull boom and a spurt of flame broke the misty silence over Charleston Harbor. A big mortar shell soared up from the shore and plunged down on Fort Sumter, where it exploded with a thunderous roar. This first shot from the Confederate battery at Fort Johnson was followed by a rain of shells from four directions against Sumter, which remained strangely silent for several hours, and then began firing sporadically in reply. As the cannon spoke in Charleston, more than 40 years of political compromises went up in smoke, and the Civil War between North and South began



The picture at the left from *Harper's Weekly* shows the final stages of the bombardment of Fort Sumter *(center)* on the morning of April 13. Fort Johnson, where the first shot was fired, is in the foreground. In the background at the right are the tiny silhouettes of the federal relief ships, which never came any closer because they were outgunned by the Confederate shore batteries.

The federal garrison on Sumter consisted of 65 soldiers, 10 officers, and one New York City police sergeant in mufti. They had little ammunition, less food, and were completely surrounded by heavy guns and 8,800 hostile troops. Major Anderson, the federal commander, would not let his men go to the ramparts and fire their biggest cannon for fear they might be hurt. After 34 hours of Confederate shelling, during which the inside of the fort was smashed and set afire, Anderson surrendered and boarded a ship for New York, carrying with him Fort Sumter's riddled flag. No one on either side was killed until the final moments of the evacuation, when Anderson's men fired a 50-round salute. At the 50th discharge a premature explosion killed one federal soldier.

THE CANNON SPEAK

Both sides had maneuvered to have it happen this way. Lincoln had sent supplies to Sumter, though he knew this would lead to shooting. Jefferson Davis had ordered the shooting, although it was obvious the supplies could not be delivered. The Confederate military commander knew that Sumter's garrison had nothing left to eat but salt pork and water, and planned to surrender by April 15. But already the Southern politicians were saying that the Confederacy would break up "unless you sprinkle blood in the face of the people." The South fired the first shot because the South felt the need for war.

Southern volunteers try to look very tough and bloodthirsty in front of a Richmond photographer. The young man at upper left is brandishing a bowie knife at the camera.

JOHNNY REBS . . .

THESE ARE some of the young Americans who rushed to join their respective colors after they heard about Sumter. The Southerners shown directly above doubtless pictured their foes as a horde of fanatical John Browns, while the blue-clad Yanks on the opposite page expected to fight an army of Simon Legrees. Both these misconceptions vanished quickly on the battlefield, where the fighting men got to know each other well.

Lincoln's first call for troops was issued on April 15, the day after Sumter surrendered. Virginia seized this as a pretext to secede and join the Confederacy, taking with her the ablest professional soldier in America, Colonel Robert E. Lee. Arkansas, Tennessee, and North Carolina (which had previously voted

Northern volunteers attend a religious service somewhere in Virginia. The occasion is supposed to be serious, but the boy sitting at the far right has trouble stifling a grin.

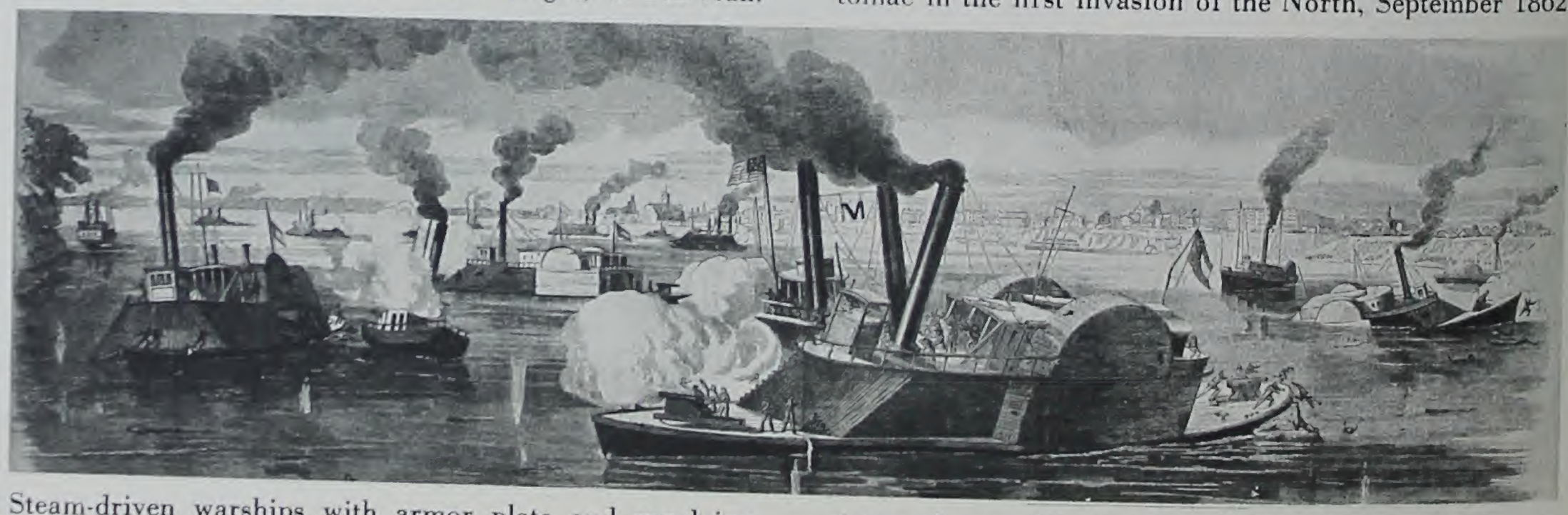
to stay in the Union) also went "Secesh." But Virginia's western counties seceded from Virginia and became a new loyal state. And Unionists took control of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, the remaining slave states. To prevent Washington itself from going Confederate, Massachusetts, New York, and Rhode Island rushed in crack regiments to garrison the Treasury, the Patent Office, and the Capitol itself. By the end of May two well-defined enemy nations faced each other across a line from Chesapeake Bay to the southern boundary of Kansas. Their rival capitals, Richmond and Washington, were only 110 miles apart. In the space between, the two armies bivouacked, drilled, fattened on beef and concentrated milk, sharpened bayonets, prayed, wrote letters home, and waited.

AND BLUE BELLIES

"Farnsworth's Charge at Gettysburg" was a minor incident in the war's biggest battle, July 1-4, 1863. The Union General Farnsworth *(right)* was killed at the head of his men by a Texas sharpshooter, and the charge was a failure.

Harper's Weekly, in this atrocity picture, accuses the "Rebs" of bayoneting Union wounded *(right)* at Bull Run.

Cavalry of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia fords the Potomac in the first invasion of the North, September 1862.



Steam-driven warships with armor plate and revolving gun turrets were used effectively in the Civil War. This picture shows a big steamboat battle off Memphis, June 6, 1862, soon after the Union Navy took New Orleans.

FROM BULL RUN TO GETTYSBURG

In July the Army of the Potomac, 36,000 strong—the biggest army ever assembled on American soil—moved out from the vicinity of Washington to begin its grand invasion of the South. Its immediate mission was to capture Richmond and disperse the rebel Government; after that it was supposed to clean up what was left of the Southern armies. At Bull Run, a little stream 30 miles west of the White House, it collided with a Confederate force of 30,000 men. The confident Yanks pushed smartly ahead and the Southern front line gave way. On a near-by hill General Thomas Jonathan Jackson stood "like a stone wall" and let the Northern wave come on. At the last possible moment his well-drilled Shenandoah brigade jumped up from the underbrush, fired one crashing point-blank volley, and charged with fixed bayonets. "Yell like furies when you charge!" Jackson told them, and for the first time the ear-piercing rebel yell was heard on a battlefield. The federal onslaught faltered, fell back, and turned into an avalanche in reverse. Its remnants never stopped running until they reached the muddy streets of Washington.

For three years after Bull Run the eastern end of the war surged back and forth between Washington and Richmond, with wide circles around and behind them. The battles grew bigger and bloodier every year, but none of them were decisive. In the West and along the seacoast, the federals had definitely the best of it. Middle West farm boys with rifles over their shoulders invaded Tennessee, broke the Deep South's inner defenses at Shiloh, and pushed on into Mississippi and Louisiana. When they reached Vicksburg, the great Confederate stronghold on the Mississippi River, they unslung shovels and dug miles of trenches and canals around it. Vicksburg fell after a 43-day siege, cutting the Confederacy in two. On the same day Lee's final invasion of the North was smashed at Gettysburg.

From the strictly military standpoint the American Civil War was the mightiest spectacle of the nineteenth century. More than 2,300,000 men fought in it. More than 600,000, or one out of four, were killed. In order to win it the North had to subdue an empire of 749,000 square miles, which was more territory than Napoleon's armies had conquered in 15 years. The North had more soldiers (1,556,000 to the South's 800,000), more factories, railroads, ships, and money. But the South had smarter generals, a more united home front, a sharper sense of grievance, and a stronger urge to fight.

Union reserves at Fredericksburg watch fearfully as wounded are brought back and treated December 13, 1862. The North had 7,000 casualties in this major defeat. The picture was drawn by Thomas Nast for *Harper's Weekly*.

THE CAMERA RECORD

THE CIVIL WAR was the first in history to be photographed on a large scale. Mathew Brady, Alexander Gardner, T. H. O'Sullivan, and others followed the Union troops and took pictures of everything from generals to army mules. They got some of their most striking shots by driving out after a battle with the wagons that collected the dead. They used big box cameras on tripods, and collodion-coated wet glass plates which had to be sensitized in one kind of chemical bath immediately before exposure and developed immediately after in another. The process was painfully awkward but it produced a magnificent record of the war.

Union wounded rest in the sun after the big battle at Chancellorsville, May 3-5, 1863.

Dead men from both armies strew the field of Gettysburg at dawn July 5, 1863. Here the North and South each lost about 5,000 killed.

This was a Confederate battery at Antietam, September 17, 1862. Federal shells smashed horses and men, riddled the Dunker church.

This young Southerner was bayoneted in the federal rush for Petersburg, April 2, 1865, while trying to reload the rifle beside him.

President Lincoln, with an unaccustomed haircut, sits for his photograph in 1863.

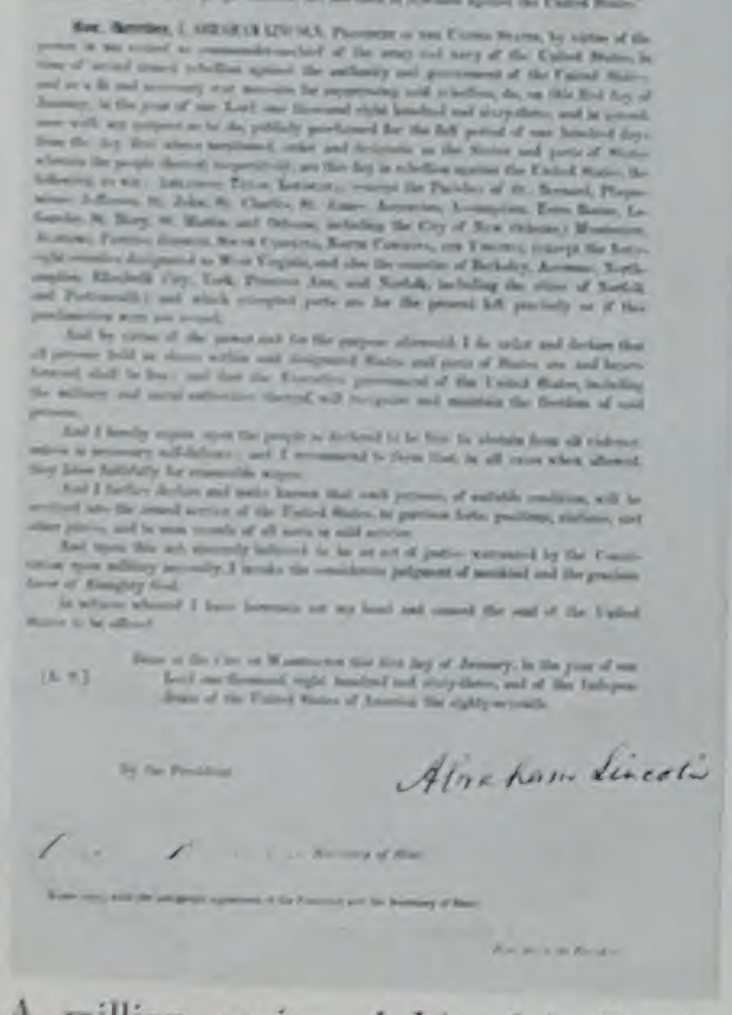
LINCOLN'S MASTER STROKES

FROM THE BEGINNING of the war the abolitionists brought great pressure on Lincoln to abolish slavery by the exercise of his extraordinary wartime powers. The impetuous Horace Greeley wrote a passionate public "Prayer of Twenty Millions," demanding that the President do this in the summer of 1862. Lincoln replied in a widely reprinted letter. "If I could save the Union without freeing *any* slave I would do it," he wrote to Greeley, "and if I could save it by freeing *all* the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that. . . . I intend no modification of my oft-expressed *personal* wish that all men everywhere could be free." Very soon after writing this letter Lincoln decided to free *most* of the slaves.

His Emancipation Proclamation, which went into effect January 1, 1863, gave technical freedom to 3,063,392 slaves, worth approximately $2 billion, in ten seceded states. (It could only be enforced, of course, where the invading Northern armies were in control.) But it gave no freedom at all to 441,702 slaves in the five border states which had stayed in the Union. Tennessee and certain counties in Virginia and Louisiana were also allowed to keep their slaves, because they had already submitted to federal rule.

Despite these compromise provisions, the Emancipation Proclamation was the most telling political stroke of the war. World opinion, which had previously favored the underdog South, switched decisively to the liberating North. Mass meetings of English workers forced the British Cabinet to stop the building of Confederate naval vessels in England. The Czar of Russia, who had freed his serfs peaceably in 1861, sent squadrons of warships on a friendly visit to New York and San Francisco. Emancipation also weighed heavily in the military scales, by adding 50,000 Negro troops and many more Negro laborers to the Union Army. It worked so well, in fact, that President Davis and the Confederate Cabinet later offered to abolish slavery themselves in return for European recognition. But by the time they made this decision, it was too late.

Meanwhile, at Gettysburg, Lincoln had won another great victory with words. The brief statement of Northern aims which he made there, November 19, 1863, was the best propaganda speech of the war.



BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

A Proclamation.

Abraham Lincoln

A million copies of Lincoln's Proclamation were distributed in the South.

These runaway slaves made their way across the Union lines before emancipation, and got jobs as army teamsters. General Benjamin F. Butler called them "contraband of war."

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

was a five-minute, ten-sentence statement of what the war was about, from the Northern point of view. It was spoken by Lincoln at the dedication of a cemetery for the Union soldiers who had died at Gettysburg four months earlier. It did not assail the South, or exult in the victory which had cost so much. But it struck the exact keynote of Northern feeling. It became, in time, the most famous single utterance of any President.

At the right is Lincoln's manuscript; following are his words:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth, upon this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

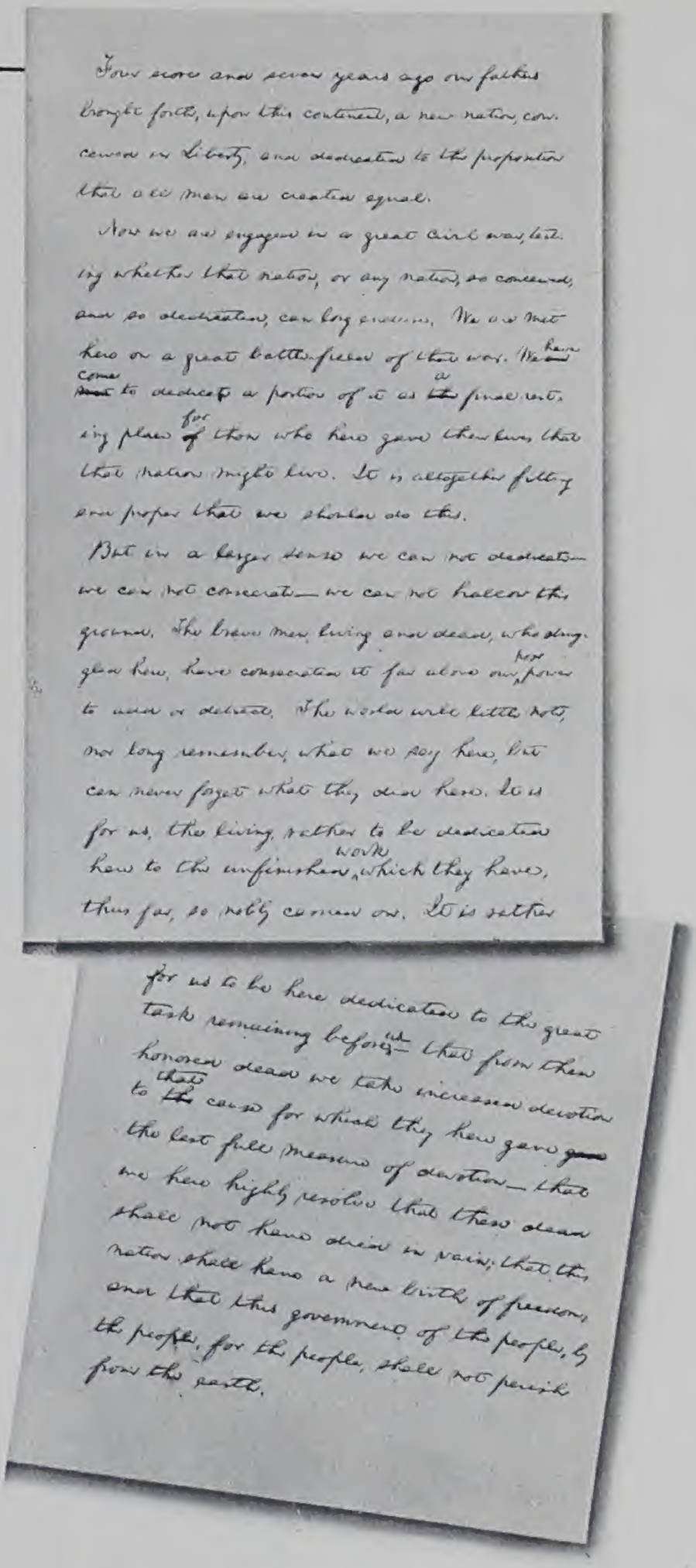
"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure.

"We are met here on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.

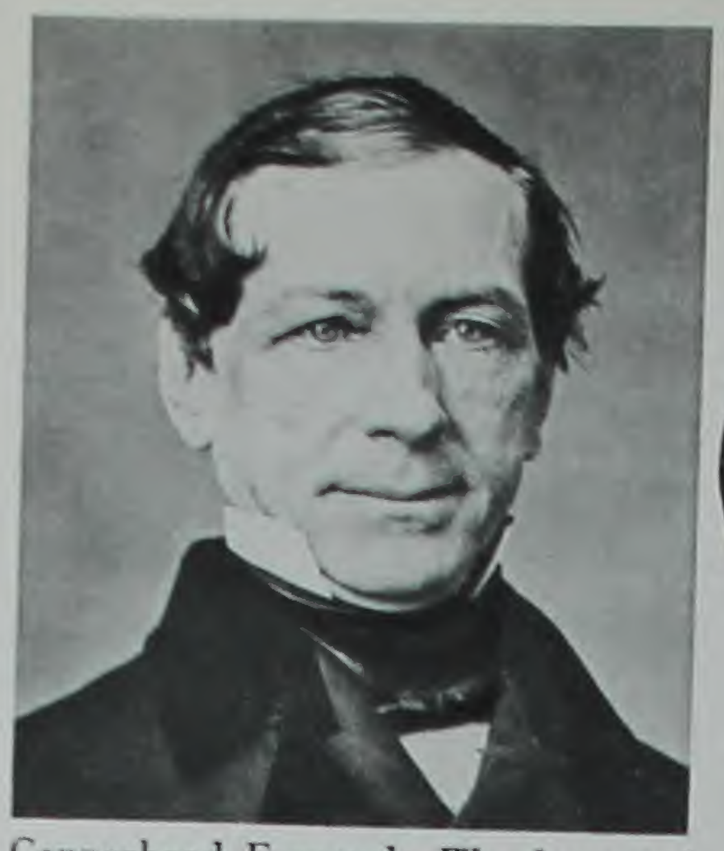
"The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but can never forget what they did here.

"It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have, thus far, so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall have a new birth of freedom; and that this government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

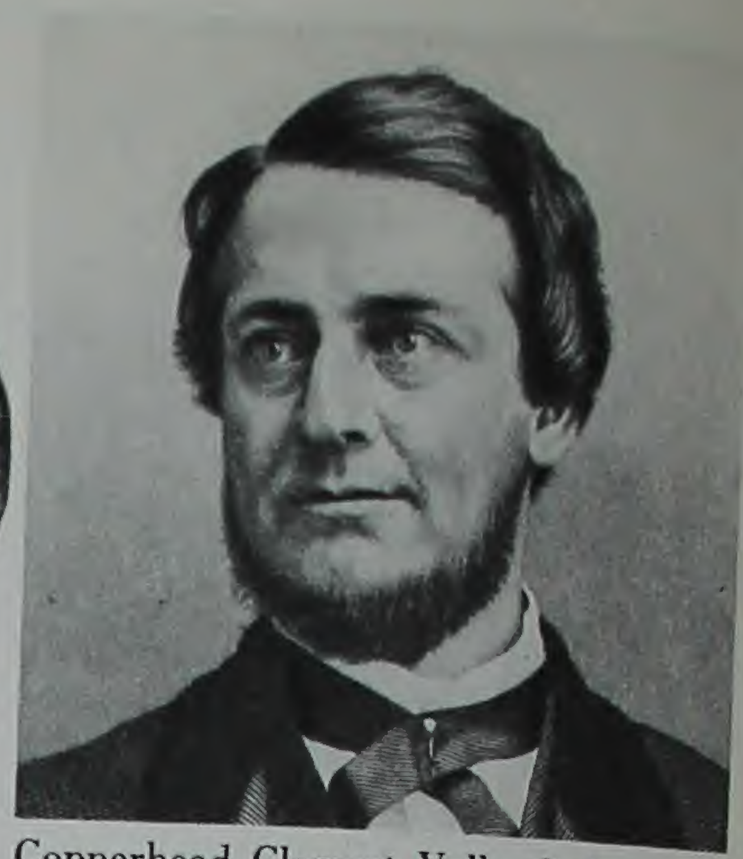


Before the speech a parade moved through Gettysburg toward the cemetery. Lincoln rode a chestnut horse, "the largest in the Cumberland Valley."

This crowd saw the President put on his steel-rimmed spectacles, rise, and deliberately read his speech.



Copperhead Fernando Wood wanted New York City to secede like the South.



Copperhead Clement Vallandigham was banished from the North by Lincoln.

THE DISLOYAL OPPOSITION

COILED behind Lincoln's back, ready to strike if the North should weaken, was a vast fifth column of Southern sympathizers, "nigger-haters," draft-dodgers, peace-at-any-price Democrats, embittered editors, and ambitious politicians. The loyal newspapers called them "Copperheads," and they accepted the name, wearing the head of Liberty, cut from a copper United States cent, as their badge.

The leading Copperhead of New York City was Mayor and Congressman Fernando Wood, whose newspaper, the *Daily News*, helped stir up the Draft Riots of 1863. The national idol of the Copperheads was Congressman Clement L. Vallandigham of Dayton, Ohio, who led the fight against every measure to carry on the war. In May 1863 Vallandigham was arrested for publicly expressing sympathy with the enemy, and Lincoln ordered him turned over to the South. Even the Confederates snickered when Vallandigham stalked across no man's land and announced to an astonished private: "I surrender myself to you as a prisoner of war." The next year he sneaked back into the United States with a pillow tucked under his pants and vest, and fake whiskers pasted to his jaw. But Lincoln ignored him.

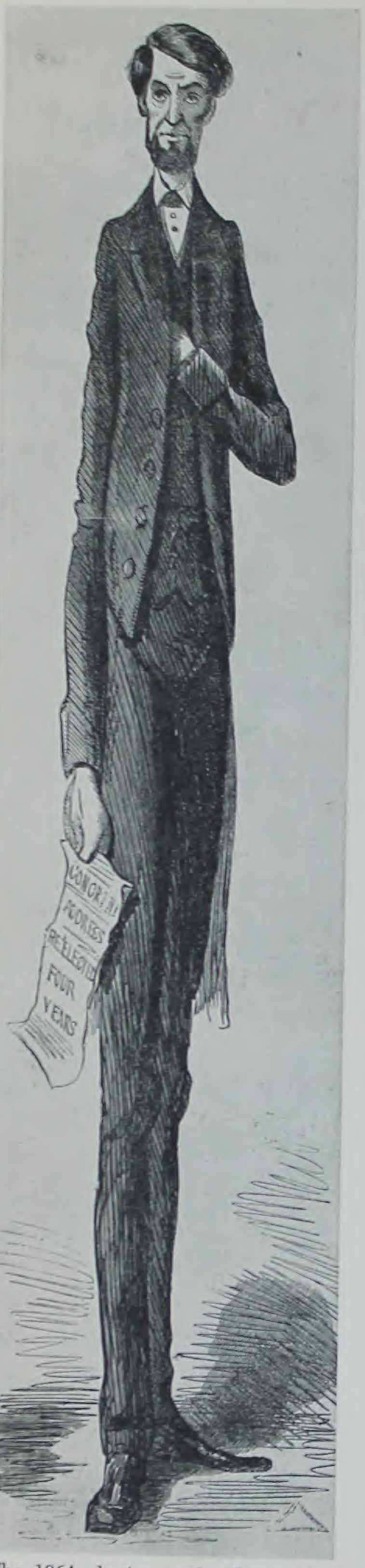
Northern cartoon of 1863 shows the Union threatened by political reptiles with hats of Midwest Democratic Congressmen.

THE ARREST

of Vallandigham caught the No. 1 Copperhead in a pair of long white drawers. Union soldiers chopped down the door of his house and seized him in his bedroom after shots had been fired at them from a window. Later, after the troops had gone, a mob of Dayton Copperheads stormed through the city, burning a newspaper office and other buildings belonging to Union men. Vallandigham was arrested for saying that the North was waging "a wicked, cruel and unnecessary war . . . for the freedom of the blacks and the enslavement of the whites. . . ."

Antiwar mob, inflamed by Copperhead propaganda, fights New York police during the Draft Riots of July 13-16, 1863.

Brooks Brothers' clothing store is looted by some of the 50,000 draft rioters. At least 75 people were killed in the riots.



The 1864 election made "Long Abe" look longer than ever in *Harper's Weekly*.

DON'T SWAP HORSES CROSSING A STREAM

Republican cartoon shows Lincoln and McClellan *(in the bushes)* as the political nags of 1864. Brother Jonathan, on Lincoln, tells John Bull why he does not intend to swap.

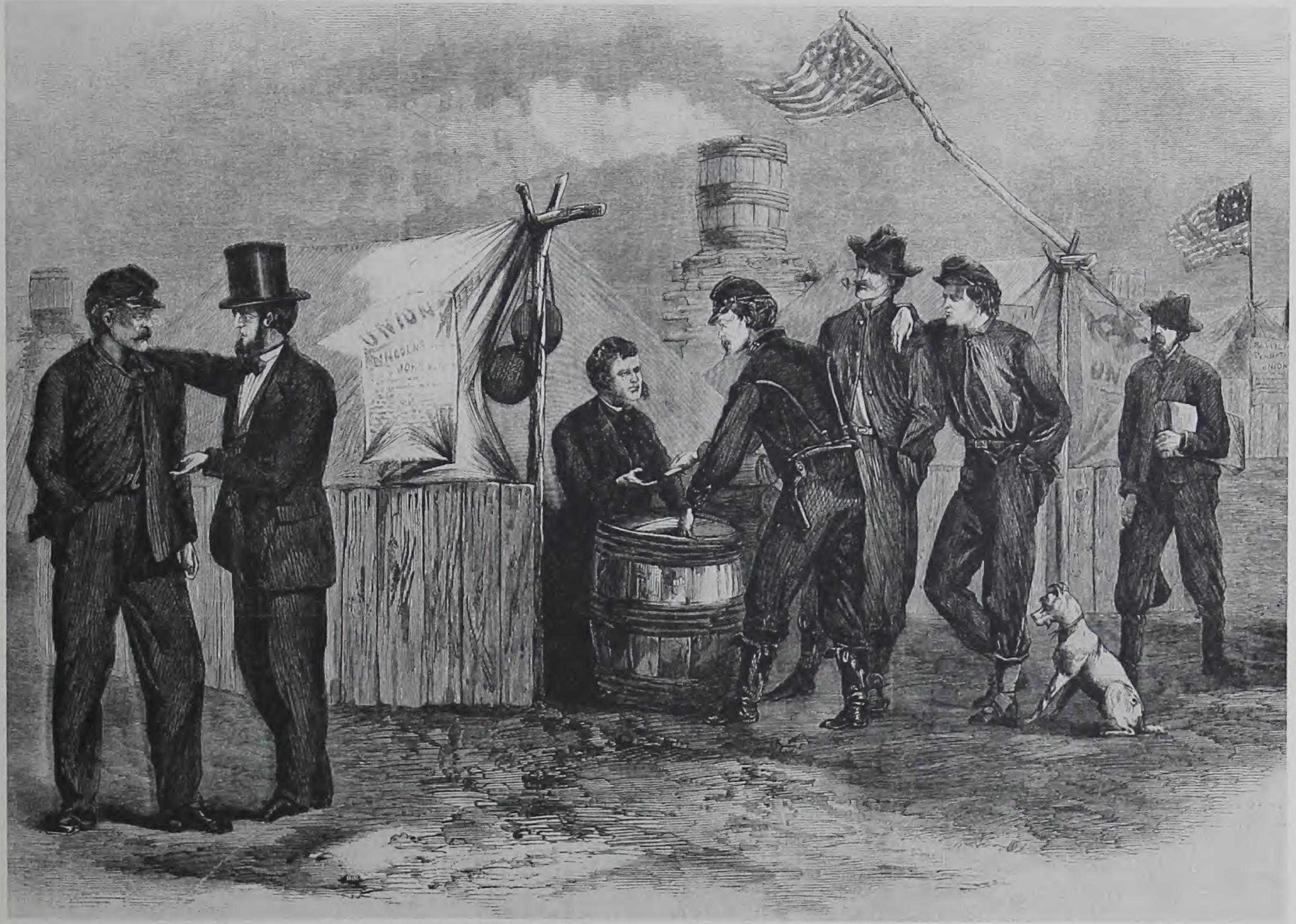
Lincoln is a confident giant, McClellan a political pygmy, in this cartoon. The spade in Little Mac's hand refers to the campaign charge that his army dug more than it fought.

Little Mac, little Mac, you're the very man,
Go down to Washington as soon as you can . . .
Democrats, Democrats, do it up brown,
Lincoln and his Niggerheads won't go down,

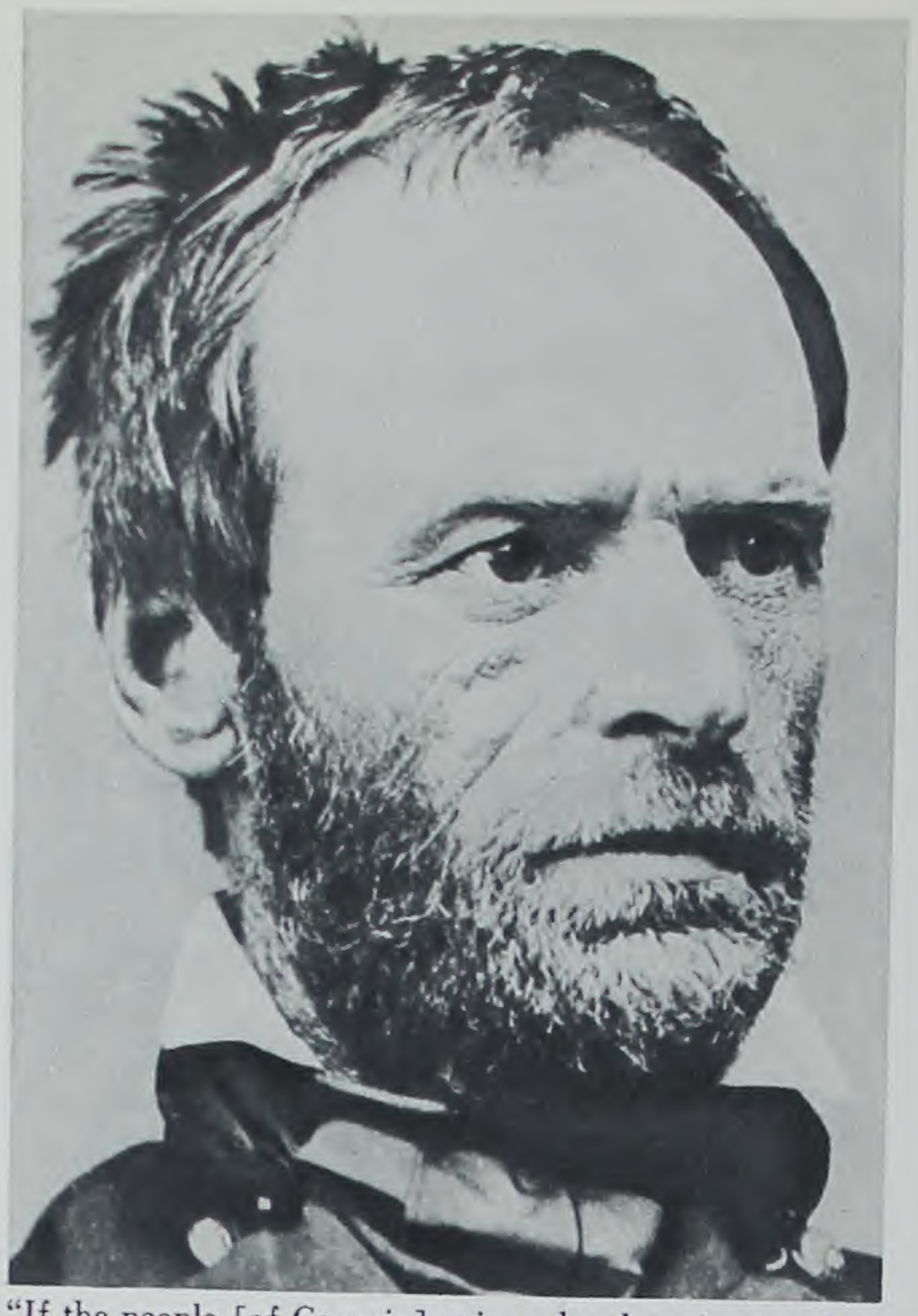
sang many a Northern voter in the bitterly fought wartime election of 1864. The melody was supposedly written by Stephen Foster before his death early in the year. But the words came from the Copperheads on the Democratic national committee. Northern morale was low and the Democrats played politics accordingly. Their platform had a plank written by Vallandigham himself, calling for an immediate truce and a negotiated peace. Their candidate for President was General George B. McClellan, who combined defeatism with a dash of military glamour. McClellan had led the Army of the Potomac for 15 seesawing months before Lincoln fired him as a chronic staller.

President Lincoln was renominated by the newly formed National Union party, composed of most of the Republicans and a large bloc of War Democrats. When a delegation went to the White House to congratulate him, Lincoln told them one of his famous little jokes. The situation of the country, he said, reminded him of an old Dutch farmer who once remarked that "it was not best to swap horses when crossing a stream." "Don't swap horses" made a neat campaign slogan for the Unionists. But what really re-elected Lincoln in 1864 was a pair of great Northern victories: Sherman's capture of Atlanta in September, and Sheridan's sweep through the Shenandoah Valley in October. In November McClellan, the little general without an army, trailed Lincoln by half a million popular votes, and got only 21 electoral votes to Lincoln's 212.

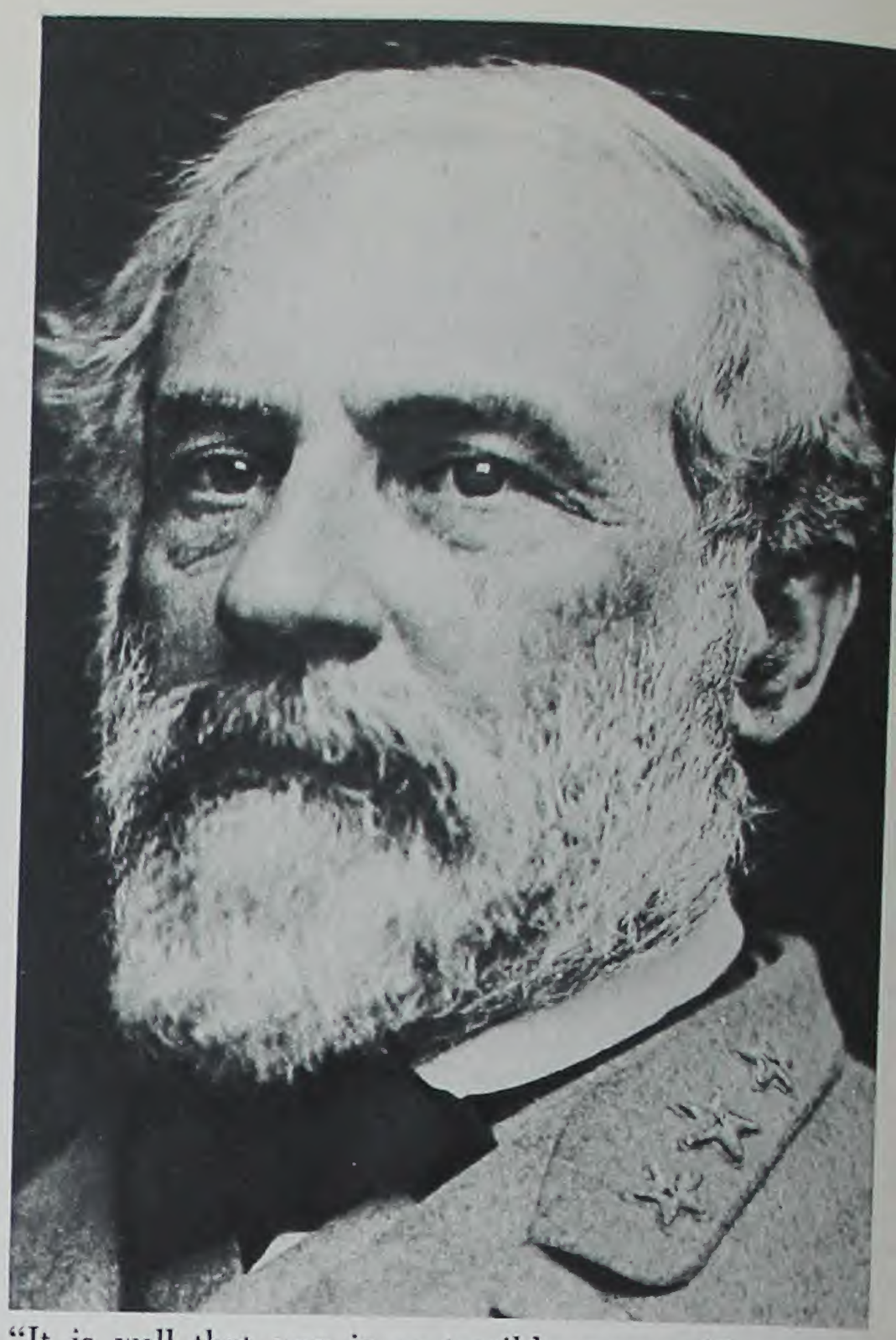
General George B. McClellan, candidate for President, strikes a Napoleonic pose.



The soldier vote went heavily for Lincoln, as most army commanders openly boosted the Union ticket. The drawing above shows men of the Army of the Potomac lined up to cast their ballots while a visiting politician does a little persuading at the left.



"If the people [of Georgia] raise a howl against my barbarity and cruelty, I will answer that war is war, and not popularity-seeking," said General William T. Sherman.



"It is well that war is so terrible—we would grow too fond of it," said General Robert E. Lee to Longstreet, as he watched the federals dying in heaps at Fredericksburg.

"I . . . propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," said General U. S. Grant *(center with slouch hat)* after losing 17,000 men in the Wilderness. It took all summer, all winter, and 43,000 more men. Grant was tobacco-stained, sometimes drunk, and wore a sloppy private's blouse. But, as Lincoln said, "he fights!"

Two women in widow's black wander through the ruins of Richmond in April 1865. Fleeing Confederates blew up the city.

"WAR . . . IS ALL HELL"

In Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, and the Carolinas, the war ground on, leaving its mark on the faces of generals and cities. Two rugged Westerners were now in charge for the Union. Major General William Tecumseh Sherman, tall, testy, and red-whiskered, carved his way through the South's heart from Chattanooga to the sea—wrecking, smashing, and burning in a campaign of deliberate attrition. Sherman believed that the quickest way to end the war was to destroy the South's productive capacity and crush Secesh morale. He could see no glory in war anyway—"It is all hell," he said.

On the main front before Richmond Lieutenant General Ulysses Simpson Grant pounded Lee's army with massive strokes. Each stroke killed thousands of men, but the North had plenty of men, and the South did not. Richmond fell April 3, 1865. On April 9 Lee was surrounded by solid walls of federal infantry at Appomattox Court House. Donning a spotless light gray uniform and a jeweled sword, he rode through Grant's lines and surrendered. The federals began to cheer but Grant stopped them, saying: "The war is over—the rebels are our countrymen again."

BLACK FRIDAY

TWO NIGHTS after Lee's surrender President Lincoln stepped out on a White House balcony and faced a victory-celebrating crowd. A secretary held a candle over his shoulder as he carefully read his terms for peace. There would be no wild rampage of revenge so far as the President was concerned. Each Southern state could return to the Union with full privileges as soon as 10 per cent of its white citizens took the oath of allegiance and formed a new state government. The problem of Negro voting would be left to the states, both South and North. But the President hoped that "very intelligent" colored men, and those who had served the Union as soldiers, would be permitted to vote.

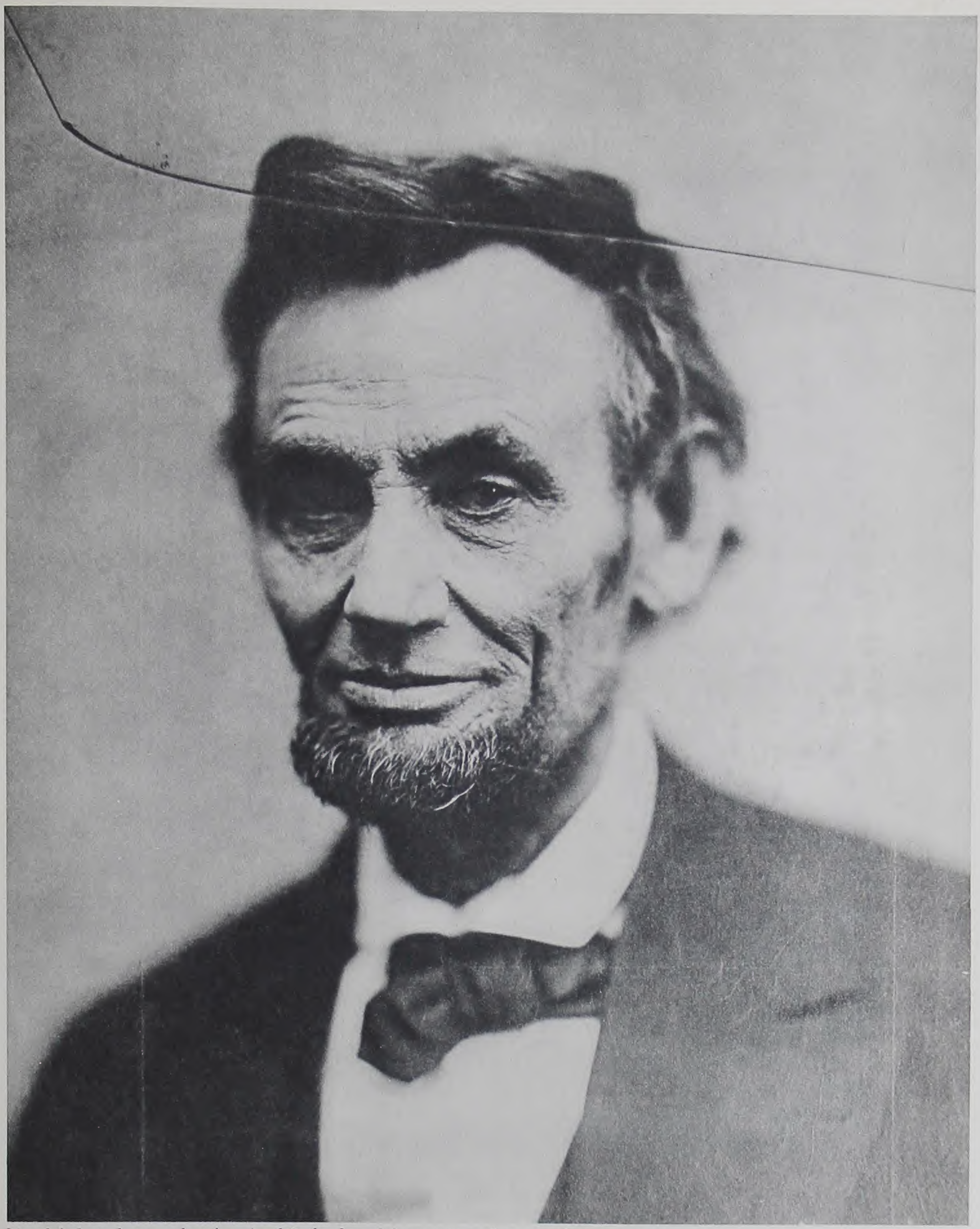
Down on the grass a young man with a handsome, sallow face and a black mustache turned to his companion. "That means nigger citizenship," he exclaimed. "Now, by God, I'll put him through!" The man who said this was John Wilkes Booth, an unemployed actor who had been hanging around Washington for months, plotting to kidnap the President. Somewhere on the lawn a band suddenly struck up "Dixie," the Confederate national air, and Booth walked off angrily into the night.

Washington was still in a holiday mood three days later, on Good Friday, April 14. In the morning Lincoln told his Cabinet again that he would take no part in hanging the rebels—"even the worst of them." "Frighten them out of the country . . . scare them off," he said, making motions as though he were shooing sheep. "Enough lives have been sacrificed." In the evening he drove with his wife to Ford's Theatre to see a play called *Our American Cousin*. It was not a good play and he didn't want to go. But his appearance had been advertised, and Mrs. Lincoln had invited guests, so he went.

At some point during the performance his bodyguard, a befuddled Washington policeman, went out into the alley for a drink of whisky. What happened after that was sheer, lurid melodrama. Through the unguarded rear door of the President's box stepped Booth, with a small brass pistol in one hand and a dagger in the other. He fired one shot into the back of Lincoln's head, slashed the other man in the box with his dagger, and leaped from the box railing to the stage. The spur of his boot caught in a flag so that he fell crookedly on one foot, fracturing his left leg. But he staggered to his feet, waved his bloody dagger at the audience, shouted, "*Sic semper tyrannis*—Virginia is avenged!" and escaped before anyone realized that he had just murdered the President.

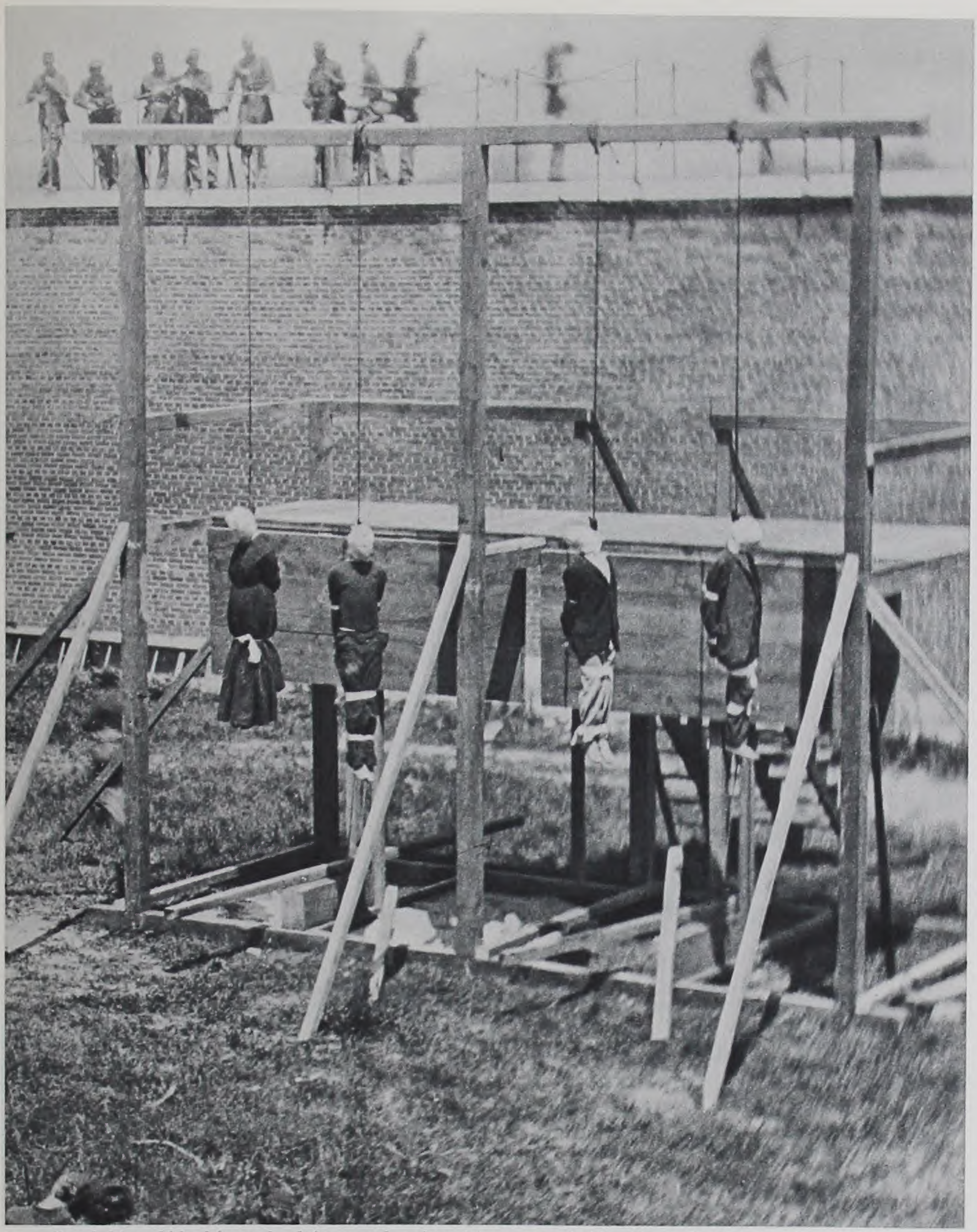
John Wilkes Booth, the actor-assassin, was a monomaniac on the race question.

Leslie's weekly shows how Booth sneaked up on Lincoln and fired from behind. Mrs. Lincoln sits beside the President. At right are their two guests, Major Rathbone and his fiancée.



Lincoln's last photograph, taken April 9, the day of Appomattox, shows no elation over Northern victory. Four years of war had cut deep lines of sadness on the Rail Splitter's face, but they had not made him hate the South. "With malice toward none; with charity for all . . . ," he had urged in his second Inaugural Address in March, "let us strive . . . to bind up the nation's wounds." Booth's bullet cut him down before he could fairly begin.

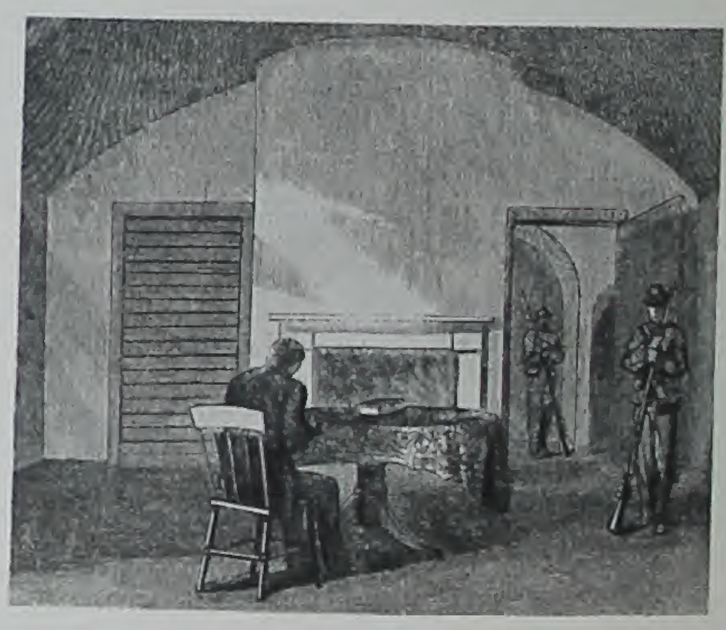
From a scaffold in the Washington jailyard, on the hot morning of July 7, 1865, dangled four of John Wilkes Booth's accomplices. Mrs. Mary Surratt *(left)* kept a boardinghouse where Booth's gang met. David Herold was Booth's personal aide and companion. Lewis Paine, a Confederate deserter, was assigned to kill Secretary of State Seward on the night of April 14. He got into Seward's home and cut Seward's throat with a bowie knife, but did not quite kill him. George Atzerodt, a middle-aged Confederate spy, was supposed to kill Vice President Andrew Johnson, but lost his nerve and didn't try.



Booth himself had been dead for months when this photograph was taken. On April 26 federal troops and Secret Service agents trapped the assassin in a Virginia barn. A soldier fired through the door and Booth was dragged out with a wound through his neck. He lay conscious all night on a farmhouse porch, bleeding to death and sucking noisily on a rag soaked in brandy. Toward morning he asked to see his hands—he could no longer feel or move them. A soldier lifted them up and Booth muttered, "Useless, useless." Those were his last words. His corpse was buried secretly under an arsenal floor.

STANTON, THE DICTATOR

FOR A FEW WEEKS after Lincoln's death this moon-faced man with sprouting whiskers and baggy pants was the virtual dictator of the United States. Edwin M. Stanton was Secretary of War and boss of an army of 900,000 men. He decided—without any real evidence—that President Davis and the Confederate Cabinet had something to do with Lincoln's assassination. After the Southern armies collapsed Davis tried to escape to Mexico, but federal cavalrymen caught him in Georgia, wearing his wife's cloak and shawl. Stanton put him in a stone cell at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, and kept him there under a charge of treason for two years. One day the ex-President of the Confederacy threw a dish of food in a soldier's face, and for this he was held down by force while chains and an iron ball were riveted around his ankles. One reason Stanton was so rough was that his conscience bothered him. It was his job to protect Lincoln's life, and he had made a complete botch of it at Ford's Theatre.

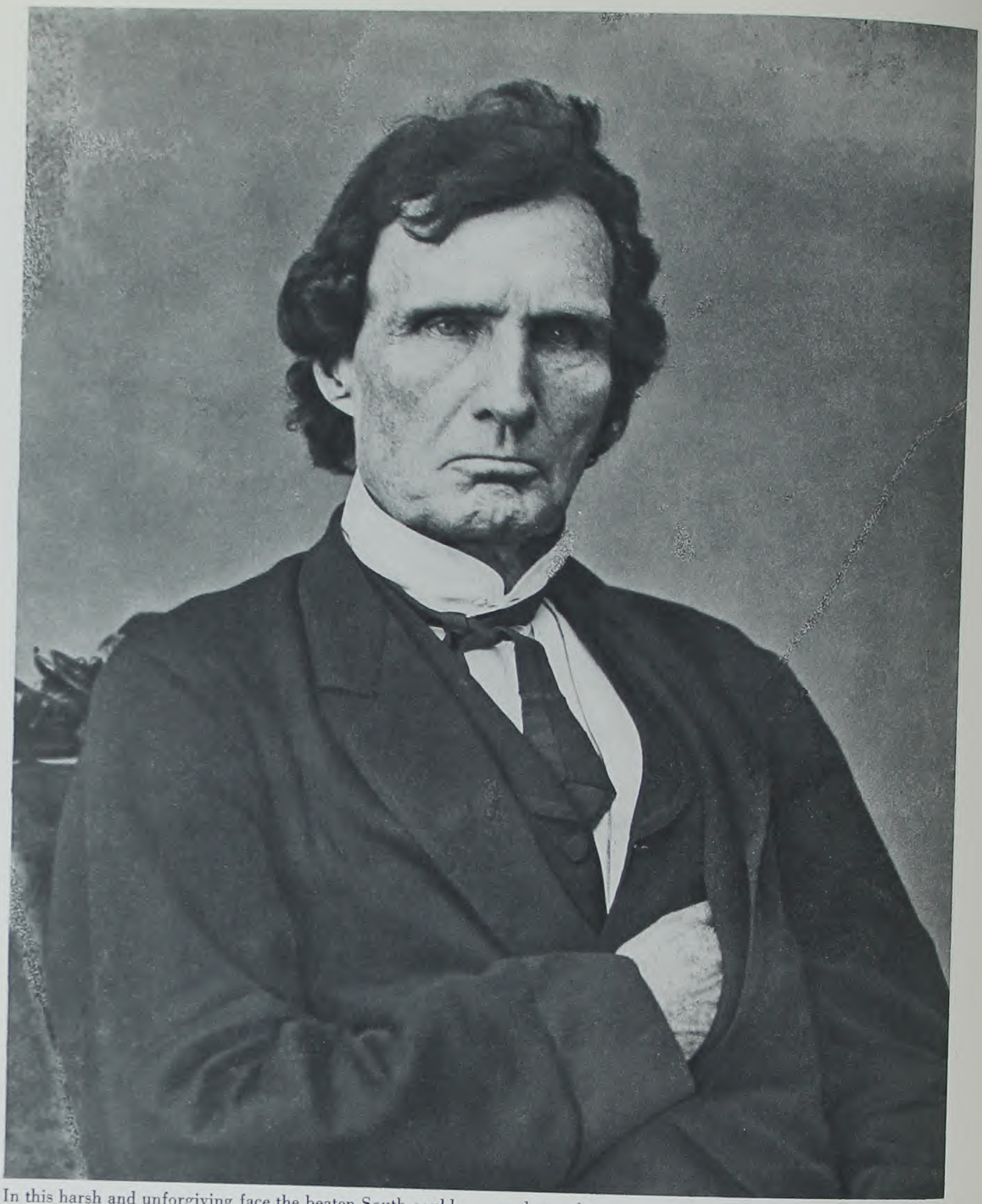


Soldiers guard ex-President Davis in his military cell. He was freed in 1867.

JOHNSON, THE NEW PRESIDENT

President Johnson defends his policies on a "swing around the circle" in 1866.

ANDREW JOHNSON, who succeeded Lincoln as President, was a "poor white" from the Tennessee hills who went around Washington with a revolver on his hip. He was put on the Union ticket in 1864 because he was the fightingest War Democrat that the friends of Lincoln could find. At his inauguration as Vice President he took three large drinks of undiluted whisky, and made such a loud, maudlin speech that his predecessor tried to pull him back to his chair by his coattails. Later he told a Washington street crowd that he would hang Jeff Davis and all the "diabolical" crew at Richmond if he ever got the chance. But once he was in the White House, President "Andy" softened his tune. He hanged almost nobody, proclaimed a general pardon for the Confederate rank and file, and followed Lincoln's "10 per cent plan" for restoring the Southern states. This mild policy brought him into a disastrous collision with the Republican Radicals in Congress, who wanted to kill "white supremacy" in the South.



In this harsh and unforgiving face the beaten South could now see its worst enemy. Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, boss of the Republican House of Representatives, had no sympathy for any ex-Confederate. He planned to have Congress carve up the "damned rebel provinces" and fill them with new settlers, as though the whole South were conquered Indian land. The estates of "leading rebels" would be divided into 40-acre farms and sold to the former slaves at $10 an acre. If the Southerners did not like this, he implied, they could go to any other country they liked and stay there.

"I have never desired bloody punishments to any great extent," said Thad Stevens, "but there are punishments quite as appalling and longer remembered than death. They are more advisable, because they would reach a greater number. Strip a proud nobility of their bloated estates; reduce them to a level with plain republicans; send them forth to labor and teach their children to enter the workshops or handle a plow, and you will thus humble the proud traitors."

THE RADICALS IN THE SADDLE

War Secretary Stanton defies the President and camps all night in his office.

Congressman Ben Butler reads impeachment evidence against the President.

THE LINCOLN PLAN to "restore" the South limped along for more than a year under the clumsy sponsorship of President Johnson. Meanwhile came published reports that the Southern Negroes were being "restored" to virtual slavery by organized terror, lynchings, and "Black Laws" which forced them to work wherever they lived, and to accept wages and working conditions imposed by their old owners. Whipping and other penalties prescribed by these laws recalled the unhappy days of Uncle Tom. "We tell the white men of Mississippi," cried the Chicago *Tribune*, "that the men of the North will convert the State of Mississippi into a frog pond before they will allow any such laws to disgrace one foot of soil in which the bones of our soldiers sleep and over which the flag of freedom waves." The *Tribune* spoke for the Radical Republicans who wanted to "reconstruct" the South, to change it completely from what it had been.

The Radicals swept the Northern Congressional elections in 1866, despite a feeble effort by Andy Johnson to rouse the voters against them. And in March 1867, nearly two years after Appomattox, Thad Stevens and other Radical Congressmen passed two Reconstruction Acts which wiped out everything that Johnson and Lincoln had done.

The Radical Acts set up five military districts in the South, with a major general of the United States Army as the ruler of each district. Twenty thousand federal troops, along with Negro militia, were mobilized to carry out the will of Congress. The Acts directed that ten Southern states must abolish their old constitutions and adopt new ones permitting Negroes to vote before they could send representatives to Congress. Tennessee was exempted because she had already submitted to Congressional dictation and framed a new constitution.

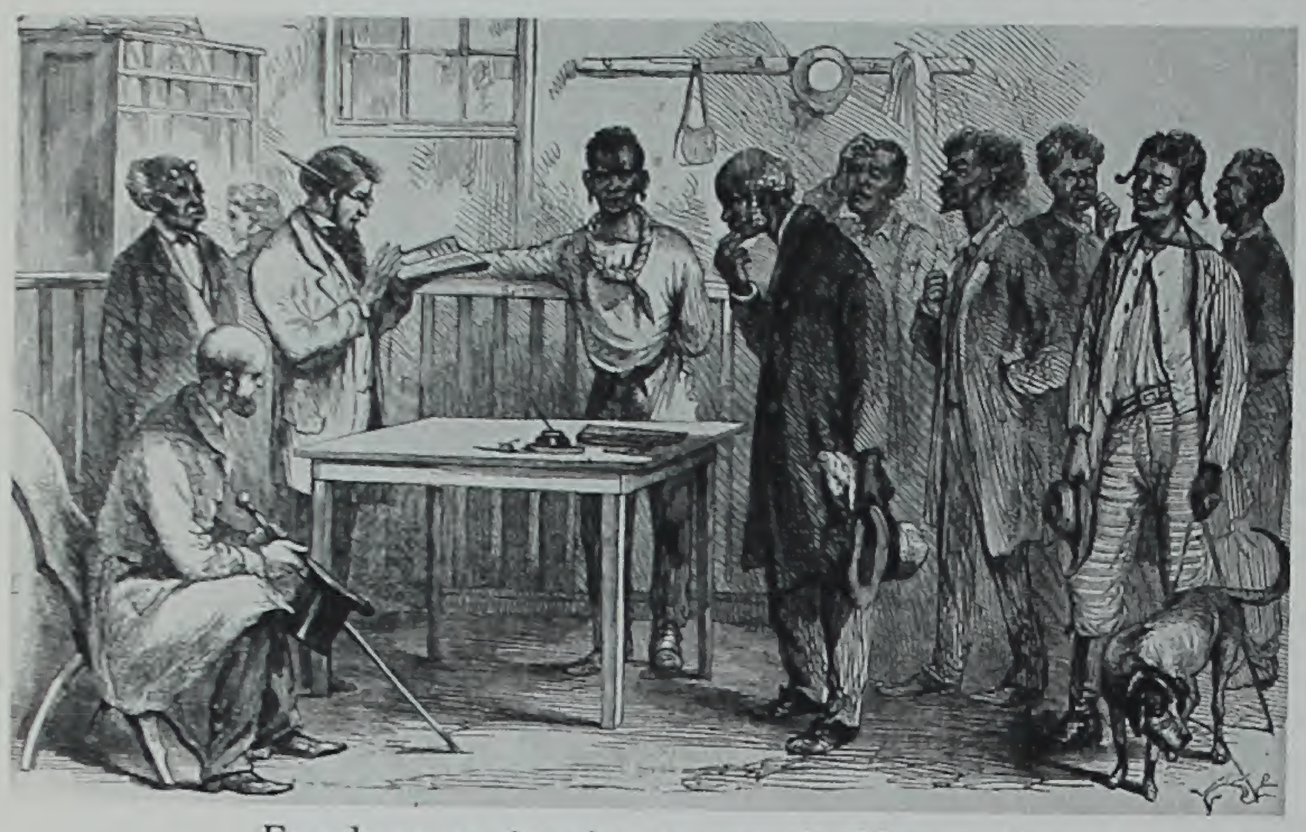
President Johnson vetoed the first Reconstruction Act but Congress passed it right back over his veto. The Radicals also shoved two more insults down the President's throat: they passed laws forbidding him to dismiss his own Cabinet members, or to transfer the commander of the Army (General Grant) without Congressional consent. Johnson, who was personally pugnacious, immediately replaced Stanton, the Radical Secretary of War. Stanton refused to give up his office and Congress soon afterward impeached the President—the first, and last, time this indignity was ever inflicted on a Chief Executive.

Thad Stevens, who was old and almost dead, planned the impeachment. "We had better put it on the ground of insanity or whisky," he growled one day to his fellow committee members. But the eleven "high crimes and misdemeanors" which were finally charged against the President were surprisingly mean and trivial. The trial was staged before Chief Justice Chase and the whole Senate, and resulted in a solemn vote of 35 to 19 for conviction. But it needed a two-thirds vote (or 36) to convict. So, by one vote, Andy Johnson was acquitted. Radical rule passed its high-water mark, and the Presidency was spared further humiliation by Congress.

Thad Stevens, too sick to walk, is carried to an impeachment committee meeting.

THE FREEING OF THE FREEDMEN

A black-and-white jury in a Southern courtroom in 1867. Negroes could also demand trial in special army courts.



Freedmen registering to vote in Macon, Georgia, during the first registration under army rule, September 1867.

A Freedmen's Bureau school in Richmond in 1866. Southern foes of Reconstruction burned many of these schools.

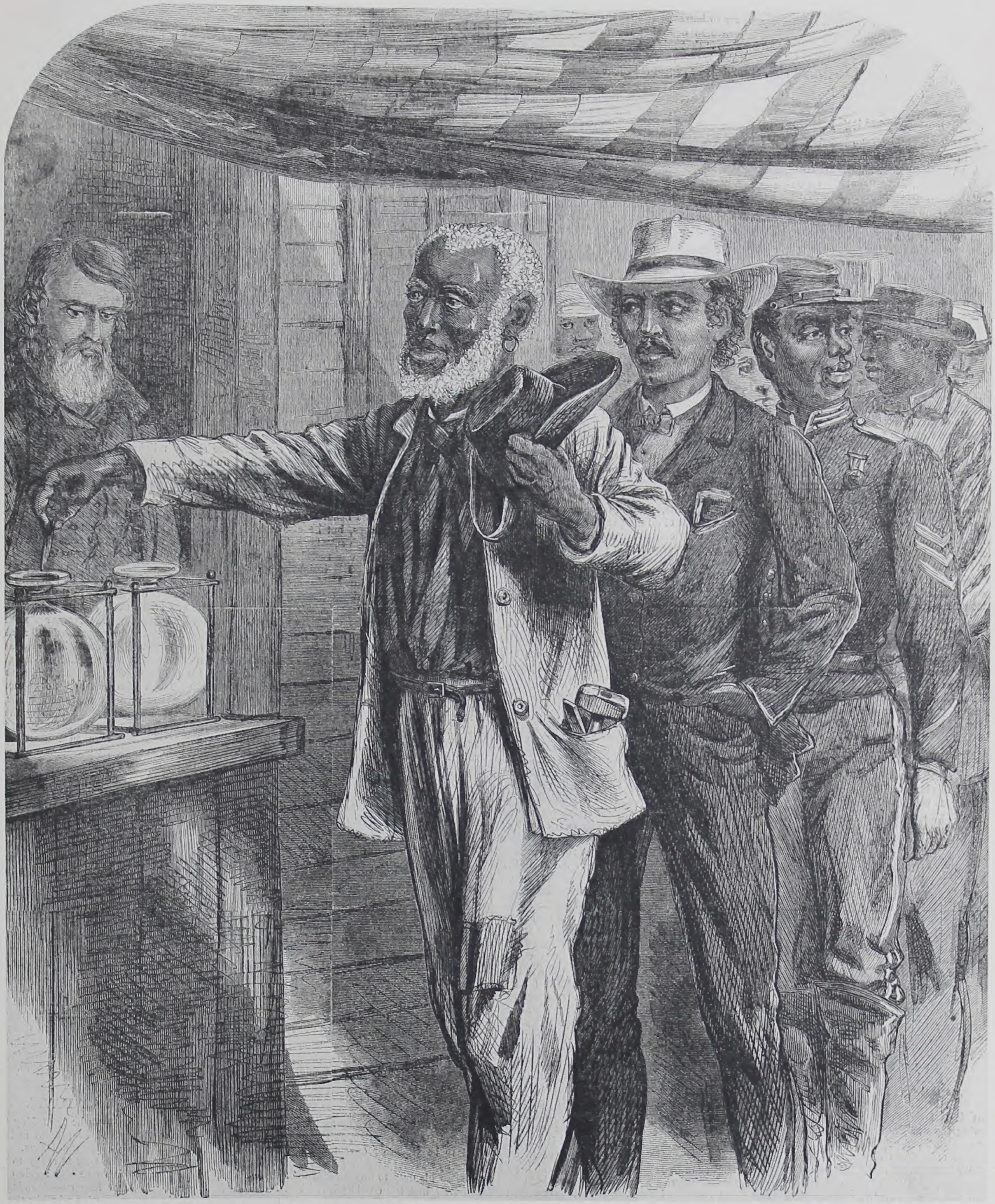
The Freedmen's Bureau, started by Republicans, was the Federal Government's first big venture in relief *(left)*.

WITH FEDERAL BAYONETS prodding them from behind, the Southern states "reconstructed" themselves with great haste. In South Carolina, in 1866, the Black Laws required all freed Negroes to go to bed early, rise at dawn, speak respectfully to their employers, and perform no skilled labor without a license. But in 1867, under Reconstruction, the former slaves controlled the South Carolina legislature, and it was against the law to call a man a "nigger" or a "yankee" in that state.

The Radical program for the Negro freedmen was broad and definite. First came the Thirteenth Amendment, which made emancipation a part of the Constitution. Then came the Freedmen's Bureau, a branch of the Army, which opened Negro schools and relief centers and held special courts for Negroes throughout the South. Then came Negro suffrage under army protection, abolition of the Black Laws, and the Fourteenth Amendment, which gave full-scale citizenship to Negroes and took it away from many former "rebels." Finally, in 1869, came the Fifteenth Amendment, which barred the states from ever interfering with the Negro's right to vote. These later amendments forced Negro suffrage on Michigan, Ohio, Kansas, and other Northern states which had rejected it after the Civil War.

Thus, only five years after Lincoln's Proclamation, the four million ex-slaves were politically dominant in the South and held the balance of power in the nation. Lacking leaders and largely uneducated, they fell easily under the influence of Northern "carpetbaggers" and Southern white "scalawags" who used them for all kinds of schemes, both good and bad. Their legislatures were often corrupt and extravagant, though no more so than Northern legislatures during the same period. They set up the first public school systems in several Southern states, liberalized the South's antique election system, and carried on an effective revolution in behalf of the underprivileged of both races.

They also saved the Republican party. The Republicans had been a minority in 1860, in 1864, and, without the Negroes, they were still a minority. Thad Stevens used this as his clinching argument: What was the use, he asked, of having fought the war if Jeff Davis and the other enemies of the Union could march right back and take over the Senate and, maybe, the White House?



"The First Vote," from *Harper's Weekly*, shows a Southern polling place during the state elections of 1867. In that year the Army's figures for the reconstructed states showed 703,000 Negro voters to 627,000 qualified whites.

"HANG, CURS, HANG!"

THE KU KLUX KLAN, said the editor of the Tuscaloosa, Alabama, *Independent Monitor*, had its origin in "the galling despotism that broods like a night-mare over these Southern States . . . a persistent prostitution of all government, all resources and all powers, to degrade the white man by the establishment of a negro supremacy." Actually the Klan was started at Pulaski, Tennessee, in 1865, very soon after the war, and almost two years before Reconstruction. The first Klansmen rode around the countryside at night wearing white robes and masks, frightening freedmen by pretending to be the ghosts of Confederate soldiers. During Reconstruction, when most of the property-owning Southern whites could take no part in their own government, they joined the Klan and other underground groups like the Knights of the White Camelia and the Order of the White Rose. These secret societies worked very effectively to restore white supremacy by whippings, murders, and such crude warnings as the newspaper cartoon printed above.

A Prospective Scene in the "City of Oaks," 4th of March, 1869.

"Hang, curs, hang! * * * * * *Their* complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to *their* hanging! * * * * * If they be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable."

The above cut represents the fate in store for those great pests of Southern society—the carpet-bagger and scallawag—if found in Dixie's Land after the break of day on the 4th of March next.

The genus carpet-bagger is a man with a lank head of dry hair, a lank stomach and long legs, club knees and splay feet, dried legs and lank jaws, with eyes like a fish and mouth like a shark. Add to this a habit of sneaking and dodging about in unknown places—habiting with negroes in dark dens and back streets—a look like a hound and the smell of a polecat.

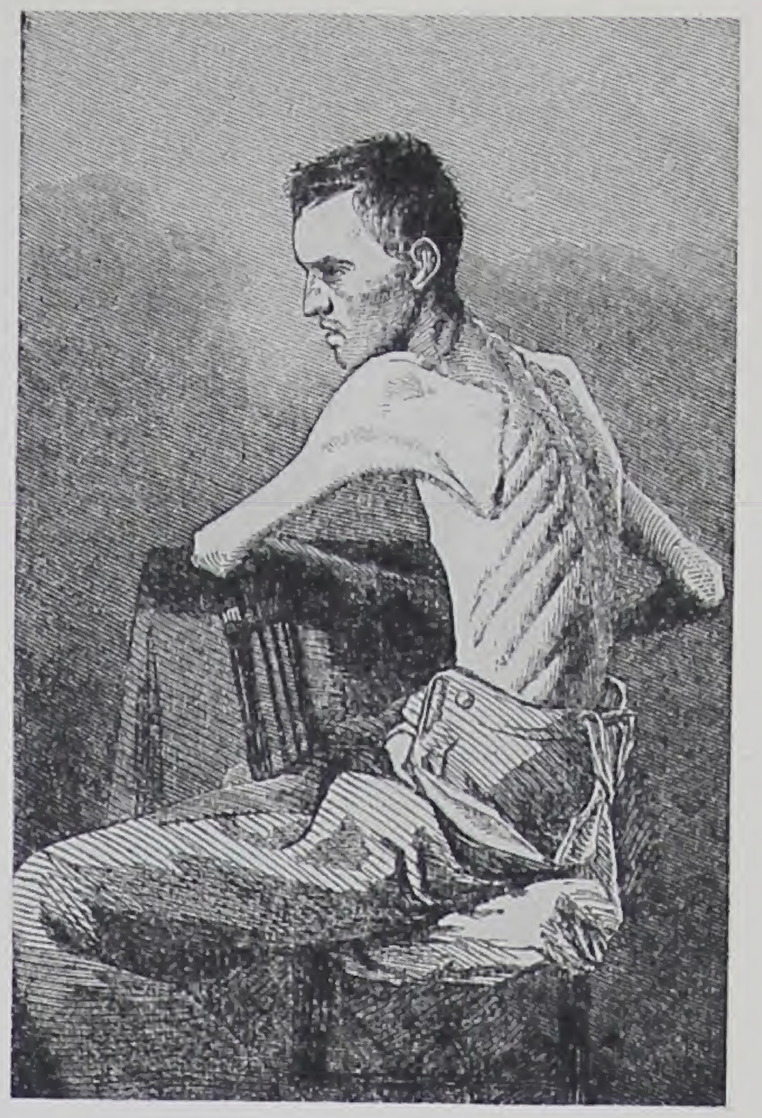
Words are wanting to do full justice to the genus scallawag. He is a cur with a contracted head, downward look, slinking and uneasy gait; sleeps in the woods, like old Crossland, at the bare idea of a Ku-Klux raid.

Our scallawag is the local leper of the community. Unlike the carpet bagger, he is native, which is so much the worse. Once he was respected in his circle; his head was level, and he would look his neighbor in the face. Now, possessed of the itch of office and the salt rheum of Radicalism, he is a mangy dog, slinking through the alleys, haunting the Governor's office, defiling with tobacco juice the steps of the Capitol, stretching his lazy carcass in the sun on the Square, or the benches of the Mayor's Court.

He waiteth for the troubling of the political waters, to the end that he may step in and be healed of the itch by the ointment of office. For office he 'bums' as a toper 'bums' for the satisfying dram. For office, yet in prospective, he hath bartered respectability; hath abandoned business, and ceased to labor with his hands, but employs his feet kicking out boot-heels against lamp-post and corner-curb, while discussing the question of office.

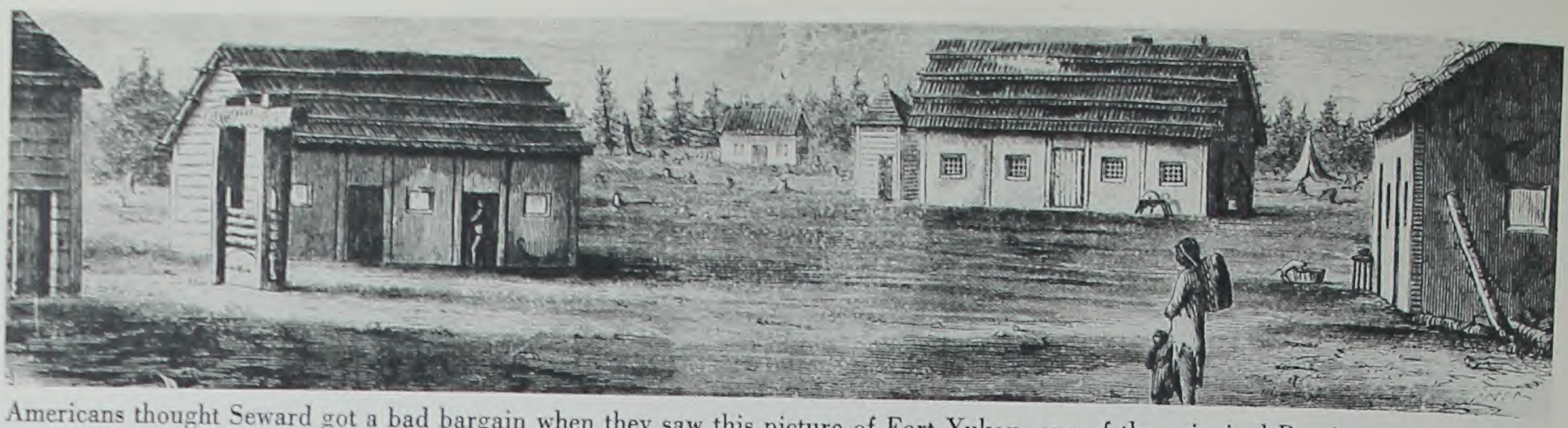
The whipping of Phillis, a young North Carolina freedwoman, took place because she struck a white girl. Six of the whippers were jailed by military authorities.

Ku Klux costumes included white masks with red-braid holes for eyes, nose, and mouth. Some Kluxers wore false heads which they removed and gave to Negroes.



THE MARTYRS OF ANDERSONVILLE

and other Confederate prison pens were widely publicized during the Reconstruction period to justify the Radical policy toward the South. These drawings of living skeletons rescued from the prison at Belle Isle were published in a book by the Radical Congress. Yet General Grant himself had refused to save these men by exchange because—as he said—the South needed its soldiers back to carry on the war, while the North could always get new ones. Almost as many Southerners (25,976) died in Northern prisons as Northerners in the South (30,218).



Americans thought Seward got a bad bargain when they saw this picture of Fort Yukon, one of the principal Russian posts in Alaska.

"GOD BLESS THE RUSSIANS"

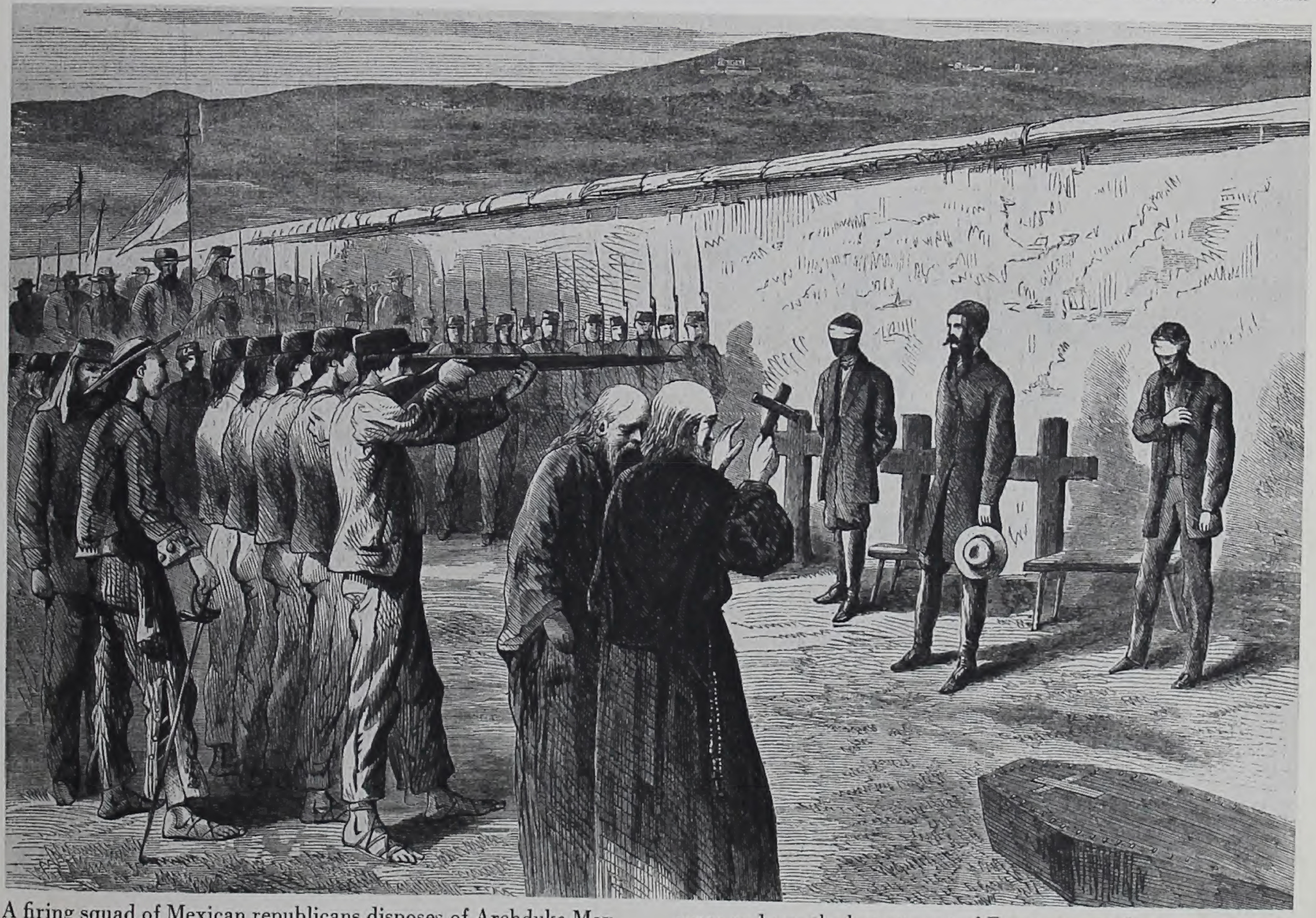
IT WAS LINCOLN'S Secretary of the Navy who jotted down this remark in his diary when the Russian fleet dropped in at New York in 1863; this supposed gesture of friendship cheered up the North during a dark moment of the Civil War. One night in 1867 the Russian Minister in Washington dropped in on Secretary of State Seward with another pleasant surprise. He had just learned, he said, that Czar Alexander II would sell Russian America (Alaska) for $7,200,000. Seward stopped playing whist and offered to close the deal at once. "But your Department is closed," said the Russian. "Never mind that," Seward told him. "Before midnight you will find me at the Department, which will be open and ready for business." And so, before the next sun rose, Seward bought 4,000 miles of Pacific coastline and 375 million acres of new American territory for less than two cents an acre.

During the same year "Uncle Billy" skillfully untangled another phase of Manifest Destiny. In 1864 a French army had installed the Austrian Archduke Maximilian as "Emperor" of Mexico. Seward forced the French to get out of Mexico, and Maximilian was promptly shot by the Mexicans.

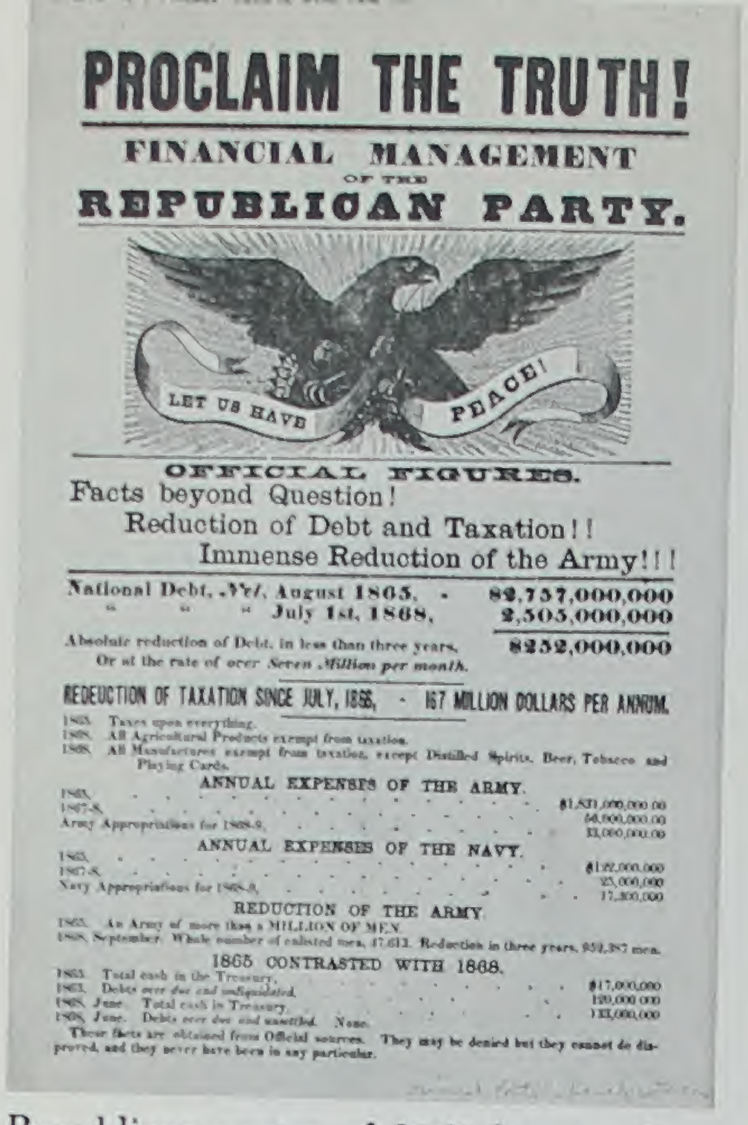
The Alaska purchase agreement was completed at 4 A.M., March 30, 1867. This painting shows Russian Minister Baron de Stoeckel standing in front of the large globe while Seward *(seated, left)* is pointing with his pen, as though asking the Russian to sign.

Leslie's weekly shows an American politician trying to find voters in uninhabited Alaska.

A cartoon sketch of "Uncle Billy" Seward



A firing squad of Mexican republicans disposes of Archduke Maximilian, June 19, 1867. His flimsy "empire" lasted less than three years and was the last attempt of European royalty to appropriate American soil. Two of his Mexican generals were shot beside him.

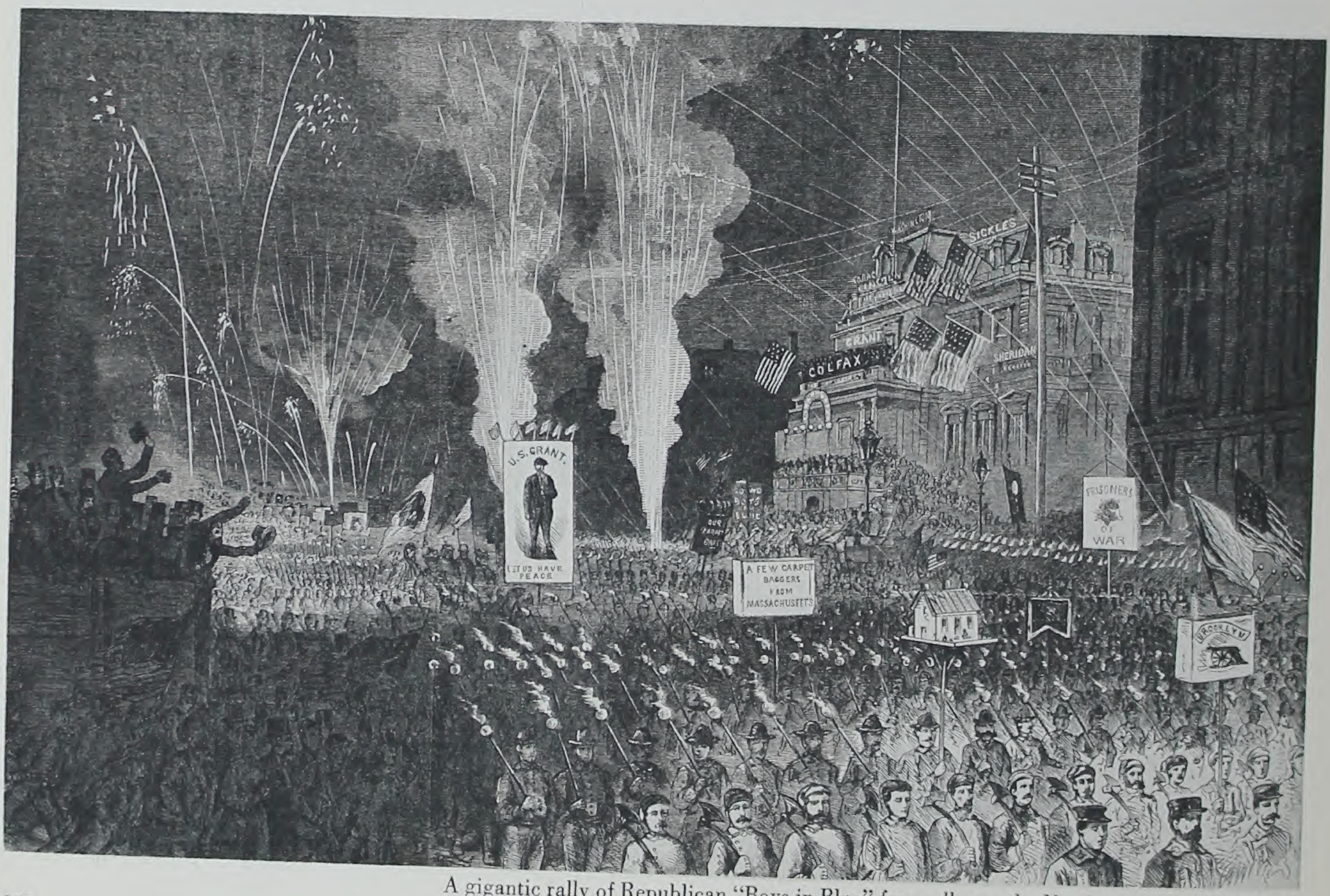


Republican poster of 1868 boasts of reduced national debt since the war's end.

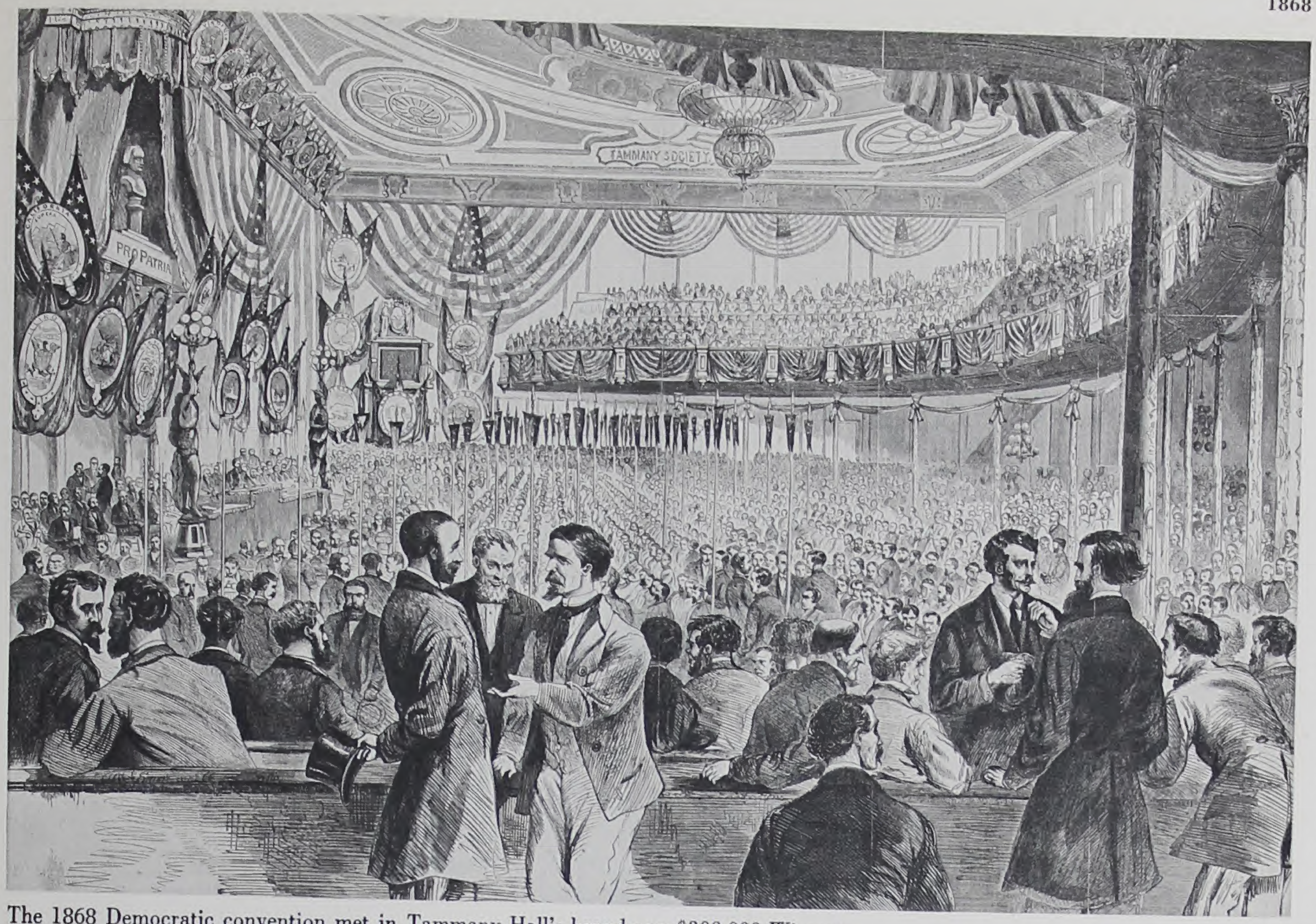
Grant's nomination starts a happy stampede at the Republican convention in Chicago. He was nominated by General John A. Logan of Illinois *(center)*, originator of Memorial Day.

THE BOYS IN BLUE

In the Presidential campaign of 1868 the country got its first look at the solid masses of Union veterans who were now lined up as Republican voters. General Ulysses S. Grant was the Republican candidate, and the "Boys in Blue" whooped up their old commander with an enthusiasm that drowned out all discussion of political issues. The Democrats nominated former Governor Horatio Seymour of New York, an able but comparatively colorless man. Grant's Electoral College majority was overwhelming: 214 to 80. But in the popular vote he got only 3,015,071 (including 700,000 Negroes) to Seymour's 2,709,613.



A gigantic rally of Republican "Boys in Blue" from all over the North was staged October 2 in Philadelphia. Here the veterans march up Broad Street past the Union League *(right)*.



The 1868 Democratic convention met in Tammany Hall's brand-new $300,000 Wigwam. Two ex-Confederate generals and the Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan were delegates.

Some Union veterans carried torches for Seymour, as in this parade in New York. The Democratic platform called for lower taxes, less Reconstruction, and more greenback money.

This rare photograph of Grant without a beard shows a dimpled but stubborn chin.

"LET US HAVE PEACE"

PRESIDENT ULYSSES S. GRANT was short, round-shouldered, and slouchy, but he had a resolute blue eye and the look of a man who could not be trifled with. During the war he was called "Grant the Butcher" because he sent tens of thousands of men to death without a flicker of emotion. Yet he could not bear to kill an animal or bird, and he would go white with fury if he saw a man beating a horse. When his daughter Nellie was married in the White House Grant went off to her room after the ceremony and sobbed like a child.

The truth was that Grant was a well-intentioned, rather stodgy family man who could deal fairly well with facts but was baffled by ideas. He once summed up the Civil War in two typical sentences: "It is probably well that we had the war when we did. We are better off now than we would have been without it." His sole contribution to his own Presidential campaign was the four-word slogan, "Let us have peace."

During most of his life Grant was a failure at everything he tried: he failed as a farmer, as a businessman, and as a peacetime army officer. Strangely enough, this was because he lacked an aggressive personality—the conqueror of Lee was really a reticent man who hated to push himself forward. Poverty had greatly influenced his life—at one time it made him a drunkard, but he had conquered this failing before he became President. Poverty had also driven him, in St. Louis in the 1850's, to try to sell his wife's two slaves for cash to live on. At that time Grant could not get excited over slavery or any other political issue. But when the war came along he drifted into it, like millions of other plain citizens, with a mingled desire to serve his country and to forget his private troubles. He bore no grudge against the Confederates, then or later.

As President, Grant showed a conspicuous liking for expensive presents, such as Hambletonian colts, blooded bull pups, and gold-tipped cigars. His wife accepted free dresses, perfumes, and jewelry worth a great deal of money from men who did business with the Government. Grant could see nothing wrong with this. He looked upon rich men with a respect amounting to awe, regardless of how they made their money. He put a notorious war profiteer in his Cabinet and made friends with the most celebrated thieves in Wall Street. And he let his old army friends steal millions from the Government, simply because he could not believe that anyone he liked was personally dishonest.

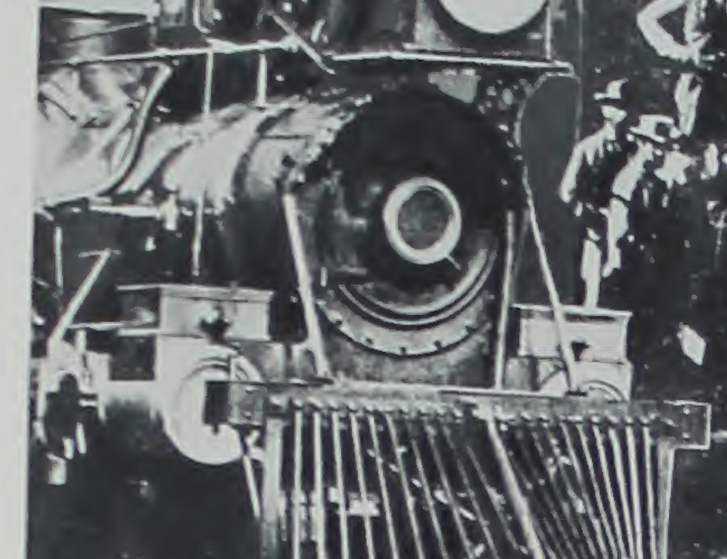
THE PRESIDENTIAL SPEEDSTER

During Grant's two terms the White House stables flourished as never before. The President had a glistening assortment of carriages and at least a dozen horses, including a natural pacer named "Jeff Davis." He also enjoyed fast driving *(right)*. One day as he whirled along M Street a Negro policeman ran out from the sidewalk, grabbed the horse's bridle, and was dragged half a block before he stopped it. When he saw who his prisoner was the policeman apologized profusely, but Grant stepped down with a smile. "Officer, do your duty," he said, so the embarrassed policeman took the Presidential rig to the nearest station house. Grant walked back to the White House, but the speeding charge was never pressed.

This was the closest any President ever came to being arrested, except for Franklin Pierce, whose horse once ran down an old woman. Theoretically a President cannot be arrested on any charge unless he submits voluntarily.

The photograph at the left shows Grant shortly after he became President. He never swore, hated politics and political talk, disliked military parades and martial music, and, unlike Lincoln, refused to listen to off-color stories. Once when an army officer glanced around a table and remarked, by way of introduction, "I see there are no ladies present," Grant quieted him by saying, "Ah, but there are gentlemen present."

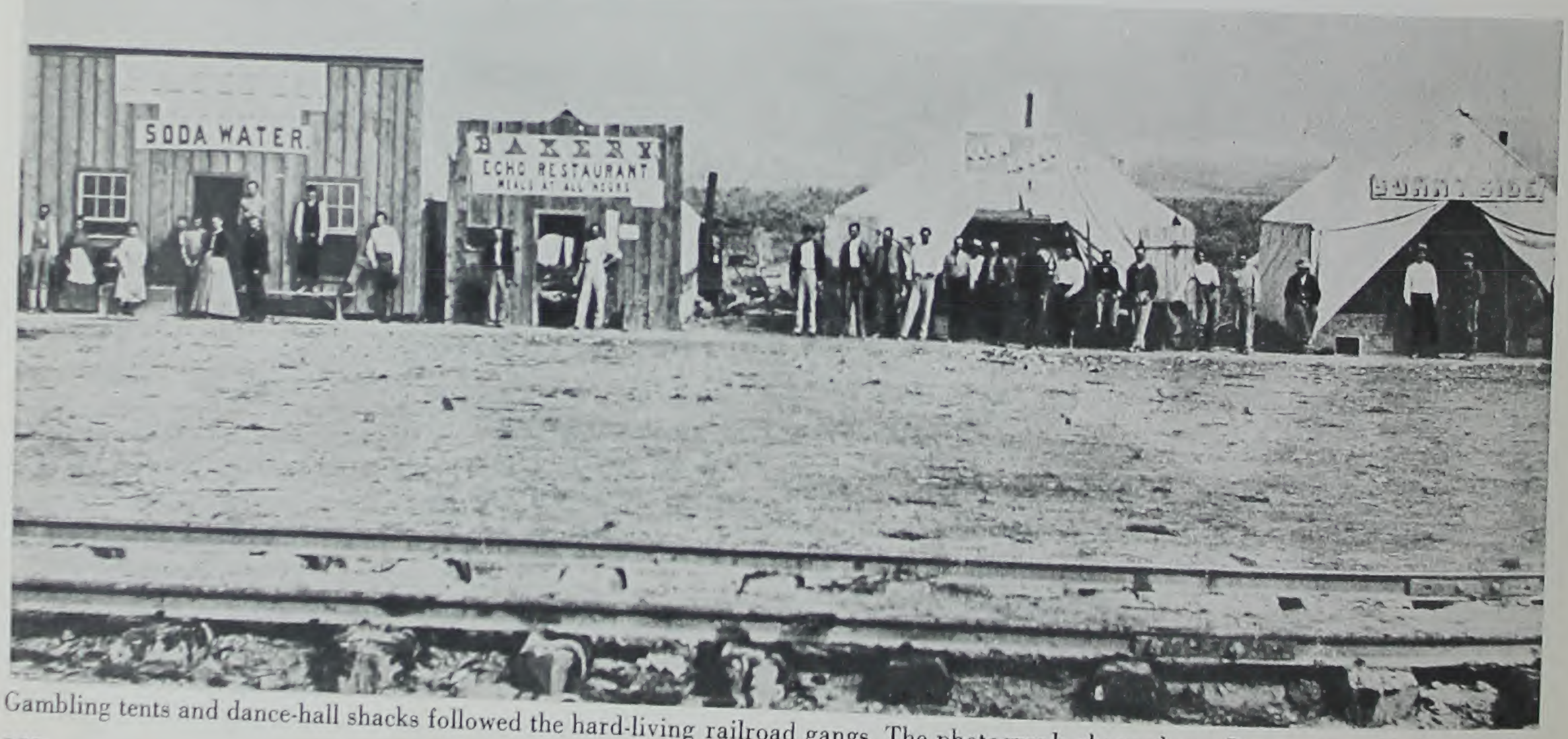
Before the Pacific railroad was finished trains from San Francisco ended their run at Cisco *(above)*, where stagecoaches took over.



The wedding of the locomotives in 1869

RAILROADS AND THE

On May 10, 1869, at Promontory Point, Utah, a silver sledge drove a gold-headed spike into a laurel railroad tie, and out over the telegraph went an exultant message: "The last rail is laid! The last spike driven! The Pacific railroad is completed!" Then two locomotives, one from the East and one from the West, nosed forward until their pilots touched *(left)*, and their crews doused them with champagne. The Pacific railroad had been built in a little



Gambling tents and dance-hall shacks followed the hard-living railroad gangs. The photograph above shows Promontory, Utah, in 1869.

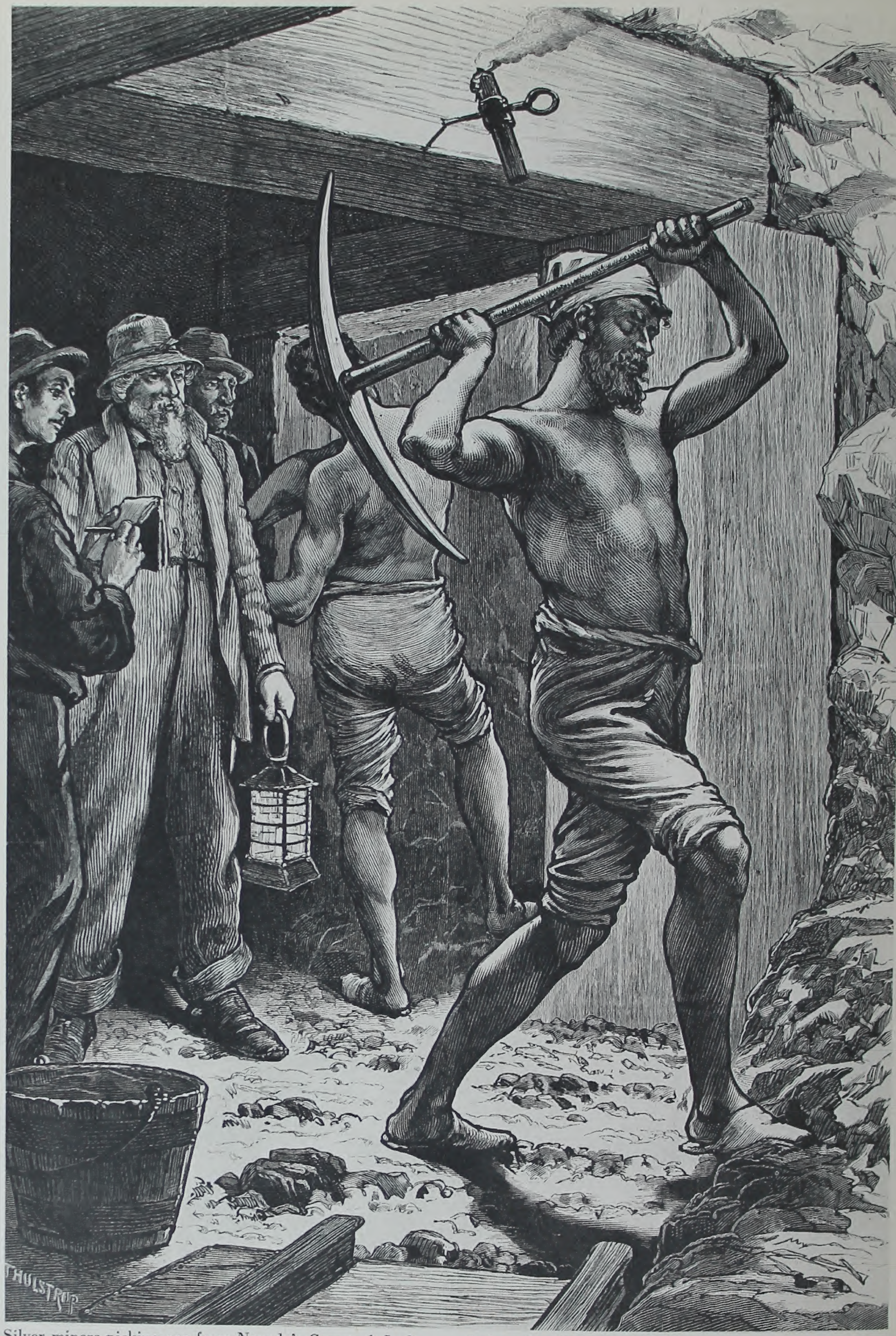
A dead trapper, scalped by Indians, is found by two army scouts. Indians sometimes killed the railroad workers to get their whisky.

VANISHING FRONTIER

over three years by more than 20,000 workmen across 1,775 miles of mountains and plains. The Republican administrations at Washington had helped by giving the promoters 23 million acres of land, plus $64 million in easy loans. The Republicans also made good another pledge by giving 160-acre Western farms to all comers (except former Confederates). Soon the buffaloes and Indians were being eliminated, while homesteaders' houses dotted the landscape.

Dead buffaloes, killed for their hides

A homesteader and his sod house in Kansas in 1872. Only the poorest land was free to homesteaders—a good farm cost around $1,000.



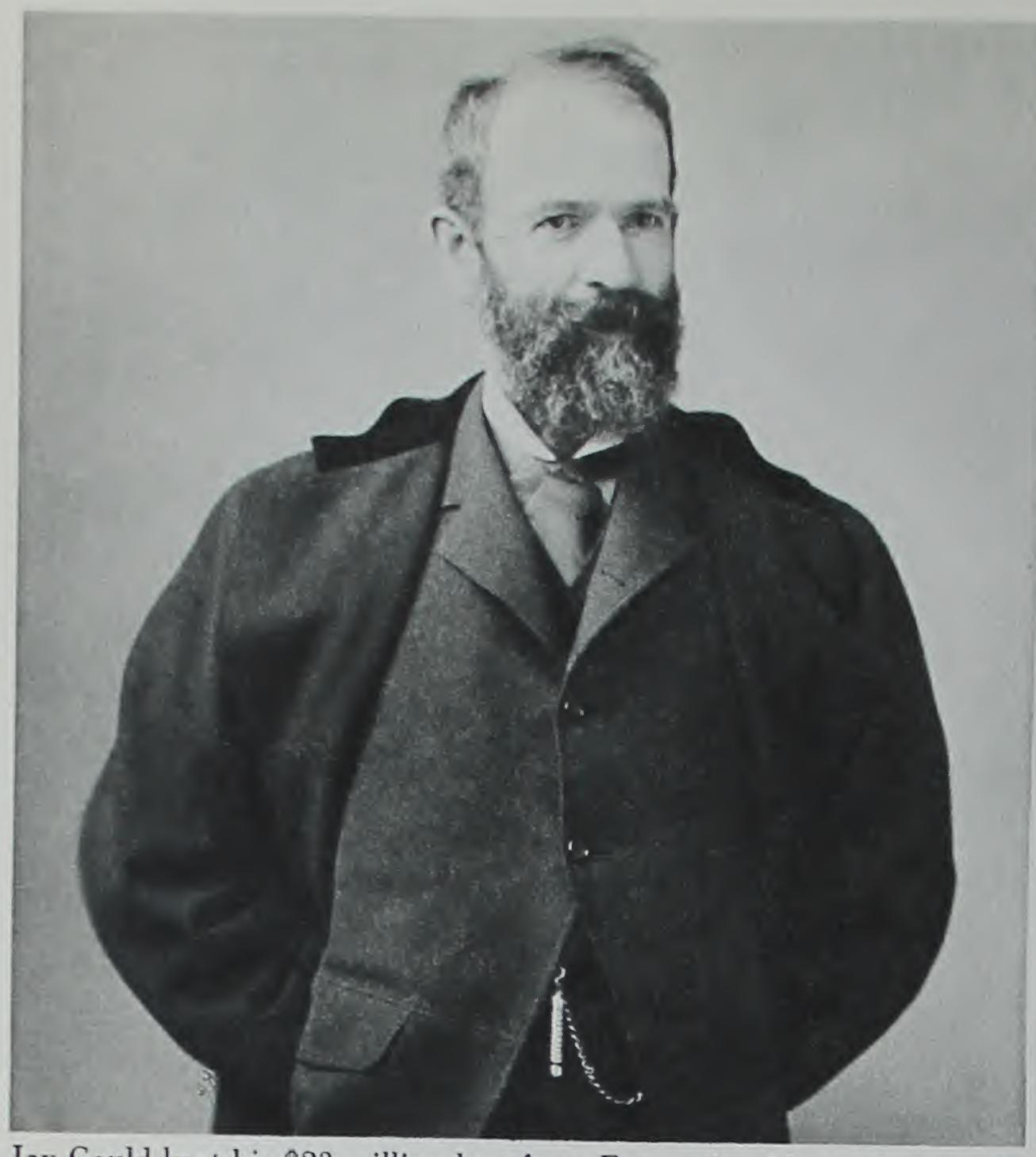
Silver miners picking ore from Nevada's Comstock Lode, the richest vein of silver in the world. Discovered just before the Civil War, the Lode yielded nearly $320 million before 1882. The miners earned $3 to $4 per day.

THE WORKING PEOPLE

"Bell-Time," drawn by Winslow Homer in 1868, shows workers pouring out of the mills at Lawrence, Massachusetts, at the end of their 13-hour day. They worked from 5 A.M. to 7 P.M., with two half-hour periods off to eat.

After the Civil War labor unions started a national drive for an eight-hour day with no cut in pay. This sketch from *Leslie's* weekly shows eight-hour strikers threatening nonstrikers on a New York City construction job.

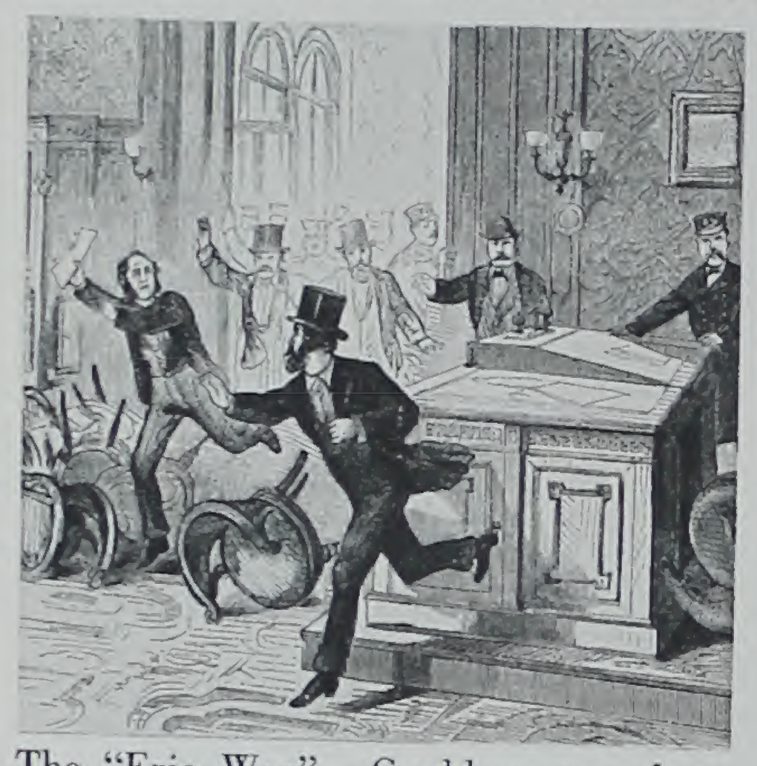
BARONS OF



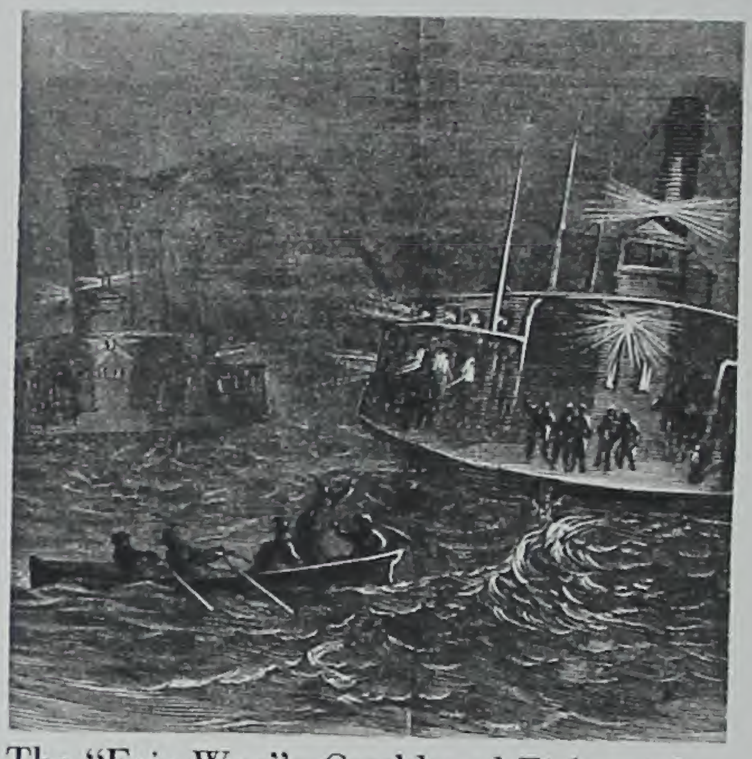
Jay Gould kept his $23 million loot from Erie and gold, and bought the Union Pacific Railroad, Western Union, and New York City's "El" lines.

JAY GOULD and Jim Fisk were typical of thousands of smart young Northerners who stayed home and made a lot of money instead of fighting in the Civil War. Foxy, whispery little Jay Gould began his career by cheating two partners out of a leather factory, and then became an expert manipulator of railroad stocks on the New York Stock Exchange. Big, brassy Jim Fisk was a former circus barker who bought and sold war contracts, went south after the war, and made a fortune in confiscated cotton.

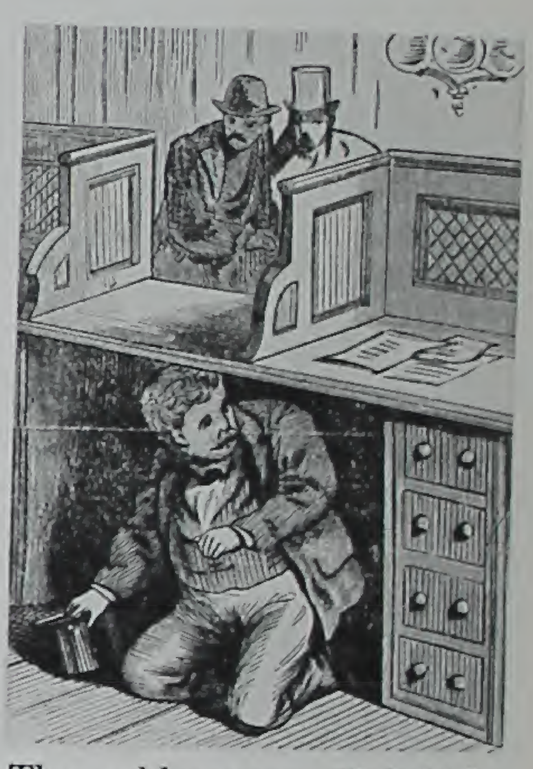
In 1867 this up-and-coming pair was befriended by old Daniel Drew, the onetime cattle drover, who had become a great figure in Wall Street. Drew made them directors of the Erie Railroad, which Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, the steamboat king and principal owner of the New York Central railroad, was also trying to acquire. Gould and Fisk secretly printed large blocks of illegal Erie stock and put them on the market, where Vanderbilt kept buying them in the hope of getting control. "If this printing press don't break down, I'll be damned if I don't give



The "Erie War" — Gould escapes from process servers breaking into his office.

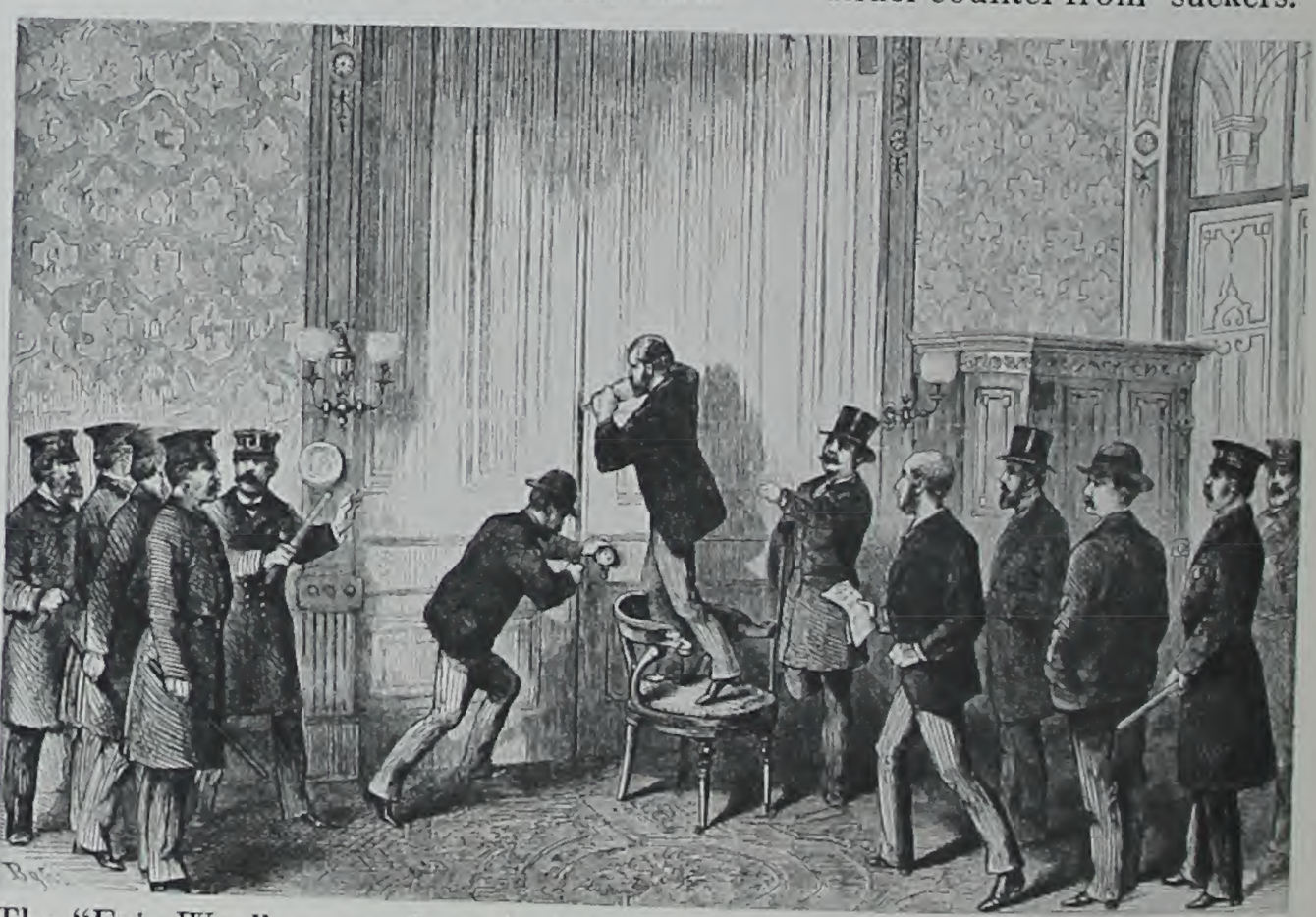


The "Erie War"—Gould and Fisk catch a New Jersey ferry with $6 million cash.



The gold corner—Fisk hides under counter from "suckers."

The gold corner — brokers wrangle in the street as prices collapse on Black Friday, September 24, 1869.



The "Erie War"—a new board of directors pries open Gould's office door in 1872. Gould was finally ousted from Erie by its English stockholders.

WALL STREET

the old hog all he wants of Erie!" Fisk said one day. When Vanderbilt discovered the fraud and got an order for their arrest they fled to New Jersey with the Erie books and $6 million in greenbacks. Gould went to Albany and bribed the legislature into legalizing all the Erie stock unloaded on Vanderbilt, plus a lot more. Then the partners came back to New York in triumph and opened luxurious offices in Pike's Grand Opera Palace, where Fisk also supported a bevy of actresses and staged rowdy musical shows.

The next year, at the age of 33, Gould bribed President Grant's brother-in-law to act as his spy in the White House while he cornered the $15 million worth of gold which was in circulation, and squeezed up its price. Fisk tried to involve Grant himself in this coup, but the President stayed out. The gold corner violently disturbed the whole currency structure of the country, and ended only when the Treasury stepped in and sold government gold. Gould's government contacts tipped him off in time, and he sold out at a profit, betraying his own partners.

Jim Fisk squandered his gains on wine, women, and diamonds. He was murdered in 1872 by a man who had cheated him in business and love.

Fisk, dressed as "Admiral" of the Fall River steamship line, toasts President Grant and pumps him about gold.

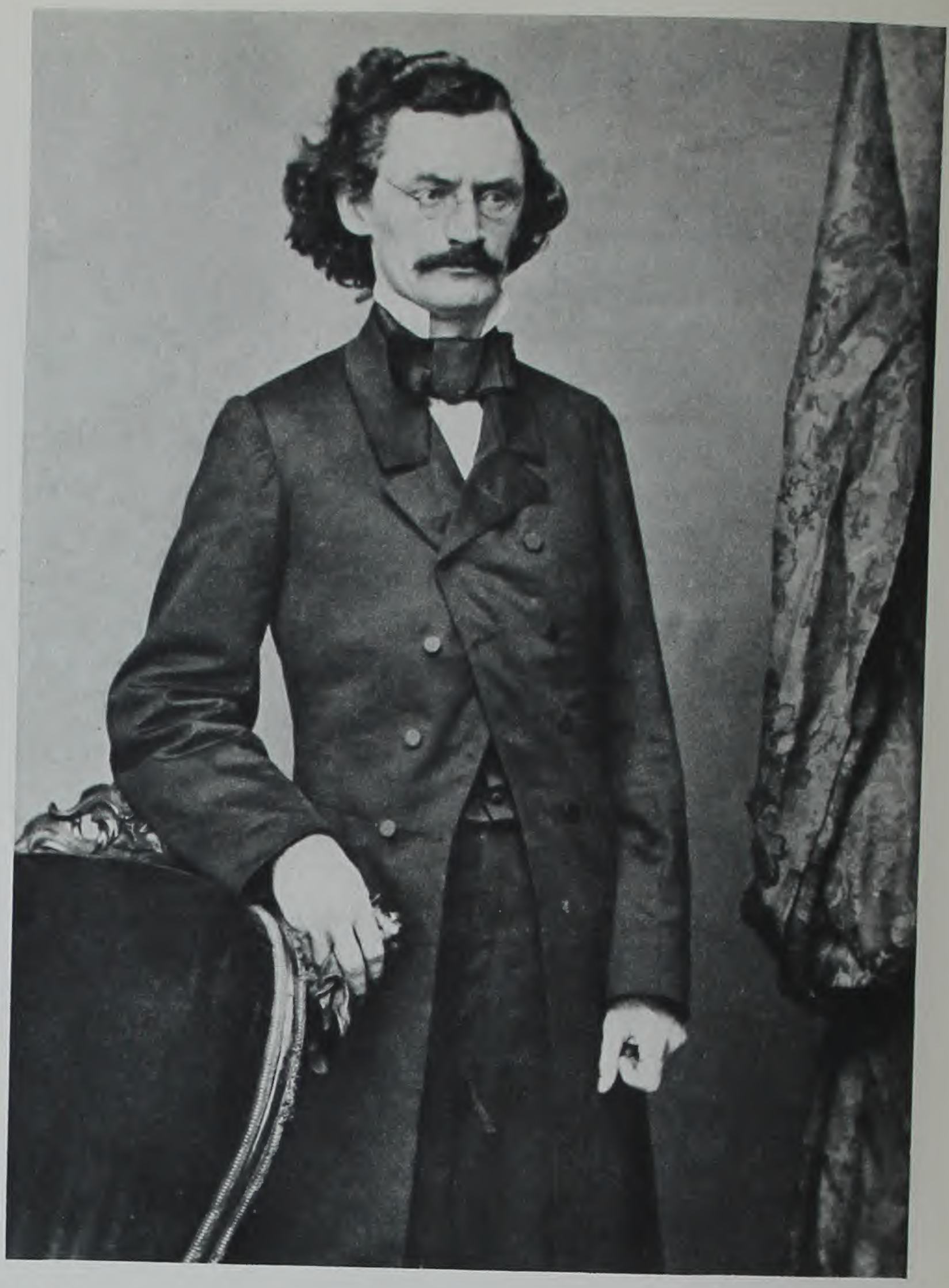
Fisk *(with champagne)* gets set for a cozy summer evening at Long Branch. This was after Josie Mansfield left him.

Josie Mansfield won Fisk's heart and about $200,000 in presents.

Josie lived in this brownstone love nest, not far from Fisk's office.

Edward Stokes, who also worshiped Josie, traps Fisk on hotel stairs and kills him.

THE REFORMER



In Washington the Grant administration was packed with little robber barons. The Secretary of the Navy banked $320,000 in four years from his profits on naval contracts. There was stealing and graft in the War Department, the Treasury, both Houses of Congress, the District of Columbia Government, and even on the White House staff. Grant's Minister to Brazil varied the pattern slightly by stealing $100,000 from the Brazilian Government.

Many good Republicans were distressed by this corruption and organized a new wing of the party to reform the civil service. Their fiery spokesman was Senator Carl Schurz of Missouri *(right)*, a onetime revolutionist in Germany and a personal friend of Lincoln's. Schurz's "Liberal Republicans" gave Grant a few gray hairs, but the bulk of the party continued to vote "regular."

A GALLERY OF GRAFTERS

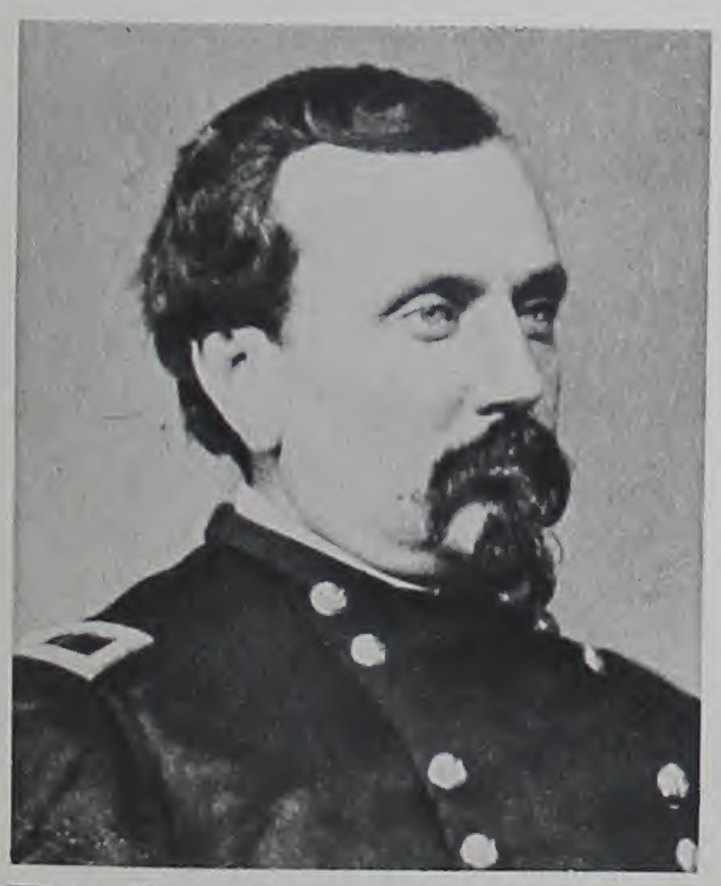
"You can't use tact with a Congressman! A Congressman is a hog! You must take a stick and hit him on the snout!" said a member of Grant's Cabinet in 1869. In Washington the Congressional hogs fed on what was thrown them by big business and its lobbyists. Collis P. Huntington of the Central Pacific Railroad spent from $200,000 to $500,000 at every Congressional session, and barely succeeded in outbribing his rivals. The Crédit Mobilier, a railroad construction company which siphoned off $23 million from the Treasury, was run by a Congressman. He bribed his colleagues with free stock which paid 625 per cent in dividends in a year. Pictured at the right are a few of the Washington grafters.

War Secretary William Belknap got $25,000 in bribes from Indian post storekeepers.

Congressman Oakes Ames was head lobbyist and pay-off man for Crédit Mobilier.

AND THE THIEF

In New York City the Democratic "Ring" made Grant's Republicans look like pikers. Grand Sachem William Marcy Tweed *(left)* and a few Tammany insiders stole $75 million from the city in two years, and their total take from 1865 to 1871 has been estimated as high as $200 million. Tweed bribed the Governor, legislature, Mayor of New York City, and countless small-fry officials. In 1869 he decreed that all contractors doing business with the city must add 100 per cent to their bills and hand back the overcharge in cash to the Ring. Later the fraudulent percentage was raised even higher. Under this scheme New York paid $1,826,278.35 for plastering one city building, and $170,729.60 for 40 chairs and tables. Tweed was a director of Erie, along with Gould and Fisk, and supplied them with corrupt judges and legislators.



White House Secretary Orville Babcock was in on a $2½ million whisky tax fraud.

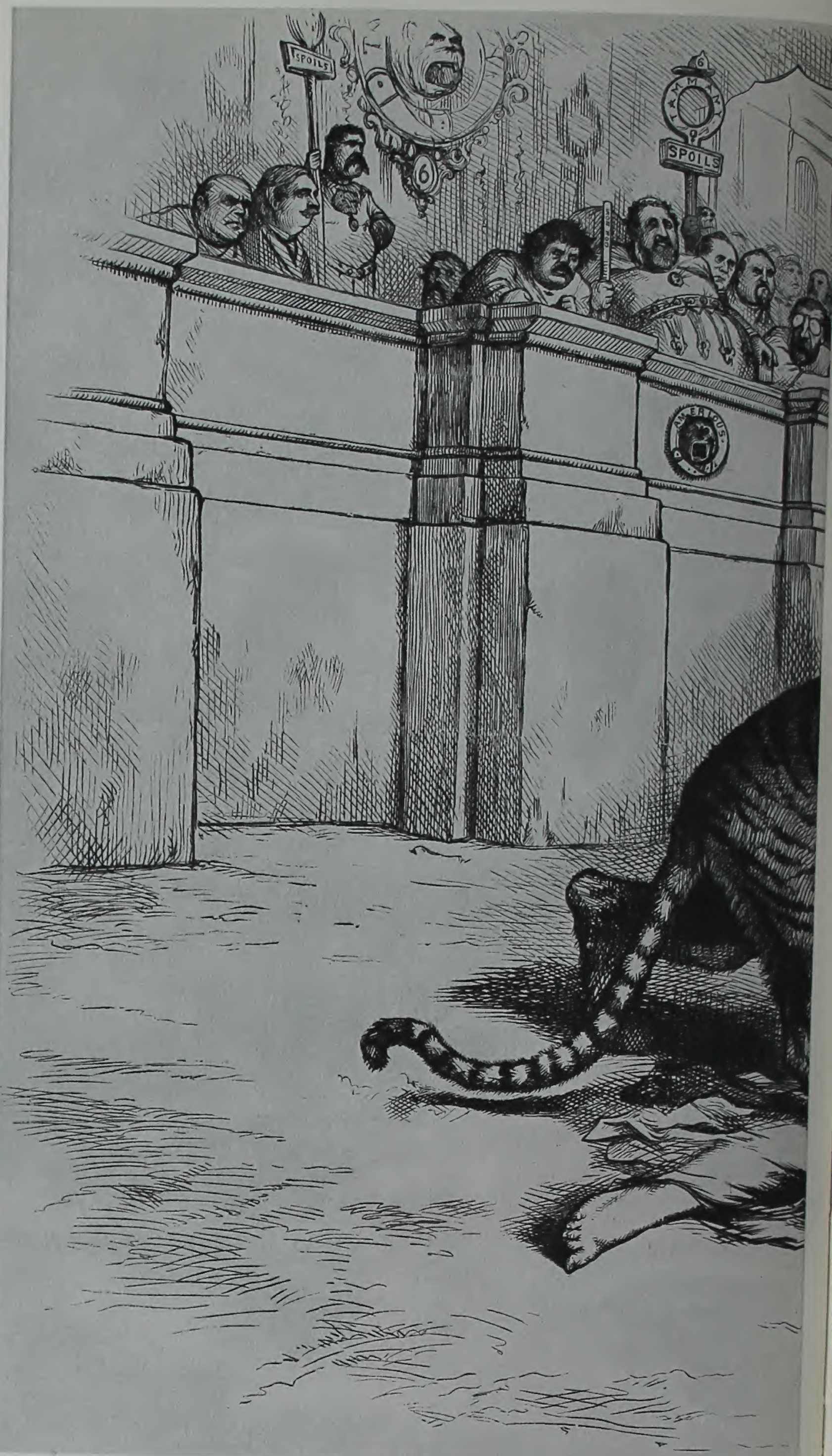
Vice President Schuyler Colfax squelched a Crédit Mobilier probe after being bribed.

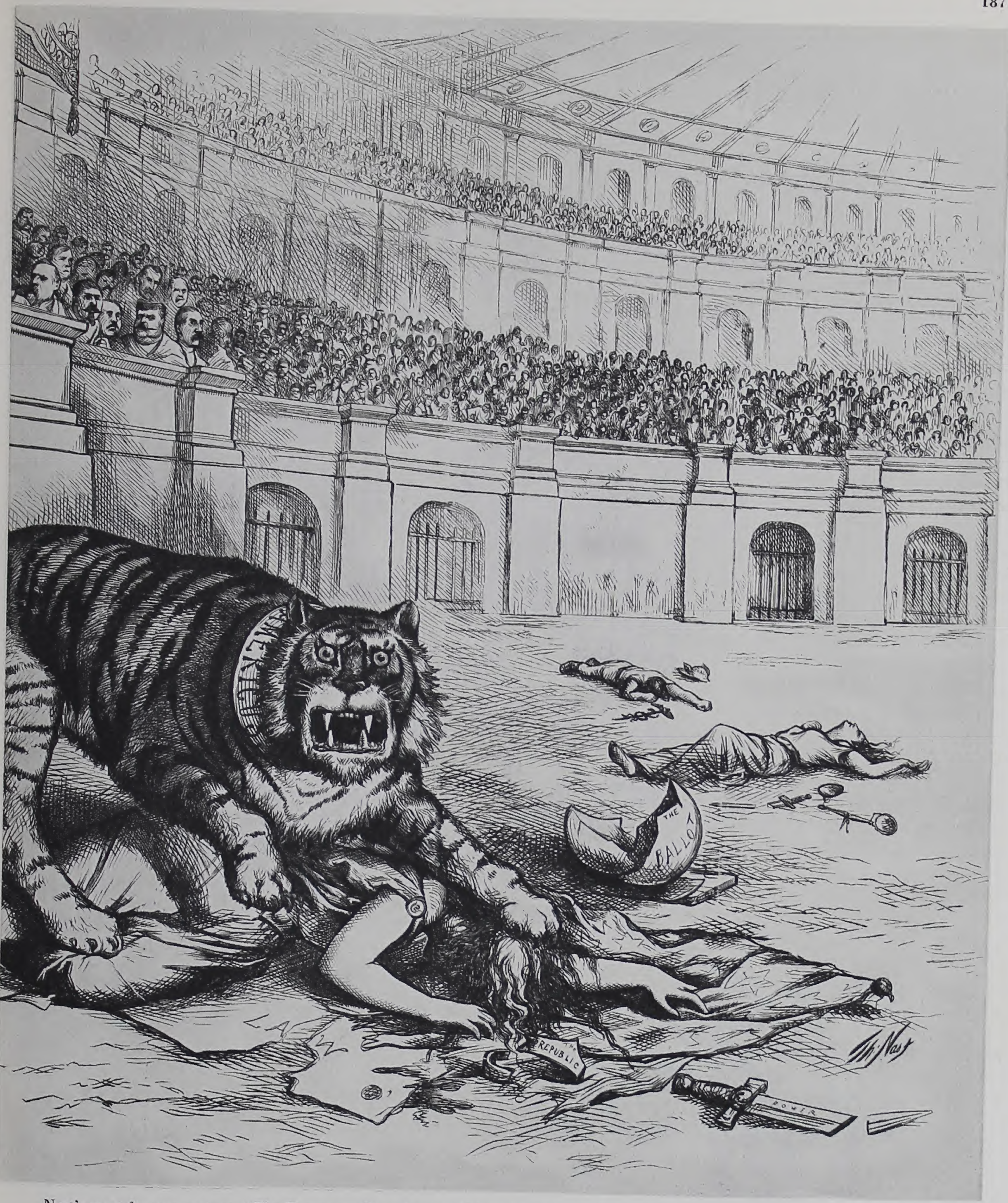
Congressman James Brooks, the Democratic leader, also got Mobilier stock.

THE TIGER AT BAY

IT WAS THE pencil of a great cartoonist which finally broke the Tweed Ring. Thomas Nast, of *Harper's Weekly*, began his attacks on Tammany in 1869, when Tweed was at the height of his power. The Boss had never cared what the newspapers said, but Nast's merciless drawings got under his skin. Even if his followers could not read, he complained, they could "look at the damn pictures." When Nast drew Tweed in prison clothes the Boss predicted that if people got used to seeing him in stripes, they would eventually put him there—which they did!

The downfall of the Ring came after its financial officer, the city auditor, was killed in a sleighing accident in Central Park. Through carelessness the man appointed to his place was a henchman of Tweed's only important political enemy, ex-Sheriff James O'Brien. Thus O'Brien secured the Ring's secret accounts and took them to the New York *Times*, which began to publish them in July 1871. The Ring's lawyers offered the *Times* $5 million and Nast $500,000 to stop their attacks. When this failed the leading members scattered to foreign countries. Tweed escaped to Spain, disguised as a sailor. But even there a Nast cartoon followed him and led to his identification and arrest. He died in a New York jail in 1878.





Nast's most famous cartoon, "The Tammany Tiger Loose—'What are you going to do about it?' ", was published in *Harper's* two days before the city election of November 1871. Earlier in the year, when a mass meeting of New Yorkers denounced Tweed, the Boss had smiled and asked, "What are you going to do about it?" The voters answered with ballots. The Ring officials were swept out, and Tweed was indicted for grand larceny. The Tammany tiger was invented by Nast. He derived it from a tiger's head painted on the engine of the old Americus fire company, where Tweed started his political career.

"TURN THE RASCALS OUT"

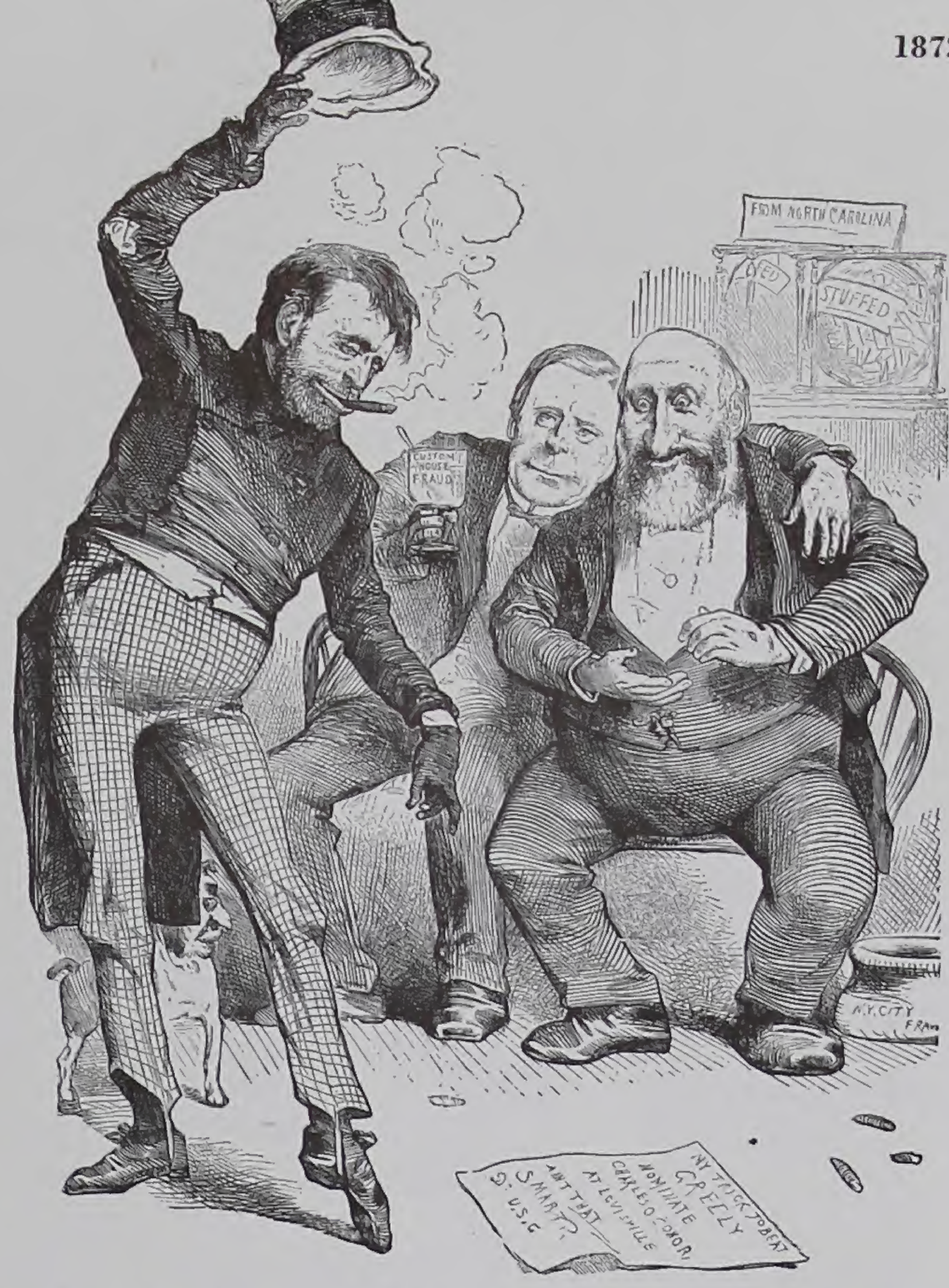
In 1872 the Liberal Republicans split off from the rest of the party and nominated Horace Greeley, the veteran editor of the New York *Tribune*, for President. The regular Republicans nominated Grant again, and the Democrats endorsed Greeley. The veteran reformer, with his baby-pink face and fuzzy chin whiskers, made a spirited campaign against Republican graft, using the slogan "Turn the rascals out!" But the Radical press (of which he had long been the bellwether) now turned and called him an accomplice of Jeff Davis, the Ku Klux Klan, and Boss Tweed. Cartoonist Nast pilloried him so viciously that Greeley said he didn't know whether he was running for President or the penitentiary. On Election Day he was snowed under by Grant, who had the Boys in Blue, the Negro vote, and a lavish campaign fund contributed by big business and the "Whisky Ring."

Horace Greeley was "a sublime old child" of 61 when he ran for President. He had spent his life promoting a mixture of causes: prohibition, spiritualism, socialism, Free Soil Republicanism, labor unions, high tariffs, the Civil War, and reconciliation with the South.

Campaign picture of Greeley shows him surrounded by "friends of the forest" near his home at Chappaqua, New York.

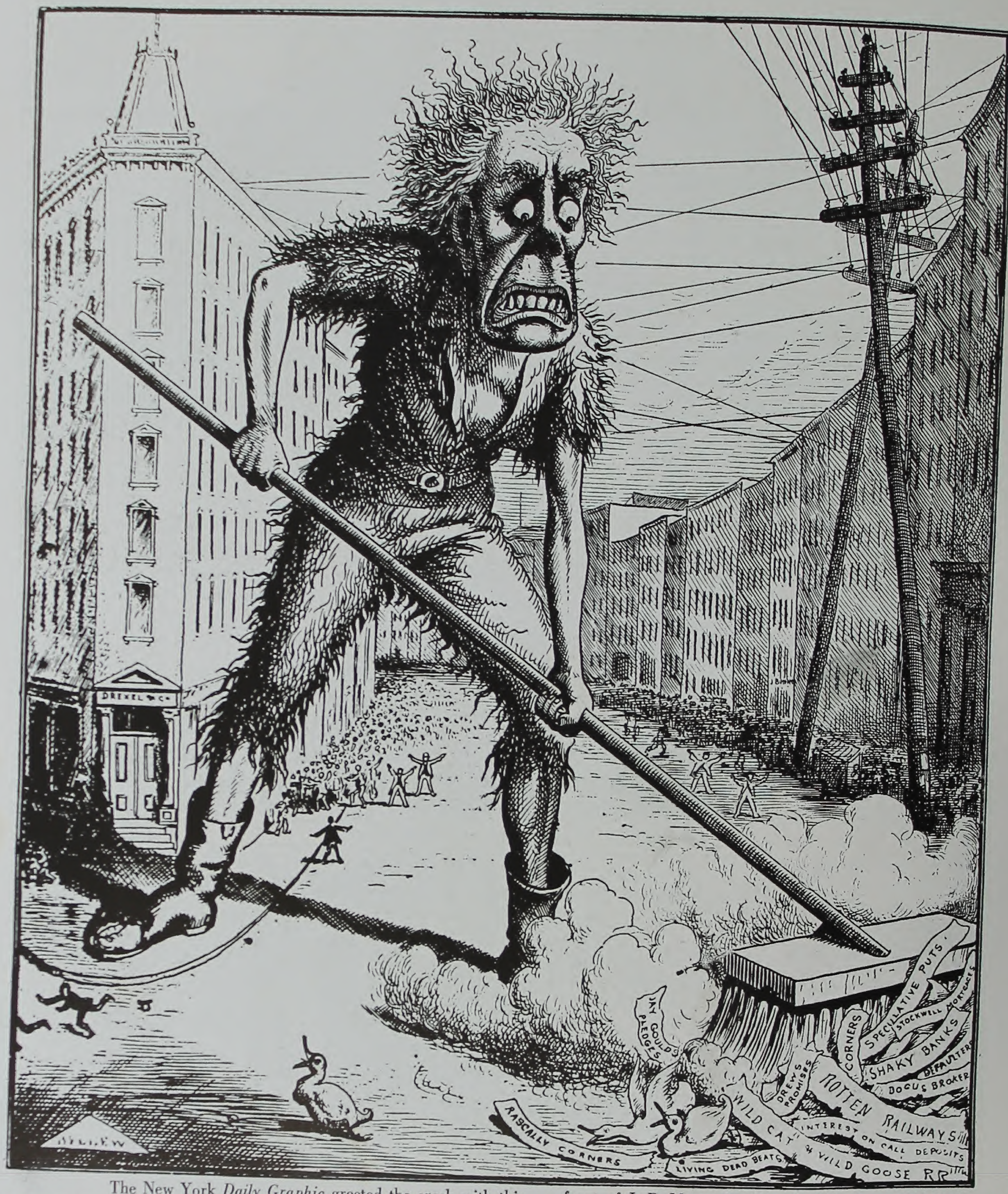
"Let Us Clasp Hands Over the Bloody Chasm" was drawn by Thomas Nast to illustrate a sentence in one of Greeley's campaign statements. Because Greeley attacked the evils of Reconstruction, Nast pictured him as a friend of Southern assassins and lynch mobs.

One of Nast's ugliest cartoons pictured Greeley and Tammany swallowing each other during the 1872 campaign. Nast was a loyal Republican and never attacked the corruption of Grant's regime as he did Tweed's.



A pro-Greeley cartoon of 1872 shows Grant doing a tipsy dance while Tweed *(right)* applauds his political trickery. Each side used Tammany scandals to smear the other.

Nast's final cartoon of the campaign shows Greeley being carried home dead, under a caricature heading of Greeley's paper. This was especially cruel, for Greeley's wife had just died, and Greeley himself was very ill. Three weeks later he died of a brain fever, brought on by shame over his defeat, the sudden loss of his editorial post at the *Tribune*, and disgust with politics in general.



The New York *Daily Graphic* greeted the crash with this cartoon of a giant scavenger, whose foot is planted in front of J. P. Morgan's office. The caption read, "Panic, as a health officer, sweeping the garbage out of Wall Street."

PANIC SWEEPS WALL STREET

GRANT'S SECOND TERM had just begun when Jay Cooke & Company, the most famous banking firm in the United States, went bankrupt. Cooke was a kind of financial P. T. Barnum who had sold millions of dollars in government bonds during the Civil War by high-pressure advertising. Later he tried to finance the peace as he had the war, but overextended himself in promoting the Northern Pacific Railroad. His failure dragged down scores of Wall Street houses and paralyzed credit all over the country. In the next three years more than 23,000 business firms, mostly small ones, were wiped out. But the panic was a boon to big combinations like Standard Oil and Carnegie Steel, which bought out their competitors cheap. In New York the British-backed house of Drexel, Morgan & Co. quietly took Jay Cooke's place at the top of the banking heap.

An unhappy speculator reads his fate in ticker tape. Automatic stock tickers came into use soon after the Civil War.

Shabby "tramps," part of the unemployed army created by the panic of 1873, line up for dinner at the New York City poorhouse on Randall's Island. The dining room is already full and they are waiting for the second table.

In the 1870's, when Manifest Destiny was in a mild decline, Frank Bellew of Harper's Weekly *drew this cartoon entitled "The Two Young Giants. Ivan and Jonathan Reaching For Asia by Opposite Routes." The United States had just made a commercial deal with Hawaii and Russia was expanding into China.*

THE BIG BUSINESS REPUBLICANS

THE ELECTION of 1872, in which the greatest Republican editor of all time went down to defeat and death, showed how much the Republican party itself had changed in 20 years. The primitive Republicans of the 1850's had been the party of free soil and idealism; in the 1860's they were the party of the Union and the patriotic war. But now they were, in effect, a new party: the party of Northern big business, which had flourished on Civil War profits and already had a firm grip on the nation's resources.

The men who ran the United States from 1865 to 1900 made more money than the world had ever seen. They had little respect for government or public opinion, which they bought and sold as they pleased. "Law? What do I care about law? Hain't I got the power?" cried Commodore Vanderbilt to one of his associates. Vanderbilt bribed legislatures and corrupted courts, engaged in the biggest stock-watering operations of his time, made $94 million in a little more than ten years—and left behind a work of great value to the country. Before he took over the New York Central railroad all passengers and freight had to change trains seventeen times between New York and Chicago. Vanderbilt consolidated tracks and terminals, cut the 900-mile running time from 50 hours to 24, and made the company pay 8 per cent dividends even on its watered stock. In the areas where he had no competition he charged "all that the traffic could bear," manipulating his freight rates so as to ruin some shippers and favor those with whom he made secret deals.

Other hard-driving men like Vanderbilt consolidated oil companies, steel mills, sugar refineries, and similar vital industries into centralized monopolies or "trusts." The panic of 1873 was actually helpful to the trust-builders, for it eliminated thousands of their small competitors.

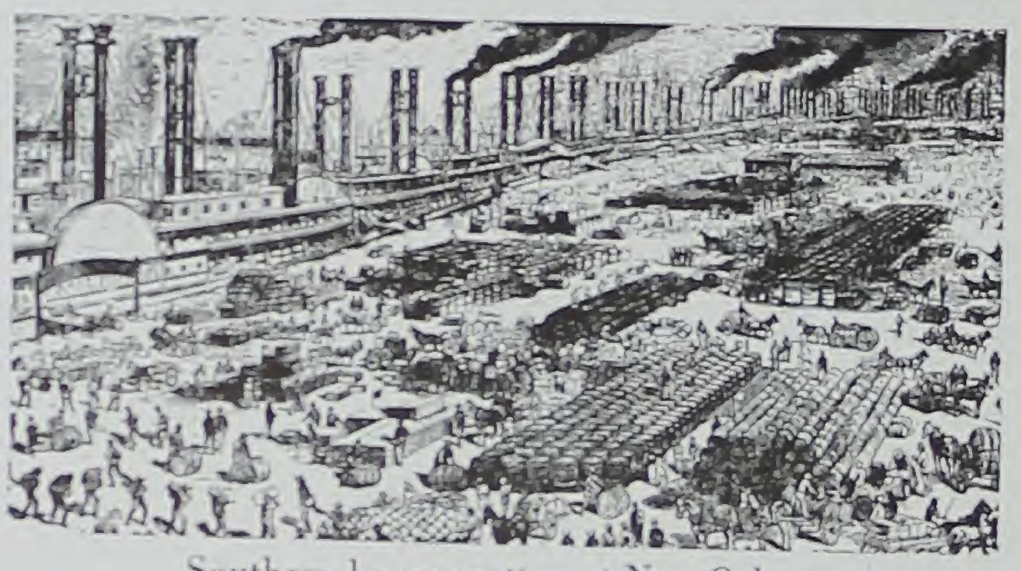
Most Americans of the 1870's accepted the rule of big business as a natural and desirable thing. The Civil War and its aftermath had exhausted the nation's emotions and considerably tarnished its ideals. Yet its strength was greater than ever, and was now channeled entirely into money-making. Even the poet Walt Whitman, who hoped that America would distribute its democracy to the whole world someday, accepted the spirit of these times. "I perceive clearly," he wrote, "that the extreme business energy, and this almost maniacal appetite for wealth prevalent in the United States, are parts of amelioration and progress, indispensably needed to prepare the very results I demand. My theory includes riches, and the getting of riches. . . ."

At the very top of the big-business heap sat men who believed that everything they did was justified by God and the new Darwinian theory of evolution. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., expressed this concept perfectly when he told a Sunday school class: "The growth of a large business is merely a survival of the fittest. . . . The American Beauty Rose can be produced in the splendor and fragrance which bring cheer to its beholder only by sacrificing the early buds which grow up around it. This is not an evil tendency in business. It is merely the working-out of a law of nature and a law of God."

By this analogy Standard Oil and Carnegie Steel and the American Sugar Refining Company were the fragrant roses for which hundreds of lesser firms and thousands of individuals were clipped away and thrown onto the nation's scrap heap. Progress, said the Wall Street philosophers, required victims, and the victims should realize this and not complain. In the nation at large big business was the prize flower; and all Americans whose welfare did not coincide with the profits of large corporations were fulfilling a valuable function as victims of progress. This applied especially to the farmers, who were at the mercy of railroad monopolies, and the urban workers. Whether these large groups of citizens would always be content with their sacrificial role in Mr. Rockefeller's hothouse was a question which was still unsettled, however.

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS

On July 4, 1876, millions of Americans picnicked, listened to patriotic speeches, and enjoyed the fruits of freedom.

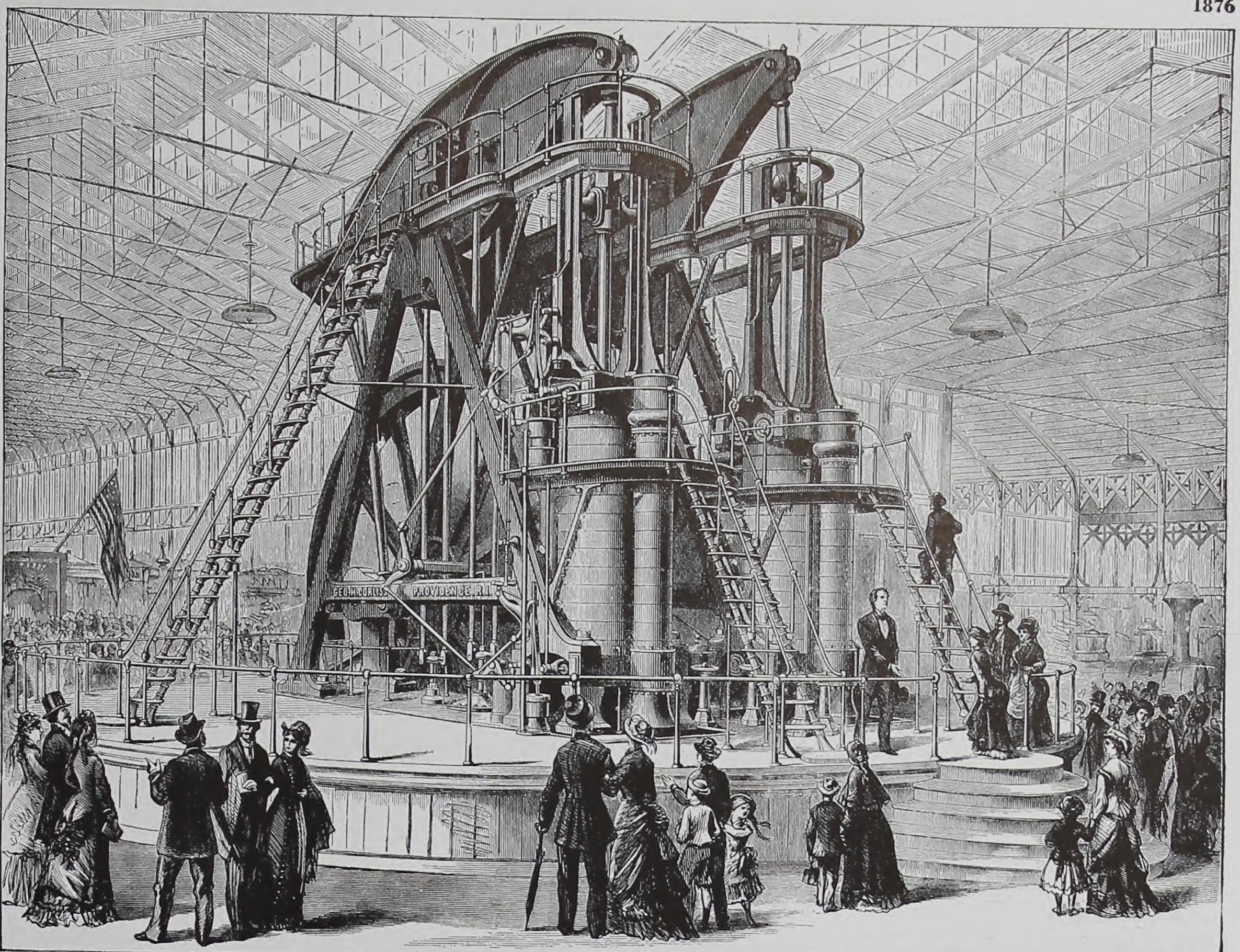


Southern boom: cotton at New Orleans

In 1876 the nation celebrated its hundredth birthday by holding a centennial world's fair in Philadelphia. On opening day the Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil stood beside the exhibit of Alexander Graham Bell and held the newly invented telephone to his ear. "My God, it talks!" he exclaimed, and from then on the Centennial was a great success. But even as the fountains played and the colored lights swung gaily in Fairmount Park, a very different

Making hay on a Midwest farm was a semimechanized job in 1876. Farm machines were swallowing the frontier.

Making hay on an Eastern estate was a summer sport for beaux and belles, who also made love while the sun shone.



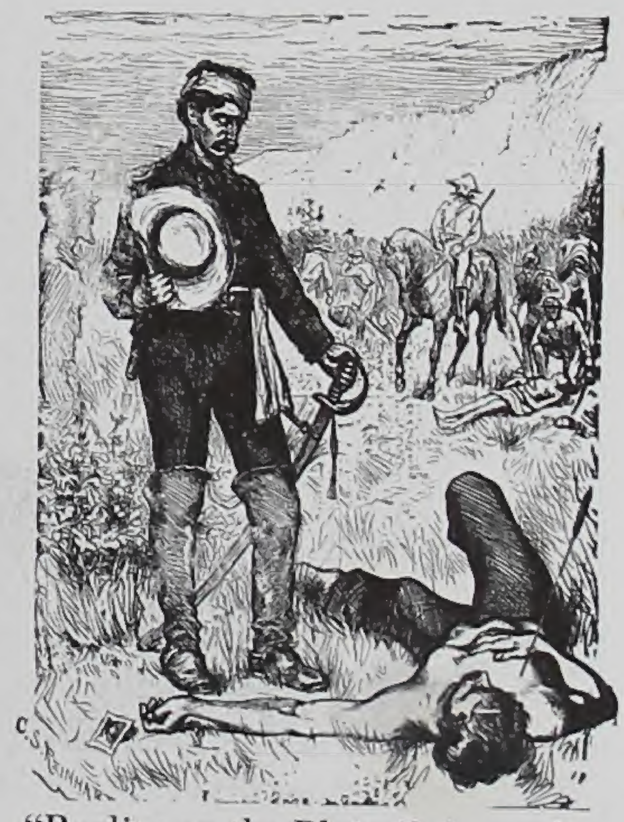
These giant stationary engines designed by George H. Corliss formed the most striking exhibit at the 1876 Centennial.

scene was enacted in far-off Montana. There the Sioux Indians were on the warpath against white gold-thieves in the Black Hills. On June 25 the redskins surrounded 212 federal cavalrymen under General George A. Custer and killed and mutilated every man. After the battle Chief Rain-in-the-Face cut out Captain Tom Custer's heart and ate it. The United States was getting more sophisticated in 1876, but it was still rugged in spots.

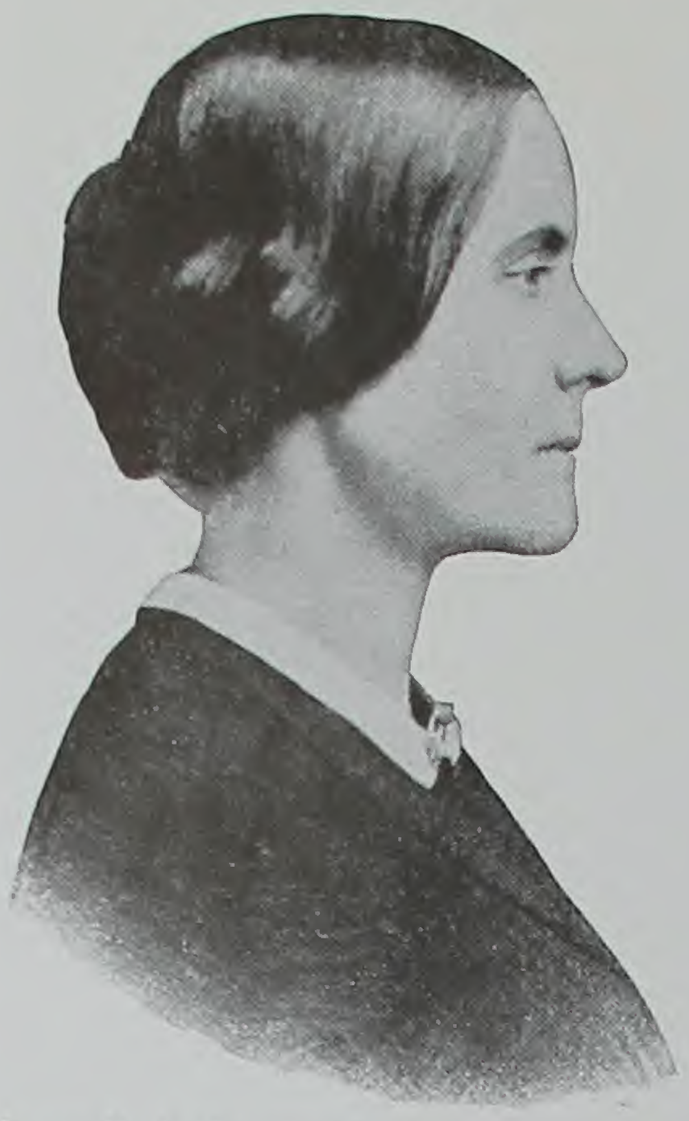
Northern taste: Grant's seaside home

Lunch hour in the city. At the end of their first 100 years Americans ate more and faster than most people.

"Romance on the Hudson" shows a cadet at West Point in June 1876.



"Reality on the Plains" shows the same cadet after Custer's stand.



Susan B. Anthony of Rochester was fined $100 for voting in 1872. "I will never pay a dollar," she said, and she didn't.

The National Women's Suffrage Association sent organizers to all major party conventions. They argued that former Negro slaves could vote, so why couldn't white women?

WOMEN DEMAND THE VOTE

THE CAMPAIGN to obtain American citizenship for American women made a little headway in the 1870's. Militant ladies occasionally visited the polls and insisted on voting, even though they were spattered with rotten eggs and dirty words. The newspaper attacks were relentless: the New York *World* said that Miss Susan B. Anthony had "the proportions of a file and the voice of a hurdy-

These Boston women could vote in their city elections. "Mixed" polling places were considered slightly scandalous, however.

Wyoming women got the vote in the constitution of 1869. Wyoming later refused to enter the Union without women suffrage.

A Congressional committee hears impassioned suffrage arguments in 1871. The speaker is Mrs. Victoria Claflin Woodhull, sometimes known as "the terrible siren."

Victoria Woodhull, the first woman candidate for President, campaigned for equal rights and a single moral standard.

AND RUN FOR PRESIDENT

gurdy," and her fellow suffragettes were "mummified and fossilated females." But the men of the wide open West were more chivalrous. The territory of Wyoming was first to grant women suffrage, followed by Utah, where the Mormon women almost outnumbered the men. In 1872 and 1884 there were women candidates for President, although most American women still could not vote.

In 1884 Mrs. Belva Lockwood, a prominent woman lawyer, ran for President on an Equal Rights ticket. The men of Rahway, New Jersey, tried to ridicule her by parading in Mother Hubbards and striped stockings. But everyone laughed at the men instead.

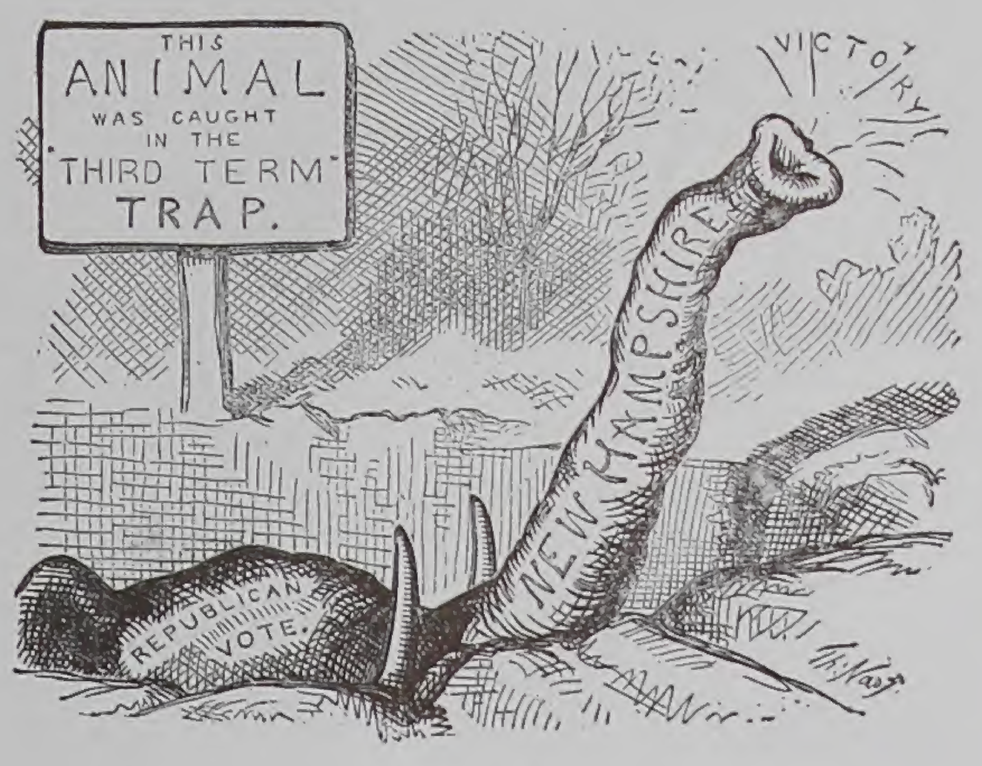
"A Live Jackass Kicking a Dead Lion" *(left)* was Nast's first use of the Democratic donkey, which had appeared in cartoons as early as the 1830's. This drawing shows the Democratic press abusing ex-Secretary of War Stanton after his death in 1869. "Fine-Ass Committee" *(right)* is a typical Nast portrait of a group of Democratic Congressmen, blowing financial bubbles after the panic of 1873. "Caught in a

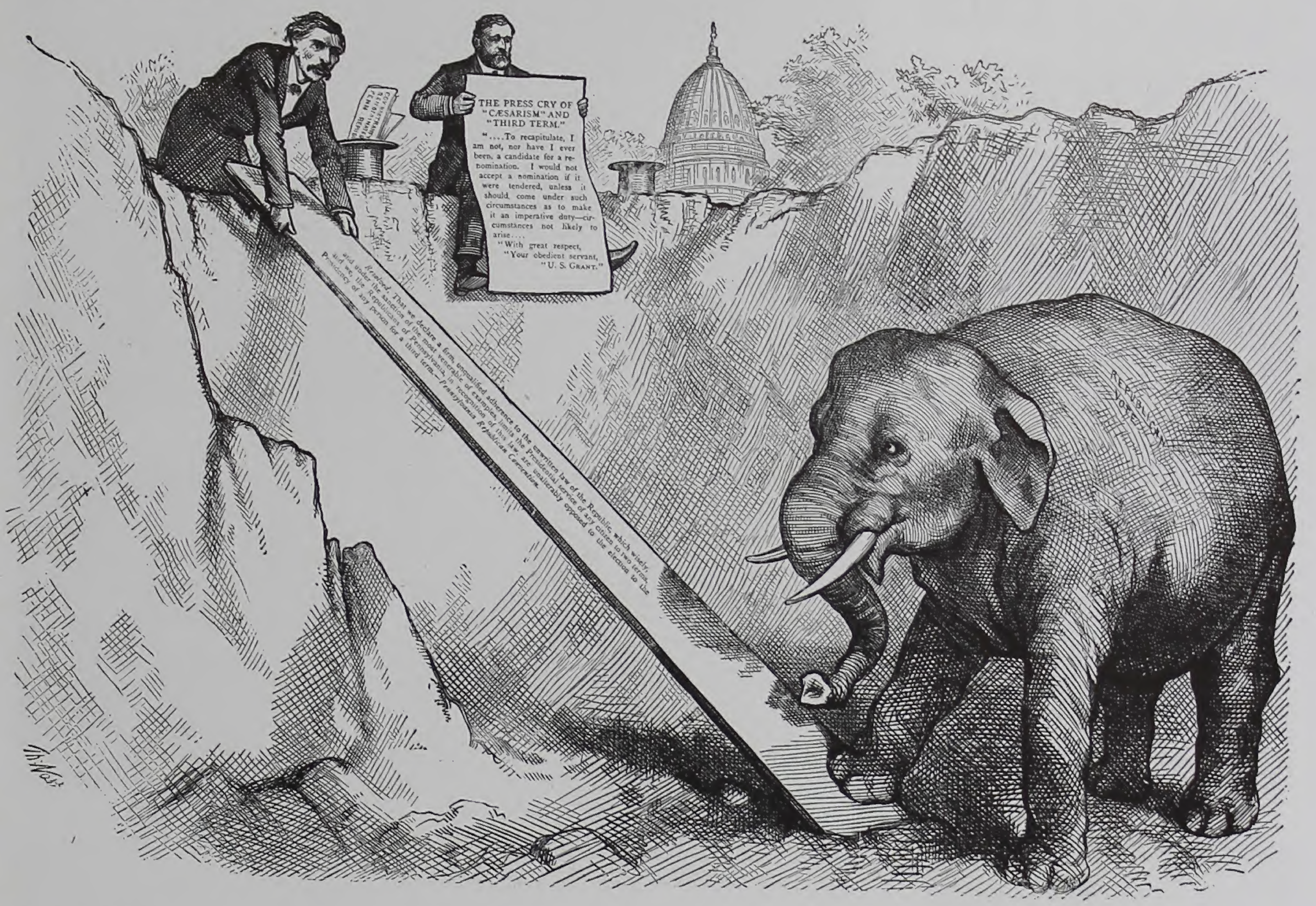
NAST'S POLITICAL ZOO

Thomas Nast, who drew the first Tammany tiger, also created the Republican elephant, whose first appearance in a Nast cartoon is shown above. The lesser animals, braying and squealing, are stampeding the elephant into a pit labeled "Southern Claims" and "Chaos." The ass in the lion's skin represents the Democratic New York *Herald*, the prancing unicorn is the Republican New York *Times*, and the little fox peering out of the shrubbery is the Democratic party itself.

This complicated drawing appeared in *Harper's Weekly* in 1874, when the Republicans were put in a hole by charges that President Grant had a "Caesar" complex, and was planning to run for a third term in 1876. Later Nast cartoons showed the

Trap—The Result of the Third-Term Hoax" *(left)* shows the Republican elephant plunging into the pit as the smaller animals jeer. "The Trunk in Sight" *(right)* shows him feeling his way out after an 1875 victory in New Hampshire. When Nast got a good idea he used it week after week. And, since he was rock-ribbed Republican himself, his elephant was a likable, if skittish, animal.



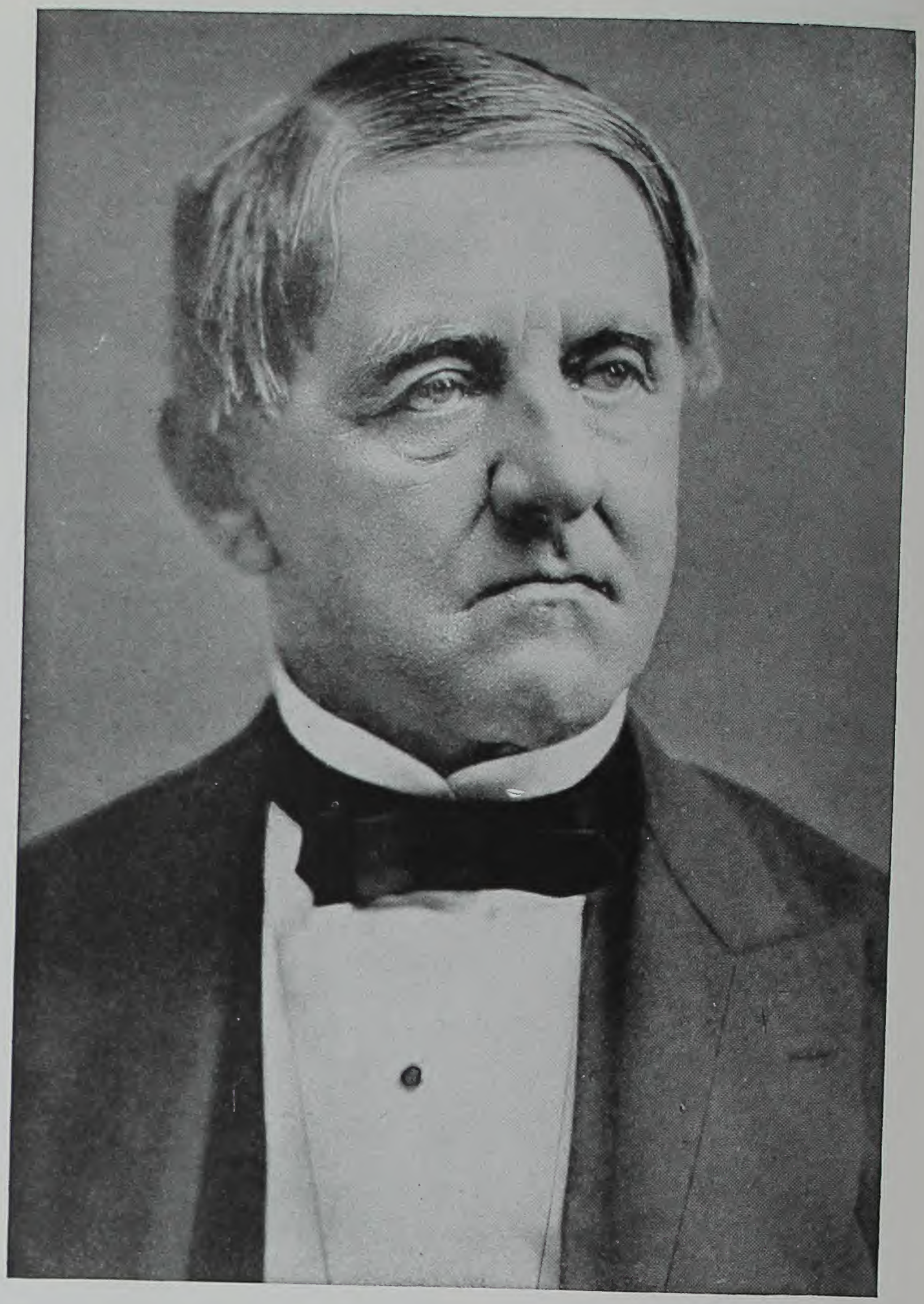


elephant falling into the "third term trap," then sticking out his trunk a little, and finally escaping when Grant repudiated the third term *(above)*.

Even Americans who took little interest in politics were constantly entertained by the antics of Nast's cartoon zoo. His Democrats were donkeys, foxes, wolves, and tigers—sometimes hypocritical two-faced tigers with heads on both ends of their bodies. Grant and other important Republicans were drawn as dignified lions. Horace Greeley was a monkey in a long white coat, begging for pennies. Labor appeared as the goat.

By his skill at such conceits Nast earned $20,000 a year and was one of the country's best-known men. At the right is one of his many self-portraits.

THE STOLEN ELECTION



SAMUEL JONES TILDEN *(above)*, the Democratic candidate for President in 1876, was a rich corporation lawyer, a reform Governor of New York, a cold, calculating man who never married because, as one of his friends explained, "he never felt the need of a wife. . . . Women were, so far as he could see, unimportant to his success." Tilden habitually looked as though he smelled something bad, and in the election of 1876 he smelled something very bad.

On November 8, the morning after Election Day, Tilden woke up the winner. He had 4,300,590 popular votes and 196 electoral votes to 4,036,298 and 173 for his Republican opponent, Governor Rutherford B. Hayes of Ohio. Yet when the Electoral College met, Hayes was elected President. This result was achieved by Republican bribery, forgery, and perjury in Louisiana and Florida, where federal troops were still stationed under the Reconstruction Acts. The Republican election boards in these two states voided about 14,000 ballots and switched their 12 electoral votes to Hayes, giving him an Electoral College majority of one—185 to 184. The steal was so brazen that Tilden could scarcely believe it was happening. By the time his friends got around to bribing some election officials themselves, it was too late.

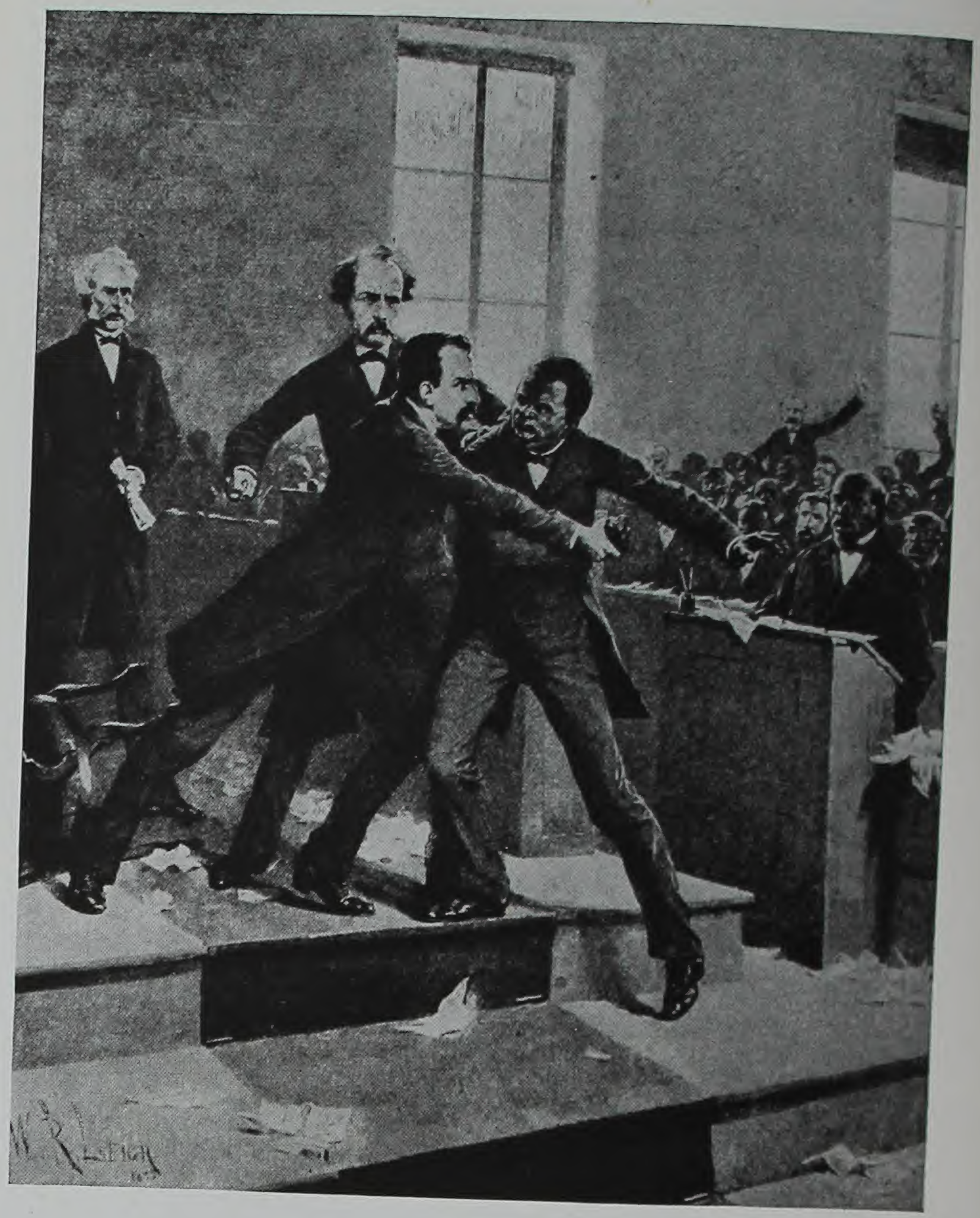
Lucy Hayes, the new President's wife, banished alcohol from the White House.

RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES

was a good and honest President, even though his election was crooked. He weeded grafters out of the Government, improved the civil service, defied the Republican spoilsmen, and stood up strongly for the church, the home, and the American gold standard. He also liked to play croquet on the White House lawn, but even there the Democrats would not let him alone. They charged that he had squandered six dollars of the taxpayers' money for a set of fancy boxwood croquet balls. "Lemonade Lucy" Hayes, his strong-minded wife, banned wine and liquor from the White House, and served fruit juices and cold water at formal dinners. This led her into a spat with the Secretary of State, who refused to invite foreign diplomats to banquets without wine. Mrs. Hayes never learned that her servants were supplying some of her guests with frozen rum punch, concealed in oranges. This phase of her dinners became known in Washington as the "Life-Saving Station."

"His Fraudulency," President-elect Hayes, strikes a pose of dignified innocence. Hayes took no part in the steal himself. But he rewarded the conspirators with government jobs.

The President was an expert baby-kisser. Here he performs at Steubenville, Ohio.



A hand-to-hand struggle between black and white legislators was a rare occurrence during Reconstruction. The incident pictured at the right took place in the Louisiana legislature in 1875, when the Conservatives (Democrats) seized power illegally for a few hours. The Conservative Speaker, L. A. Wiltz *(center)*, snatched the gavel from the Negro Republican clerk and pushed him off the platform. Soon after this the federal troops arrived and the Republicans took charge of the state again.

Hiram Rhoades Revels, Negro Senator from Mississippi, was part Indian, educated by Midwest Quakers, was a barber, teacher, Union soldier, and preacher. He turned Democrat and helped oust carpetbaggers from Mississippi in 1875.

Joseph Hayne Rainey of South Carolina, the first Negro Congressman, was part white, also a barber by trade, served in the Confederate Navy, and escaped to the West Indies before Emancipation. He opposed harsh measures against the whites.

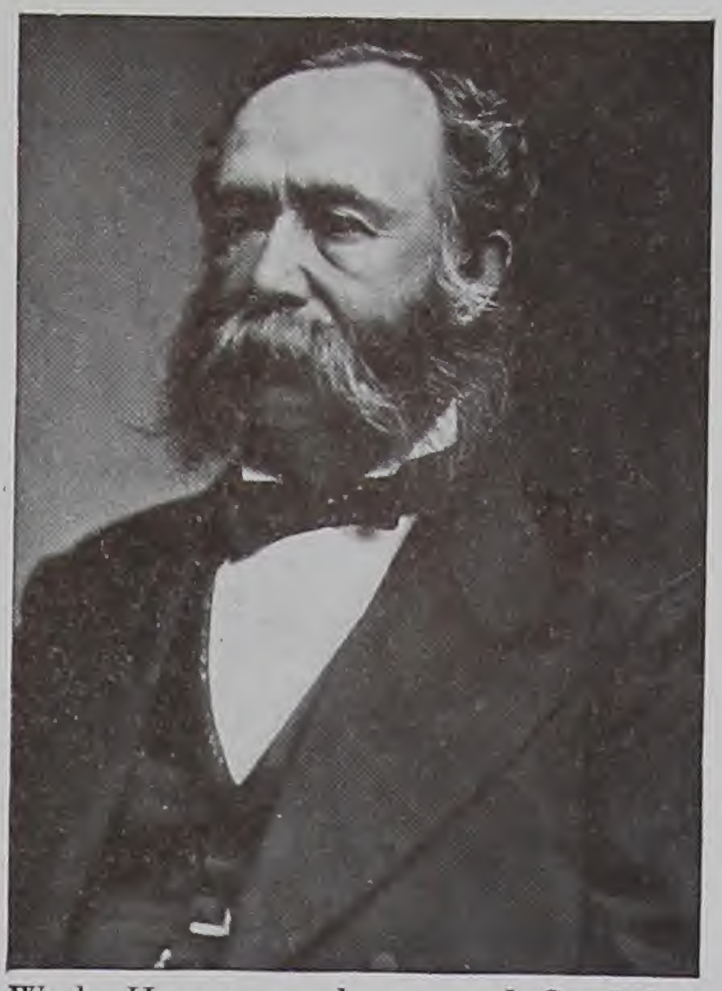
Jonathan Jasper Wright, Supreme Court Justice in South Carolina, was born of free parents in Pennsylvania, became a lawyer there, and went south to organize schools. He signed the order which brought the Democrats back in 1877.

THE SOUTH RESTORED

THE SOLID SOUTH was born in 1877, and Republican Rutherford B. Hayes was its fairy godfather. After the Electoral College named him President, Hayes' friends made a deal with the Southern Democrats. If they would keep quiet and not try to upset his inauguration, it was agreed, Hayes would withdraw the last federal troops from the South. Hayes was inaugurated without any trouble March 4, 1877, and promptly kept the bargain. On April 10 the troops moved out of the State House at Columbia, South Carolina, and the Democrats moved in. On April 24 the last federal garrison left New Orleans. The Southern Republicans and carpetbaggers who had stolen the Presidency for Hayes were rewarded with comfortable places on the federal payroll. With surprising ease the Southern states annulled the Fifteenth Amendment so far as Negro voting was concerned, and became solidly Democratic for the next 50 years.

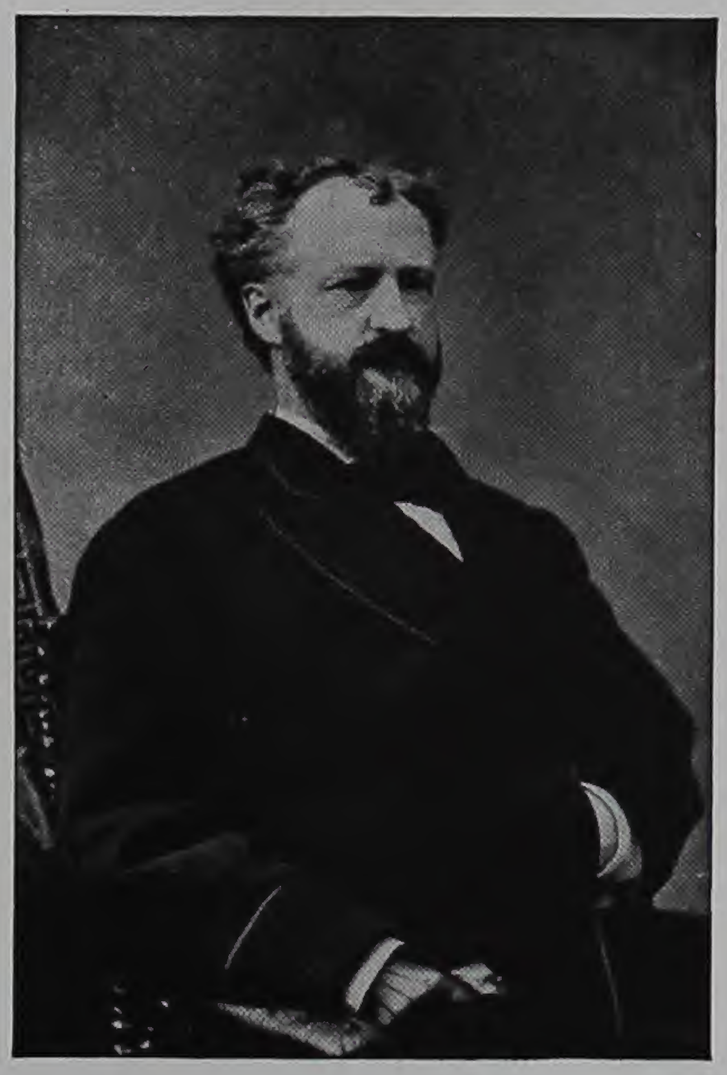
Hayes' action rang down the curtain on the long and painful drama of Reconstruction, and gave the South back to the people who had owned it before the Civil War. Most Americans were either pleased or indifferent. The old bitterness between North and South was almost forgotten except at election time, when Republican orators faithfully waved the bloody shirt and rallied the Boys in Blue. But with the end of Reconstruction one fact stood out with startling clearness. Despite all the Southern propaganda about "Negro supremacy," the South had remained under white leadership during the entire postwar period. (The Southern grievance, of course, was that the white leaders were mostly Republicans.) There was never a Negro governor in the South. Only one legislature, in South Carolina, ever had a Negro majority in both houses. Two Negro Senators and 20 Negro Representatives were elected to Congress from the Southern states during Reconstruction—a very small number considering the fact that qualified Negro voters were actually in the majority.

The Negroes who attained to important offices during Reconstruction were, to a large extent, dignified, intelligent, and conciliatory in their political views and activities. Some of them worked hand in hand with the Democrats to restore white rule to the South.



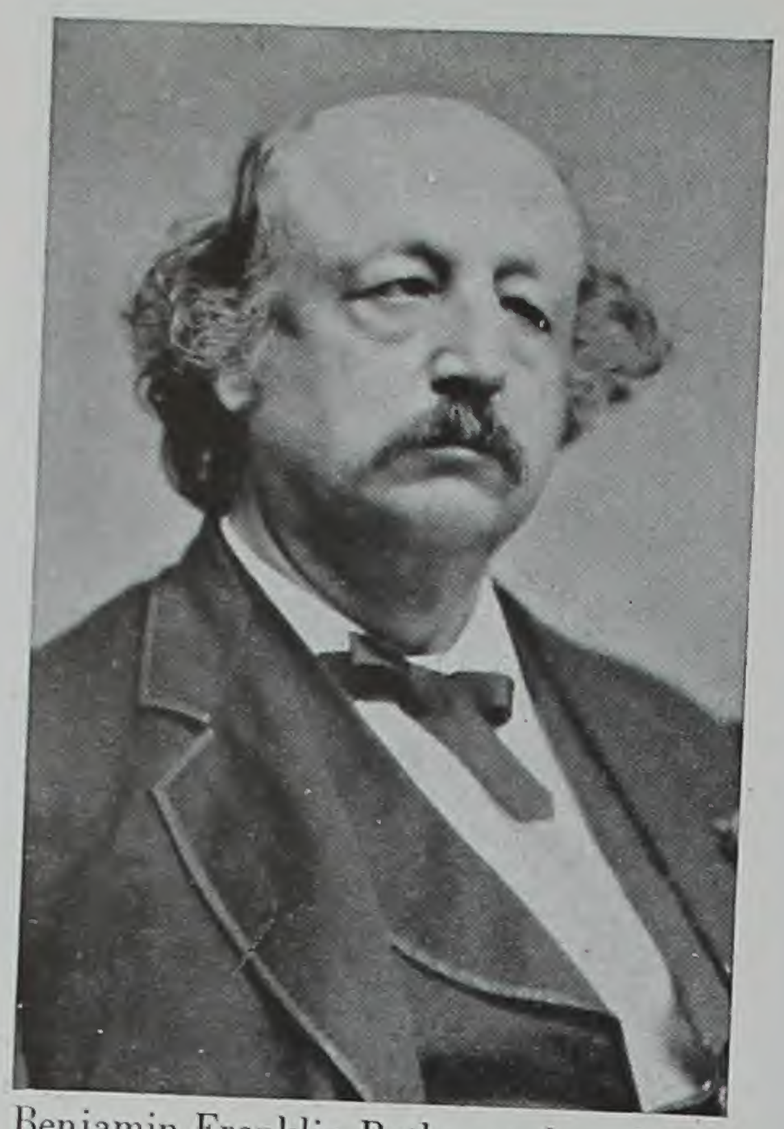
Wade Hampton, planter and Confederate cavalry hero, led the "Bourbon Democrats" back to power in South Carolina.

CONKLING EATS CROW



Senator Roscoe Conkling *(left)*, the Republican boss of New York State, had the finest torso and the biggest appetite for patronage in Congress. When President Hayes began to improve the civil service, Conkling blocked the President's appointments and sneered at his "snivel service reform." But Hayes continued his fight for better government, and eventually forced Conkling to swallow some disagreeably honest appointments *(right)*.

Conkling kept his handsome body in trim by boxing and walking around Capitol Hill with his stomach sucked in. He was so vain that ordinary political sarcasm never bothered him. But when his Republican rival, Congressman James G. Blaine, jeered at his "turkey-gobbler strut," and likened him to a singed cat and a dunghill, Conkling's feelings were hurt. His feud with Blaine became a serious split in the Republican party, and his feud with President Hayes almost wrecked the administration.

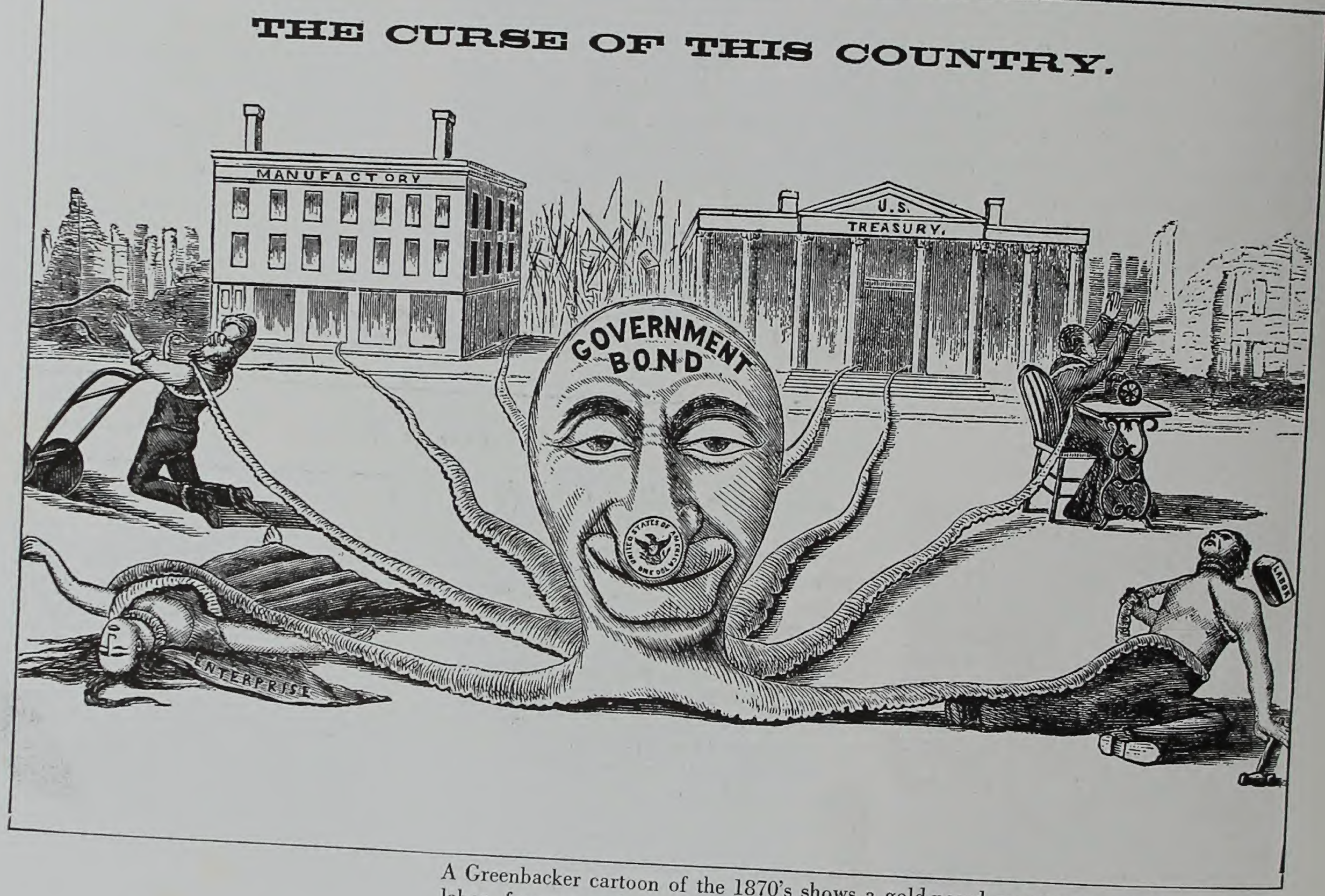


Benjamin Franklin Butler, cockeyed former Union general, once known as the "Bluebeard of New Orleans," was a Massachusetts Greenback Congressman.

GREENBACKERS

MONEY IS at the root of a great deal of politics. In the 1870's a national Greenback party was organized with the general aim of distributing more money to more of the American people. The Republicans and Democrats tried to stamp the new party down, but it grew and caused serious trouble for both of them.

Abraham Lincoln gave the Greenbackers their big idea. In 1862 his administration began to issue $450 million in greenbacks to pay for the Civil War. Ever since Hamilton's time, all government paper money had been backed by a supply of precious metal which the Treasury bought and stored in various places. But Lincoln's greenbacks were based only on the Government's credit—a promise to pay. During the war they fell in value but continued to be legal tender. Banks and large investors bought them up cheap and turned them in at their face value for government bonds. As soon as the war was over these speculators demanded that the Government pay specie (gold) for the interest and redemption of their bonds. A few "soft money" politicians opposed this with the slogan "The same currency for the bondholder and the plowholder." But "hard money" Democrats like Samuel Tilden were in complete accord with the Republicans on this issue. After a long fight in Congress and the courts, specie payment was resumed by Hayes in 1879.

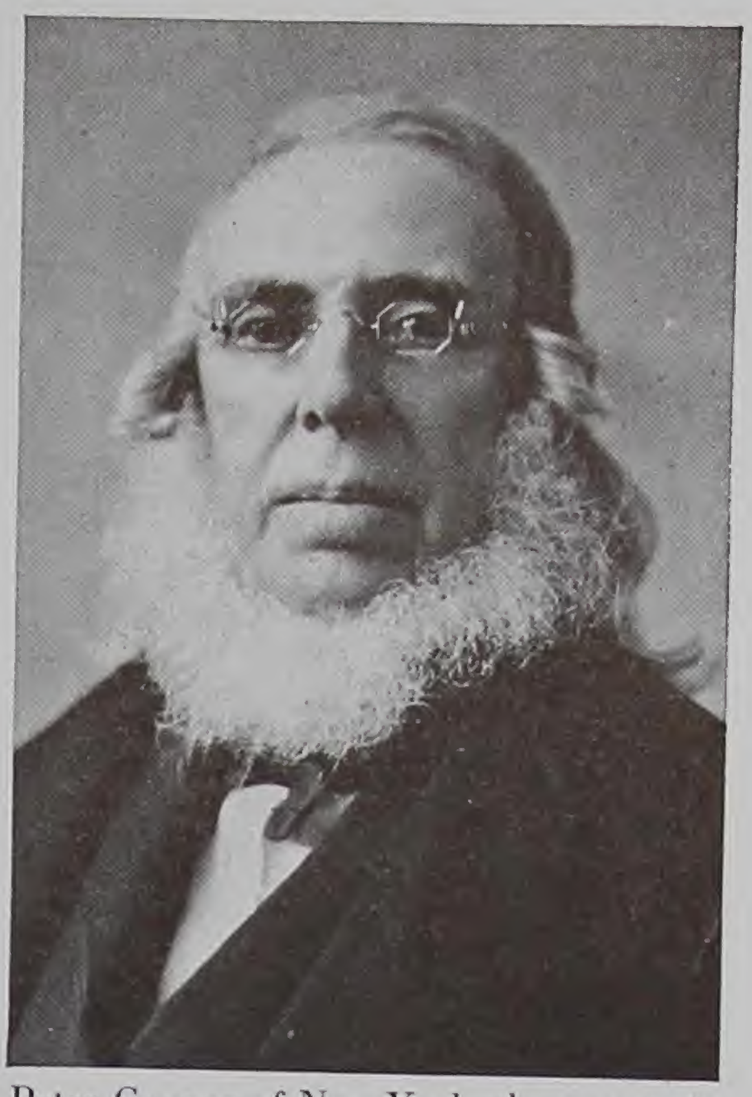


A Greenbacker cartoon of the 1870's shows a gold-nosed government octopus strangling labor, farmers, and small business. The Greenbackers fought gold payments on bonds.

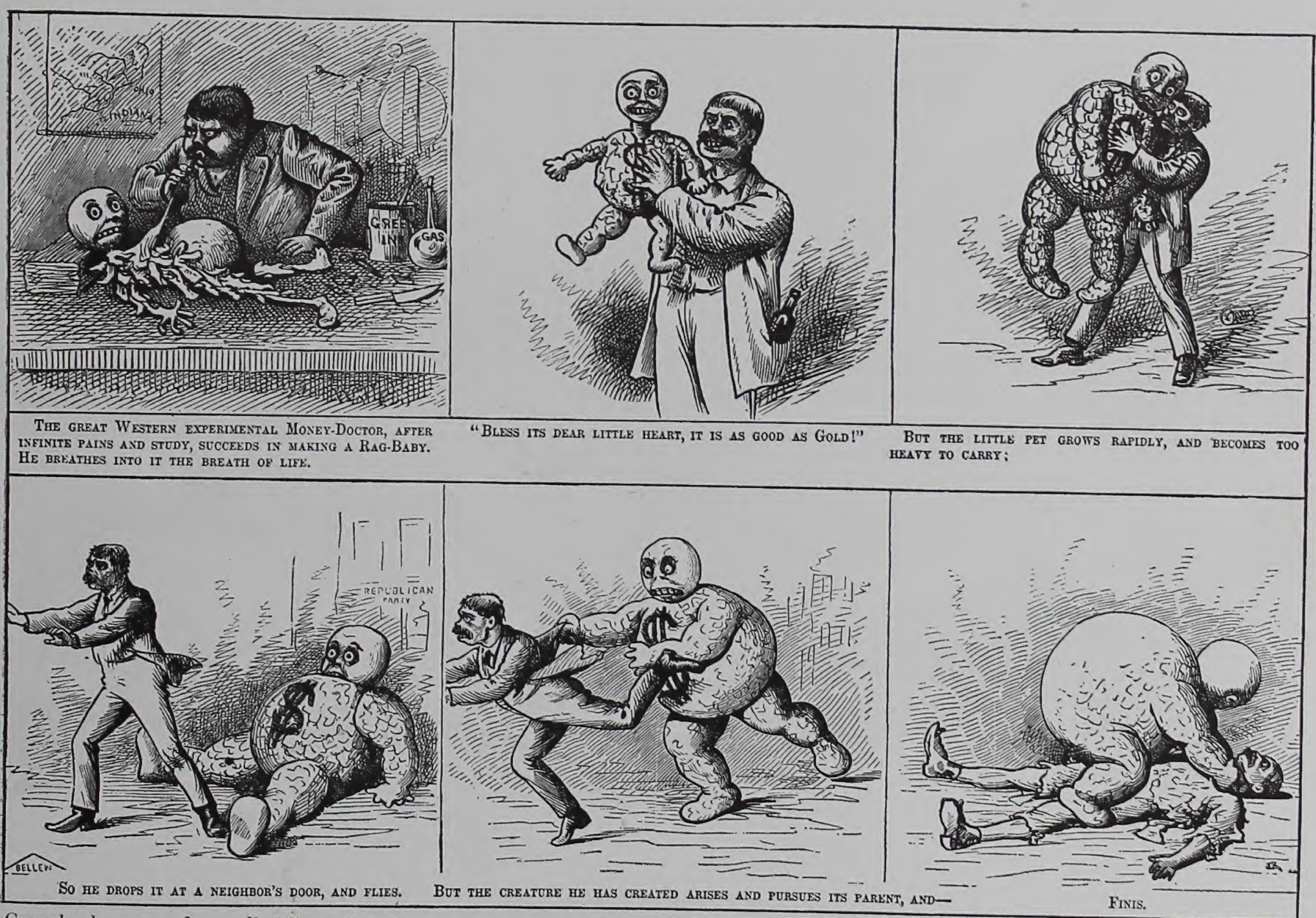
AND GRANGERS

Meanwhile there had been a national slump in farm prices, with wheat falling from $1.50 to 67 cents a bushel, corn from 75 to 38 cents, cotton from 31 to 9 cents a pound. The Order of the Patrons of Husbandry, better known as the Grange, was started as a secret society to act politically for the farmers. The Grangers aimed their attacks at railroad monopolies and high freight rates. In 1876 many Grangers joined the Greenbackers in demanding that the Government withdraw all existing bank notes and substitute a copious supply of "fiat" paper money, "based on the faith and resources of the nation." In 1878 the Greenbackers, Grangers, and labor unions teamed up in a political coalition, electing 15 Congressmen and polling a million votes.

In 1878 also the soft-money members of Congress passed the Bland-Allison Act, which obliged the Treasury to buy and turn into coin at least $2 million worth of silver bullion each month. This plan for inflating the currency became increasingly popular: most of the Greenbackers and Grangers eventually became ardent Free Silverites. Oceans of oratory were spilled in debating these money schemes. But they all boiled down to a fight between big business, which had found the fixed gold standard most favorable to its operations, and the farmers and wage earners, who had to bear the brunt of each successive depression.



Peter Cooper of New York, the country's leading glue manufacturer, was Greenback candidate for President in 1876. He also built the first U. S. locomotive.



THE GREAT WESTERN EXPERIMENTAL MONEY-DOCTOR, AFTER INFINITE PAINS AND STUDY, SUCCEEDS IN MAKING A RAG-BABY. HE BREATHES INTO IT THE BREATH OF LIFE.

"BLESS ITS DEAR LITTLE HEART, IT IS AS GOOD AS GOLD!"

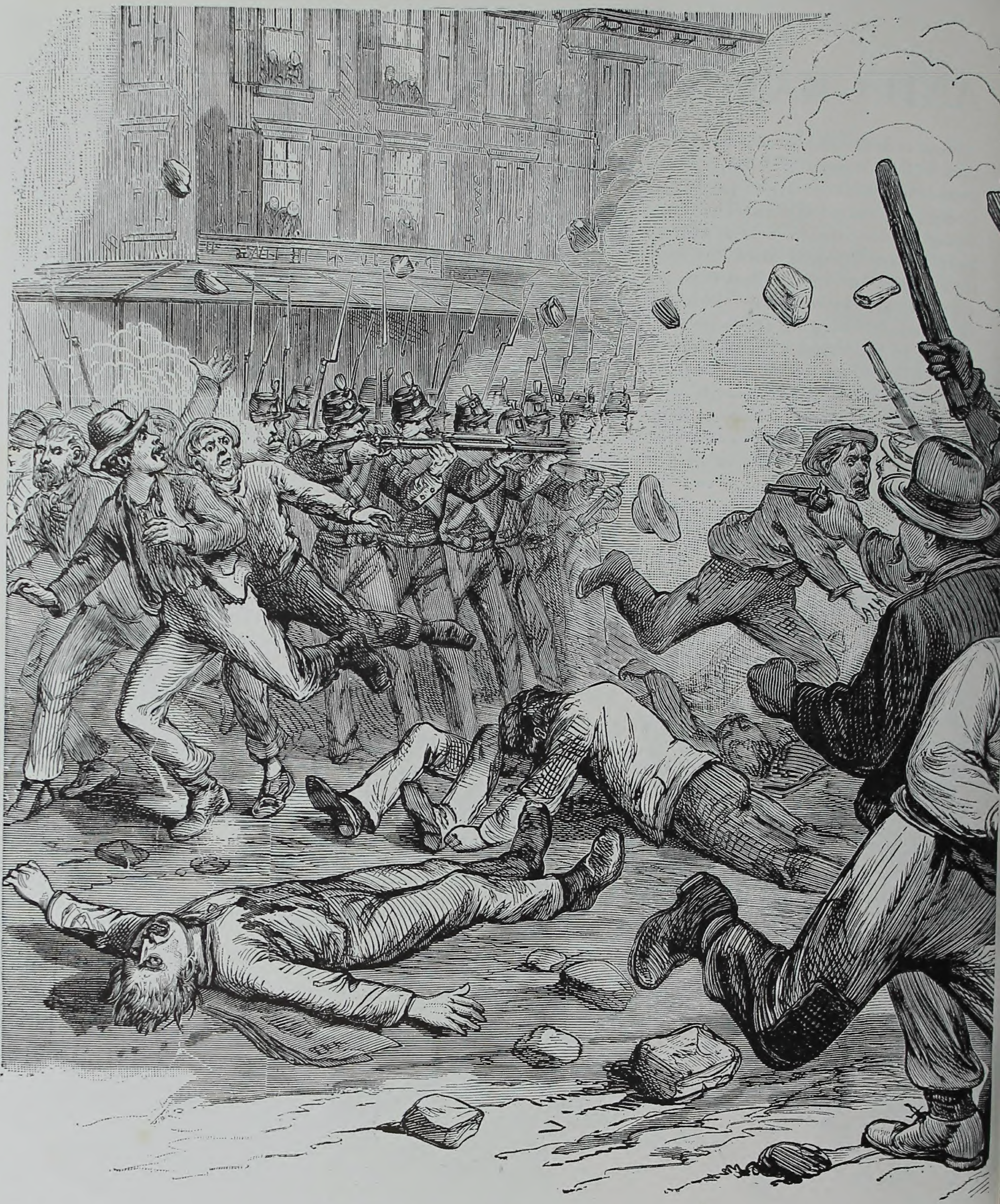
BUT THE LITTLE PET GROWS RAPIDLY, AND BECOMES TOO HEAVY TO CARRY;

SO HE DROPS IT AT A NEIGHBOR'S DOOR, AND FLIES.

BUT THE CREATURE HE HAS CREATED ARISES AND PURSUES ITS PARENT, AND—

FINIS.

Greenbacks were often called "rags," and cartoonists pictured the Greenback scheme as a rag doll. This comic strip of 1876 shows the doll turning into a Frankenstein monster.



On July 16, 1877, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad cut wages 10 per cent—the third such wage cut it had imposed on its employees within three years. That evening a strike started on the B. & O. at Martinsburg, West Virginia, and spread quickly through Baltimore itself. On July 20 the Sixth Maryland militia, marching through the streets to the railroad station, fired on a hostile crowd and killed 12 people *(above)*. Meanwhile the strike had spread to Pittsburgh, where the Pennsylvania Railroad had also cut wages. There 57 strikers, soldiers, and

TROOPS KILL STRIKERS

rioters were killed in pitched battles, and $3 million worth of railroad property, including 126 locomotives, was destroyed. Every important city in the country was affected eventually, and most of the nation's railroad traffic was halted. The "Great Strike" of 1877, which grew out of the depression of 1873, was the bloodiest labor disturbance the United States had ever seen. President Hayes put a stop to it by sending regular troops into Maryland, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Missouri to prevent picketing and interference with trains.

Ten million eager immigrants entered the U. S. between 1860 and 1890.

Latest arrivals dance and sing at the Castle Garden receiving station.

Slavic recruits for the coal mines wait for their train in Pennsylvania.

Russian Mennonite families in temporary barracks in central Kansas.

LABOR IN THE MELTING POT

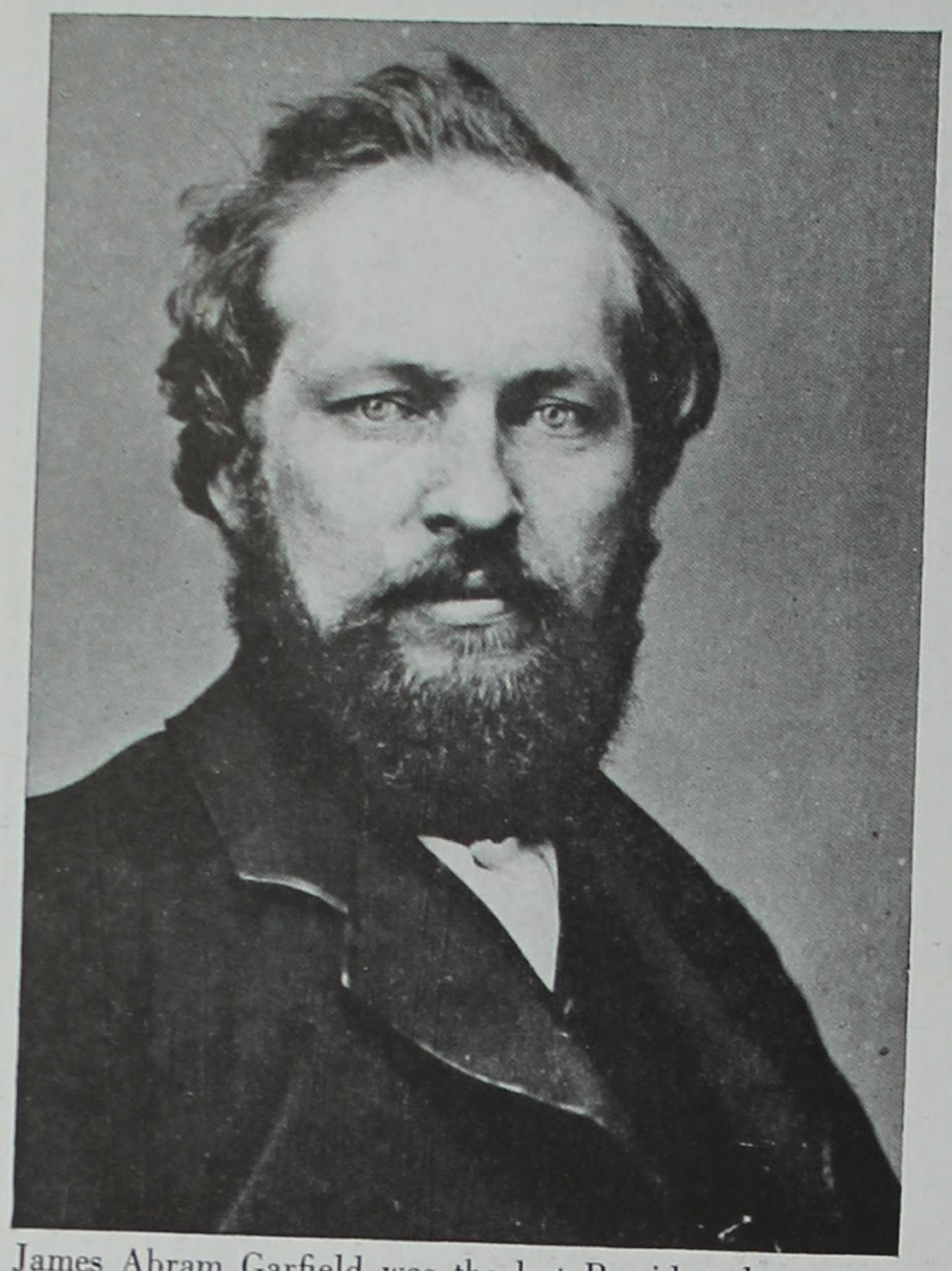
In 1870 a New England shoe manufacturer named Calvin T. Sampson fired his unionized workers and imported 75 Chinese laborers from the Pacific coast. The Chinese signed a contract to work for three years at $26 a month, and settled down in North Adams, Massachusetts, where they attended the Methodist Sunday school, saved their money, and reduced Mr. Sampson's costs $840 a week. A writer in *Scribner's* magazine hastened to praise this experiment, saying, "If for no other purpose than the breaking up of . . . labor combinations and 'Trades Unions' . . . the advent of Chinese labor should be hailed with warm welcome by all who have the true interests of . . . the laboring classes at heart."

Despite such opposition the labor unions grew phenomenally after the Great Strike of 1877. The Noble Order of the Knights of Labor, which sought to gather all American workers into one big union, had 700,000 members by the mid-1880's, when it forced Jay Gould to come to terms in a strike against his Western railroads. The American Federation of Labor was formed in 1881 by the representatives of 250,000 craft-union members. Left-wing unions led by socialists also appeared. In 1882 the labor unions persuaded Congress to stop the immigration of Chinese. But an endless supply of low-cost labor still poured in from Europe.

"Supply and Demand" shows an American employer using immigrant labor to outweigh his striking employees.

Agitation against Chinese labor was especially vicious in the Far West, where mobs smashed Chinese homes, cut pigtails off Chinese men, and committed many cowardly lynchings. The scene above occurred in Denver in 1880.

JOB-HUNTER KILLS PRESIDENT



James Abram Garfield was the last President born in a log cabin, and the first to be killed by the spoils system.

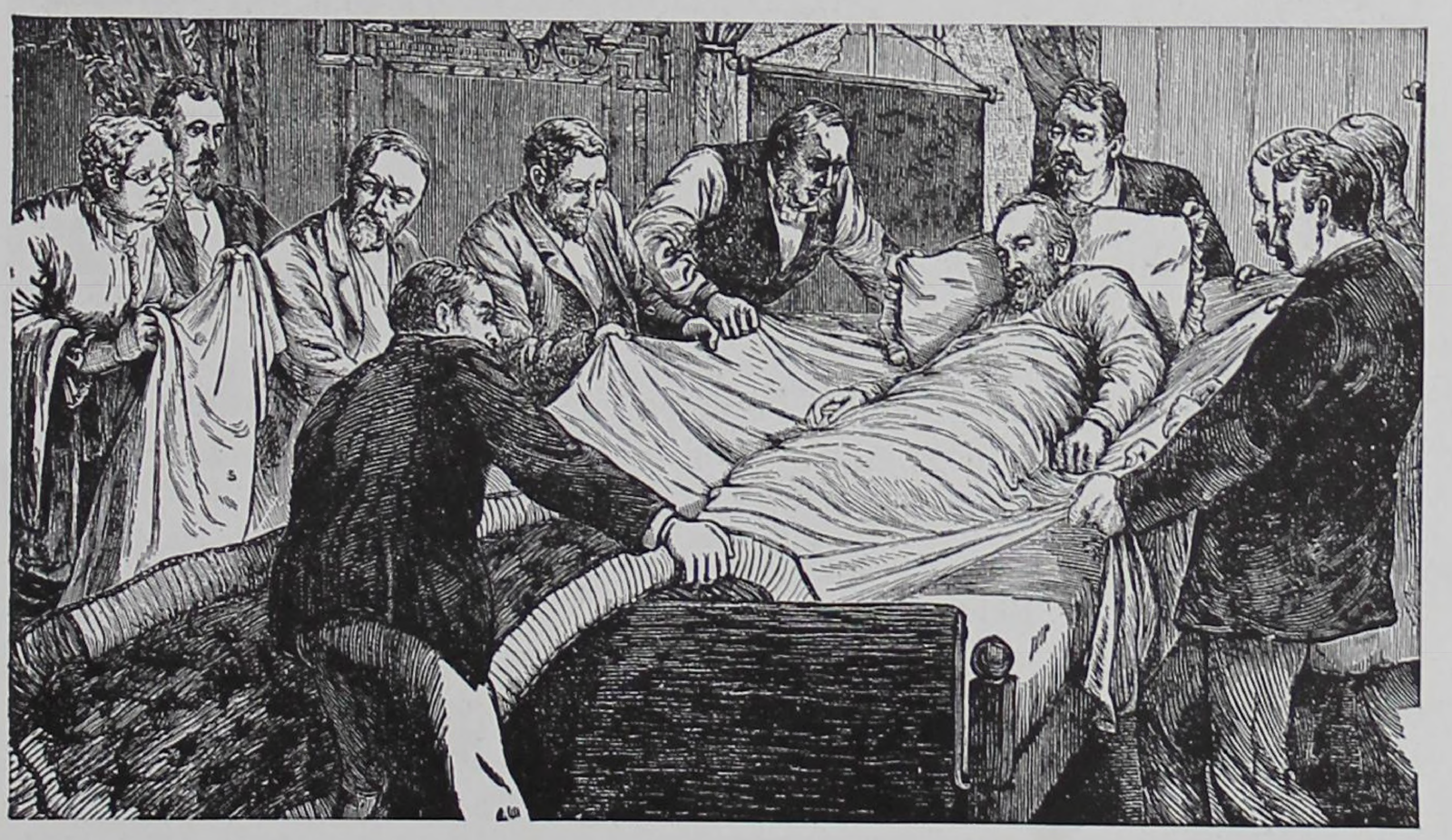
In 1880 the Republican "Stalwarts" abandoned the milk-and-water Hayes and tried to bring back their hero, General Grant, for four more years in the White House. At the Republican convention Senator Roscoe Conkling placed Grant in nomination with a poem that brought down the house:

When asked what state he hails from
Our sole reply shall be,
He comes from Appomattox
And its famous apple-tree.

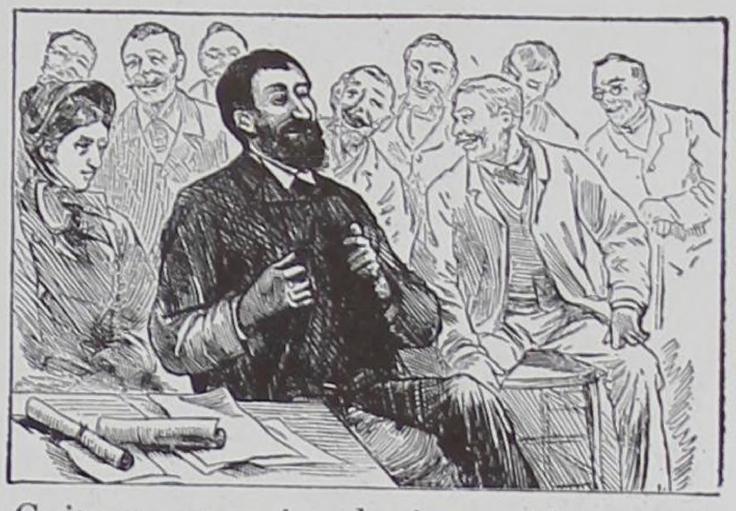
But a majority of the delegates still feared the third-term trap, and they compromised on a dark-horse candidate: Senator James A. Garfield of Ohio. The Democrats nominated General Winfield Scott Hancock, who was described in the New York *Sun* as "a good man, weighing 250 pounds." The popular vote was very close—Garfield 4,449,053, Hancock 4,442,035—but the Republicans were well ahead in the Electoral College. Garfield was an inoffensive President who planned to make a few mild reforms. But on July 2, 1881, he was fatally shot at the Washington railroad station by a job-hunter who had been hanging around the White House for months, stealing the President's stationery and begging for appointment as consul in Marseille.

General Hancock, as a fat political Samson, defies the Republican hosts with the jawbone of the suffering Democratic donkey. Republican newspapers jeered at Hancock because he said, "The tariff question is a local question."

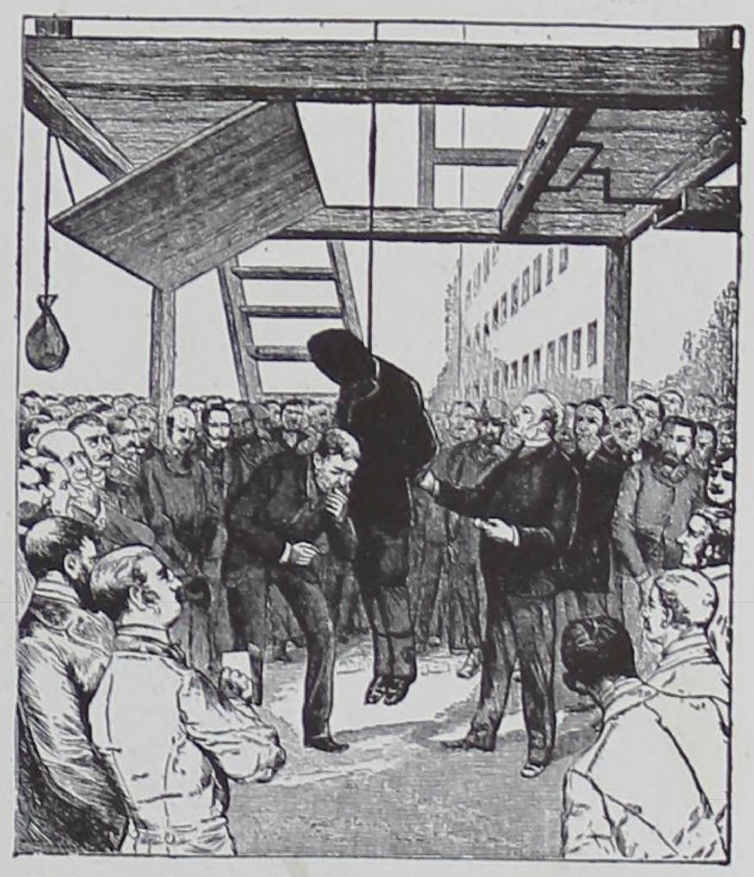
Charles J. Guiteau shoots President Garfield, while Secretary of State Blaine stands amazed at right. One bullet lodged behind the spine and caused blood poisoning. Below, the wounded President's bedding is shifted at the White House. After suffering for weeks in the Washington heat, he was moved to the seashore at Elberon, New Jersey, where he died September 19. Garfield had been in wonderful spirits the day he was shot. In the morning his son ran into his room and made a flying leap across his bed. "*You* can't do that!" he cried, but the President jumped up in his nightshirt and did it. Then he got dressed and went off to catch a train for a reunion at Williams College, his alma mater.



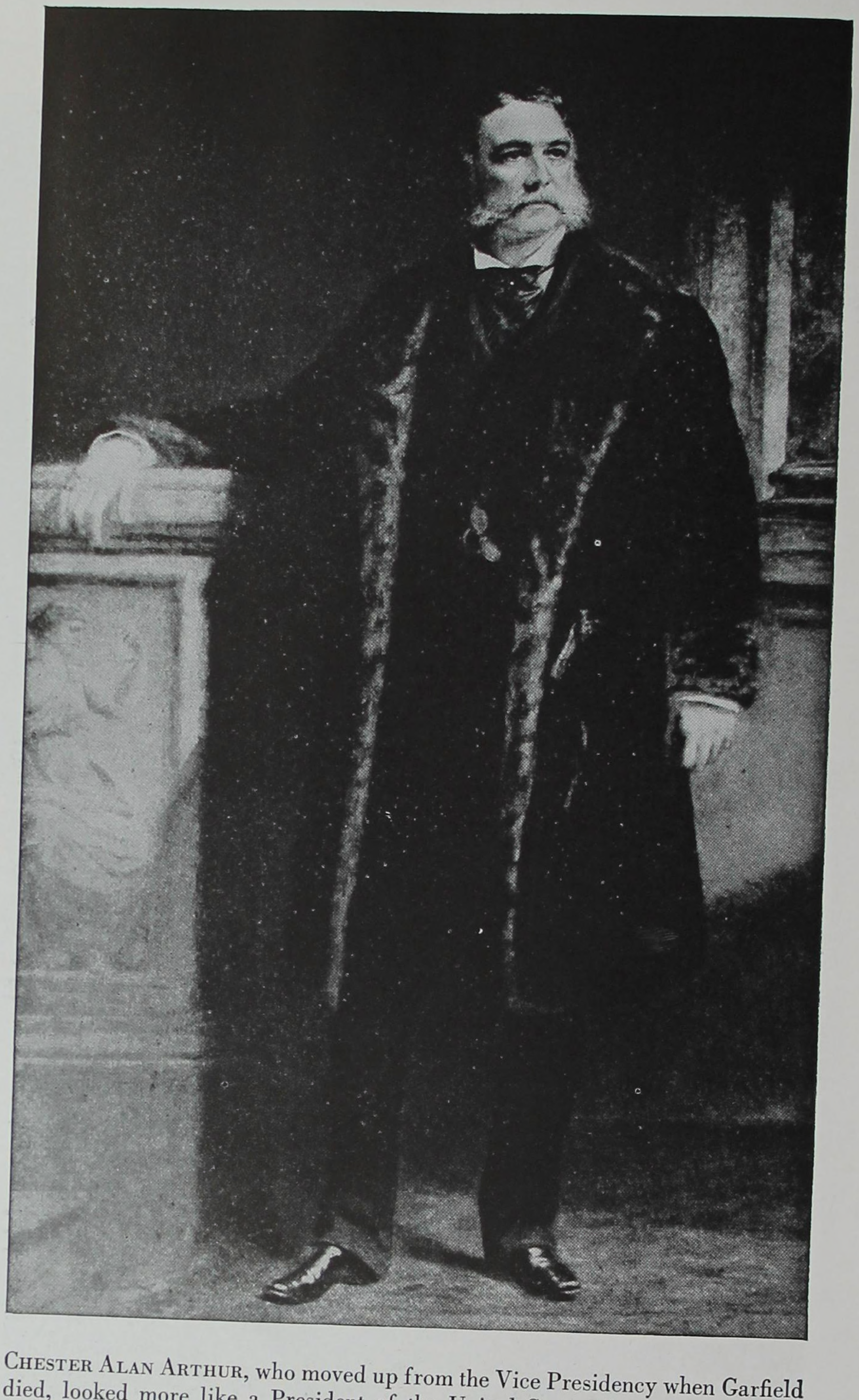
The handcuffed assassin Guiteau arrives for his murder trial November 14, 1881.



Guiteau entertains the jury with a comic speech. His behavior suggested insanity.



Guiteau hangs June 30, 1882. His skeleton went to the Army Medical Museum.



THE ELEGANT ARTHUR

CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR, who moved up from the Vice Presidency when Garfield died, looked more like a President of the United States than any man since Washington. Six feet two, with a well-rounded figure and full side whiskers, Arthur dressed like a gentleman, slept late in the morning, and spent from two to three hours at dinner. Before he moved into the White House he installed modern plumbing and held a rummage sale of such leftover relics as Nellie Grant's bird cage and Abraham Lincoln's old pants. Arthur had once been a minor cog in Senator Conkling's New York Republican machine, but he amazed the country by doing an honest and competent job as President. He set up a civil service merit system, prosecuted Republicans in the Star Route postal frauds, vetoed a big river-and-harbor "pork barrel" bill, started building a new steel Navy, and acquired Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, for an American naval base.